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It's a Long Way from the Necktie Counter to Carthage, Yet Hazel Keeps—

A Date with Hannibal

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THE unrelieved field of starched white, blanched by the surrounding black, first caught the attention of Hazel; then the bone collar-button; and finally the wide, worried eyes of the young man teetering in the surge of bargain furies. His expression of dazed helplessness reminded her of the mossy moving-picture comedy where the half-dressed individual is suddenly thrust into a crowded ball-room.

Hazel came from behind the counter and threaded toward him with her stabilizing smile. She knew men; her hours of labor were dedicated to their kinks and crotchets, and a fundament of her job was to strip them of self-consciousness and put them at ease.

"Are you looking for something?" she asked.

"Er—yes," was the stammering response. "I—er—"

"Stockings for your wife, perhaps?" suggested Hazel, from the deep well of experience. "Lots of men buy them, you know. It's done every day."

"No, no; I have no wife."

"That's all right," assured the girl. "We don't make you show a marriage license."

She smiled compassionately, and placed a hand on his arm.

"I know what you want. It's a necktie, isn't it?"

"Yes," eagerly, "that's it. A necktie—that's what I want. I forgot—"

"I see. You left your home in a hurry. Lots of fellows do that."

"Do they?"

"Sure. Come with me."

He followed in her trim wake like a lost child found by a policeman.

"Any special color?" she asked.

"No color—just black."

Hazel swept the somber clothing and the pallid expanse of shirt-front.

"Why don't you get something with a kick in it?"

"Eh?"

"Like this," said the girl, holding out a silk "jazz" of red and green. "It'll set you off, give you a snappy, zippy look. You're not an undertaker, are you?"

A faint smile lit up the pale student face.

"No, I'm not an undertaker; I'm a teacher."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Hazel. "Don't tell me that you make a lot of kids look at that scene of sorrow every day?"

"They're not exactly children," returned the young man. "They're students at the university. I'm a professor of history."

"Oh! Because you teach about dead ones you rig out like one, is that it?"

"Not exactly; but, you know, a college instructor can't dress like a young boy."

"Shoot yourself," said Hazel. "How will this piece of coffin draping do? Maybe you'd like this one with the violet edging. You're not very old, are you? It will look great on the front door with a bunch of forget-me-nits."

"May I put it on here?" asked the professor, taking the solid black.

"Go as far as you like."

He made an embarrassed mess of it. Neither his fingers nor the narrow strip of gloomy adornment would behave properly under the girl's scrutiny.

"Come on," said Hazel finally; "let me help you before you strangle yourself to death. Just think how sad your students would be if you didn't show up this morning with the examination papers."

Her hand touched his chin lightly, and a thrill ran through him. It was a new sensation, but strangely pleasurable. A coil of her heaped brown hair grazed his nostrils and filled them with incense.

"There!" she exclaimed, with a final pat.

HE looked down into a pair of clear eyes soft with liquid smiles, at a small, slightly turned-up nose, at moist, curving lips, and at cheeks tinted with fixed pink. She turned from his gaze.

"Is that all?" Her manner was businesslike.

"No," he replied slowly. "There's something else—I'd like to know you, if I may."

"Nothing doing," retorted Hazel. "I'm dated up until the 31st of March, 1943, I don't like theaters or restaurants, and my father would kill me if he ever saw me out with a college professor."

"Does he object to them?" asked the young man with surprise. "I assure you, I can bring him unimpeachable references as to my character. Perhaps the unfortunate case of Professor Judkins has pre-

judiced him. It's hardly fair, though, to indict a whole class for the indiscretion of one of its members."

"Say," cut in Hazel, "you and the dictionary are regular little playmates, aren't you? I'll bet you're so thick with it that you call it Dick for short. All I got out of the whole monologue was that you had peachy references."

"Peachy? Oh, yes—unimpeachable."

"Well, I guess it means the same thing. You're just saying it the hard way."

"I wish," said the history instructor, with a smile, "that you would make the way easy."

Hazel looked into the earnest eyes.

"No, you're not one of these fly pick-'em-ups. I guess you're a square guy, but somebody's slipped you the wrong seat-check. You're up in the gallery, and you belong in a box. What do you want to know me for? We couldn't even chew the rag without calling for help. We don't play on the same side of the street. Can you dance?"

"Yes," was the eager reply. "We have fortnightly dances at the faculty club. Would you like to go to one?"

"I think not," said Hazel. "The lancers is wicked and I know a girl who went wrong from playing with the schottische. Besides, my father—"

"I should be very glad," interjected the professor, "to call on your father and permit him to ask any questions he may wish. My name is Horton—Gilbert Horton. I can refer him to—"

HAZEL didn't laugh. The seriousness of the young man forbade that; besides, he was handsome. She spoke without flippancy:

"Listen, professor. Of course I was joking about my father. You look all right, but you only think you want to know me. I'm not in your class."

"No," agreed Horton, "you are not. You are *sui generis*. You are in a class all by yourself—a beautiful, select class. You are pretty, intelligent, vital—"

"Vital? What's that?"

"Full of life," he explained. "Vitality—vivaciousness."

"Snappy, eh?"

"Perhaps that's a synonym. At any rate, you are very, very desirable. Won't you tell me your name?"

"Hazel Hicks."

"Hazel for your eyes?" he suggested.

"Go on," she returned. "Finish it."

"Finish it?"

"And Hicks for the hick, I suppose."

The professor shook his puzzled head. From her tone he gathered he had made an error of some sort, and it troubled him.

"I'm sorry."

"Forget it. If you haven't changed your mind and want to go through with it, you'll find me at the South Street entrance at five o'clock. I'm willing to try anything once. You look harmless."

"Thank you," said Horton. "I am, quite. We shall have dinner and—I wonder if you would care to see 'Richard the Third'?"

"Say," exclaimed Hazel, "you work fast! What is it—a serial? Can you get hep to it without seeing the first and second spasms?"

"It's Shakespeare, you know. 'My kingdom for a horse!'—you remember."

"I don't, but it sounds like a fair trade at the present price of kingdoms. Sure, I'll go."

Horton looked at his watch.

"I must hurry. I fear I am a trifle late now."

"You'd better," said Hazel. "I'll bet those kids of yours are already throwing ink-wells around the room."

"At five, then?"

"On the dot, professor, with my hair in a braid."

"I like it much better the way it is," protested Horton. "Please leave it as you have it now."

The professor widened a questioning eye at her sudden outburst of laughter, but departed without saying anything further. She was a peculiar girl, but how pleasing to the eye!

"WHO'S your frappéd friend?" asked Lizzie Fitzgerald, in handkerchiefs at the adjoining counter. "He looks like a cross between a funeral and the guy that invented prohibition."

"He's a professor," replied Hazel shortly.

"That guy teach dancing!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"Of all the flat tires!" retorted Miss Hicks with unveiled sarcasm. "Didn't you ever hear of any professor except leg-shakers? He's a professor of history at the college. Believe me, he's some smart kid. He knows more about the dictionary than the lad that wrote the book. He can make words longer than your arm jump through hoops, roll around, and stand on their heads. He's handsome, too."

"He wouldn't be such a bad looker," agreed Lizzie, "if he didn't dress in mourning."

"Mourning!" exclaimed Hazel. "Where do you get that stuff? You can't expect a professor to dress like a plumber."

"Mike's a classy dresser," was the quick retort.

"Yeh," jeered the necktie queen; "if noise was class he'd be No. 1 of the four hundred."

"He suits me."

"Sure. You're hard of hearing, dearie, and you like 'em loud. Now, Professor Horton—"

"Oh, he told you his name, did he? What's he doing, slumming?"

"Professor Horton and me," rejoined Hazel with dignity, "are going to dinner and the theater this evening. We are going to—" She hesitated.

"The movies?" suggested Lizzie.

"A piece called 'My Kingdom for a Horse.' "

"Never heard of it. Wonder if they have a race, like in 'Checkers'?"

"I guess they have," said Hazel. "He said something about one of the nags coming in third."

IN the social sub-stratum in which economic pressure had embedded Hazel, young men of her acquaintance had called her "kid" at the take-off, edged a bold arm around her waist at the second meeting, and reached roughly for her lips at the third. It was the routine of her set. Horton's methods were so utterly different that weeks went by before Hazel could free herself from the habits of normal expectation and be comfortable in his company. His studious courtesy and quiet movements and speech chilled her for a time, but there was in his eyes the warmth of an unmistakable admiration that soon brought the thaw.

At the end of a month, during which they had been together a dozen times, he still called her Miss Hicks, but with a cadence that stripped it of formality.

At first Hazel followed with amused interest and flippant comment Horton's strolls into the world of book knowledge. With casual frequency he referred to dates and dynasties and events in history that meant no more to her than Einstein's theory of the

fourth dimension means to you. He mentioned reigns and eras that were Greek to her, whereas they were Roman or modern European. Hazel didn't know a dynasty from a dynamo, and the "reigns" she knew of were used either for handling horses or to make the grass grow.

Soon, however, her feeling became one of annoyance—not because Horton bored her, but because she feared that her lack of understanding bored him. His erudition disclosed her ignorance, and the vast extent of it was appalling.

ONE night, after he had explained that the house of Pharaoh was not a gambling dive but a royal line of Egypt, a country in Africa,—yes, where the negroes came from,—she thought she saw signs of displeasure in his kindly eyes; but she was mistaken—terribly mistaken.

Horton was no intellectual snob, no half-educated charlatan, dropping flares of knowledge merely to see the stupid multitude stand agape at their brilliance. The things he knew were his most priceless possessions, and because they were he enjoyed lavishing them on Hazel. They were his gifts to her. Her ignorance rather pleased him—to his mind, it made all of his presents valuable. To those who have seen jewels but never worn them, all jewels are of great worth, provided the desire is present; and to Horton the desire for gems of knowledge was a universal craving; and where but in history, in the sands of by-gone ages, were the diamonds and the rubies and other more precious stones to be found?

He was not pedantic. He did not lecture nor drag in by the ears isolated facts. His talks turned to historical matters only when the past furnished an analogy to a present situation developed in the conversations. Perhaps something at the theater would carry him back a century or two. His training made him prolific with parallels.

But in Hazel there was no burning thirst for knowledge. As their meetings continued, she saw the horizon of her ignorance widen: that was all. She wasn't learning anything.

Uneasiness led to irritation, irritation to resentment. One night it erupted.

They had been to see "Du Barry." In the course of the performance a reference was made to Louis XIV.

"You've heard of him, haven't you?" asked Horton.

"No," she snapped. "Where does he jerk soda?"

"Now, think for a moment. You've doubtless heard of the furniture of his period—Louis Quatorze furniture."

Hazel sighed with audible relief. At last her thin path of knowledge had crossed the broad king's highway of his.

"Sure," she replied. "Louis Catorzee furniture. We've got some down in the store. It's almost like that stuff on the stage."

"That's it," smiled Horton, with the air of a mother commending a child.

"Is he the guy that made it?"

"Well, hardly," returned the professor. "You see, it was during his reign when the vogue of this particular kind of furniture was established. It is, as we say, the furniture of his period."

"That's funny—I didn't know it was named after a king. I always thought that Louis Catorzee was some wop up in Grand Rapids. Who's the other fellow—Louis Quinzy? His brother? We've got some of his stuff down at the dump, too."

"Louis Quinze," explained Horton, "was also a king of France. He was the great-grandson of Louis XIV."

"Is that all they did? Change each other's furniture?"

"No, indeed," was the reply. "The age of Louis XIV was the golden age of France—the age of Molière, Racine, La Place, Turenne, Colbert. It was the time of the inception of the States-General, which—"

"Say," interrupted Hazel, "do you know what a hemstitch is?"

"Er—er—I can't say I do."

"Do you know what tat-work is?"

"Really—"

"Do you know how wide woolen goods of ten pound weight is?" rushed on Hazel.

"How—"

"How do you handle a charge account when a part payment is made?"

"Why—I—"

"Can you make a Welsh rarebit without a chafing-dish?"

"Now—"

"Answer me."

"No, I can't. What are you—?"

"Thank heavens!" exclaimed Hazel, with a shrill laugh, "there are a few things you don't know."

"Miss Hicks." Horton was shocked and the color came into his pale cheeks. "Why—"

"I just wanted to find out if you were human or just a history machine," went on Hazel. "I wanted to find out if there was anything in the world that you didn't know. Now I feel a lot better: I know some things that you don't."

"Many more, I venture to say," returned the professor. "I'm sorry if I have annoyed you. I thought—"

"It's all right, it's all right," said the girl wearily. "It's my fault. I'm so ignorant and you're so smart, it makes me sick. You're a good fellow and I like you, but we don't hitch. We mix like the President of the United States and a kitchen mechanic."

THE performance came to an end and they departed silently. Little had been said for fifteen minutes. Hazel refused to go to a roof. She was tired, she said. At the door the girl extended a listless hand.

Horton took it with a spasmodic movement and drew her closer.

"Miss Hicks—Hazel!" burst from his pale lips. "I hope you are not offended. I know that I have been selfish. You see, I teach history, and for many years all my time has been devoted to it, so it is almost second nature for me to talk about it. If I had stopped to think I should have known that I was boring you. I'll never do it again, Hazel. You don't care if I call you Hazel, do you?"

"No," she replied slowly, "you haven't done anything wrong, Gilbert. I admire you enormously, but I'm afraid we weren't cut out for each other. All I can talk about is charge accounts, kitchen things, and stuff like that. I left school when I was twelve, Gilbert. I haven't had time to learn anything."

"Except," rejoined the professor, "to be sweet and beautiful and wonderful in every way. I've been a brute, Hazel, but I love you. I want you to be my wife," he finished simply. "Will you?"

Hazel shook her head with a sad smile.

"I'm afraid not, Gilbert. You know, I—"

"Sweetheart," interrupted Horton, "I want to

listen to you all my life talking about tat-work and woolen goods and chafing-dishes. If you wish, I will quit teaching and throw away every book I have. I want you! Don't you love me, dearest?"

"I think I do," was the whispered answer, "and maybe that's why I don't want to make you unhappy."

With unexpected strength he swept her into his arms and kissed her full on the mouth. She did not shrink.

"Now say yes, darling. You know, you told me once—"

"What?" asked Hazel.

"That you'd try anything once."

"So I did," she replied, with a laugh that was smothered in his shoulder.

THE particular faculty set to which Horton brought his bride was made up of human anachronisms. It drank Falernian wine, ate lampreys, wrote on papyrus and stone tablets, and played Lydian

"From the time of the regency," droned Abbott, "the Revolution was certain; "the common people had been hurt beyond endurance and they rose to—"

measures on Pandean pipes. It made light table talk of Thothmes, Hannibal, and the Aramaic succession, and discoursed of Genghis Khan, William the Silent, and the Mayors of the Castle with the same glibness that the proletariat speaks of Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, and the high cost of getting by.

Hazel had enjoyed to the utmost the wedding trip through the South. Horton had returned the dusty past to its moth-balls and lived with her in the effulgent present. The only dates he had mentioned were those stamped on the backs of railroad tickets, and the only dynasty the one just established by the House of Horton, with the former necktie queen as the first despot.

On the return they had secured a large furnished

"And they're going to rise again!" cried a shrill voice. . . . "You've been dead a hundred years, all of you, and you don't know it!"

house close to the university and in the midst of the college coterie. Horton was not dependent on his salary.

Their first callers were Professor Thaddeus Grainger and Mrs. Grainger. He was tall, stoop-shouldered, near-sighted, and with a skin like his mummy playmates. He was professor of Egyptology and was of the opinion that nothing worth while had happened in the world since the fall of the Seleucidæ. Mrs. Grainger thoroughly agreed with him—which makes a description of her unnecessary.

"Are you fond of archæology?" she asked Hazel conversationally.

"Very much," replied the young Mrs. Horton; "it is my favorite fruit."

"She means," interrupted her husband, "that she relishes it very much."

"Oh, I'm sure then that she will enjoy Professor Grainger's brochure on 'Recent Revelations Anent the Theban Hegemony.' I'll send a copy over tomorrow."

"Won't that be lovely?" enthused Hazel. "So sweet of you! By the way, Mrs. Grainger, I wonder if you know where I can get a kitchen mechanic—I mean a servant-girl. They're scarcer in this burg than singing-fish."

"I'm afraid—"

"Servant," slid in a dreamy, far-away voice,—the Egyptologist was speaking,—"servants. The problem is quite an old one. Recently Dr. Kurt Eisenbrodt, of the University of Dresden,—you may have heard of him, Mrs. Horton; it is he who deciphered the Amlak cuneiforms,—excavated at Karnak an interesting account of a servant shortage that existed there in the time of Thothmes III. It seems that the

Phenicians had descended upon the city and demanded as the price of their departure all of the maidens between the ages of sixteen and thirty—all except the married women. The result was that Karnak was quite denuded of household help; the writer complains bitterly of the resulting situation."

HUNCHED backed in the deep chair, Professor Grainger was addressing his remarks to the ceiling. He was sitting on top of a pyramid, musing aloud and throwing rocks into the Nile.

"That must have been the devil—terrible," said Hazel. "Er—what happened?"

She did not see Mrs. Grainger's frown, her attention being occupied with her husband's.

"A war was made on a neighboring province," droned on the professor, "and enough female slaves taken to tide over the crisis."

"Say," exclaimed Hazel, "that ain't a bad hunch. That's a bright little idea."

"Eh!" The Egyptologist slid down the pyramid.

"Why can't we do the same thing?" suggested Mrs. Horton. "We could start a war with the Swedes and bring back ships full of servant-girls—just like the Fenians you were talking about."

"Must you go so soon?" asked Horton, as Mrs. Grainger suddenly arose.

"Don't forget to send over that yarn your husband wrote," said Hazel. "I'm crazy to give it the once-over—to read it."

"Doubtless," replied Mrs. Grainger coldly.

"How do they get that way?" inquired the bride, when the callers had departed. "Open the windows and let out some of the dust."

Her husband shook his head and smiled feebly.

"Dearest, the Graingers have been very good to me and I hope you will try to like them. Perhaps he is a bit tedious, but he is a man of international reputation. He is probably the greatest living authority on mummies."

"I'll say he is!" agreed Hazel. "All you have to do is to look at his wife. That proves it."

"Now, now, Hazel. You mustn't judge people so hastily. You will find her a very kind-hearted woman and very interesting."

"Good heavens, Gilbert," flared his wife, "you don't expect me to play around with that fossil! All I know about Egypt you can put in your eye and then have room for a ton of coal. Are all your friends like the Graingers?"

"You must remember," replied Horton patiently, "that this is a college community, and my associates, naturally, are members of the faculty, particularly men in the same line of instruction. Try to like them, dearest, for my sake."

"All right, Gilbert," said Hazel gently; "I'll try anything—for you."

IN the next few weeks others of Horton's colleagues called with their wives. There was Francis Abbott, who taught the young idea to shoot through the Middle Ages, Virgil Hanpeter, whose long suit was the Reformation, and Frederick Aswell, who looked after Rome and Greece on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays and gave the Italian Renaissance a run the other days.

Several more came, but the Abbotts, Hanpeters, and Aswells seemed to be the particular intimates of Gilbert.

Hazel liked Mrs. Abbott. She was a motherly little woman who smiled constantly and said but little. The other women were a great deal like Mrs. Grainger, echoing the dry wisdom of their husbands and silently intolerant of those who did not talk their tongue.

"What does your husband teach?" asked Hazel, on the evening when the Abbotts and the Hanpeters dropped in.

"The Middle Ages, my dear."

"I'm getting tired of stalling," cried young Mrs. Horton. "What are they?"

"They?"

"The Middle Ages. Is it some kind of history, or is it something about reducing and making yourself look young?"

"Are you joking?"

"No, I'm not!" exclaimed Hazel. "I don't know any more about history than I do about mountain-climbing. I'm so darned ignorant that it hurts. I know you'll hate me like the rest, but I thought you looked—"

Something caught in her throat.

Mrs. Abbott put an arm around her shoulder and led her to a seat apart from the others.

"I know just how you feel, dear," she said, with a kindly smile.

Hazel looked doubtful. "I wish I could believe it," she said.

"It's true. When I married Professor Abbott, twelve years ago, I was in your position. I knew no more than you did, perhaps less. My father died when I was thirteen years old, and my education ended with his funeral. When we came here I was terribly embarrassed all the time. I was very, very unhappy, as I imagine you are now. I loved Frank, though, and I made up my mind to learn something of the things he was teaching. I'm afraid I didn't learn much. The babies came and they took up all of my time.

"Do a little reading, dear, and much listening, and you'll find that you'll learn a great deal."

"I'll go crazy," said Hazel, "if I have to listen all the time to that chatter about a lot of dead ones. Don't you people ever dance or play cards or sing or cut up? I need action. In a little while I'll be ready for Professor Grainger's collection of mummies."

Mrs. Abbott silently patted her hand.

"HOW is the La Vallière progressing?" Hazel heard Mrs. Hanpeter ask Gilbert.

"Slowly," he replied.

"Come and see me, dear," invited Mrs. Abbott. "How about tomorrow, for lunch?"

"I'll sure be there," replied Hazel promptly—"if you won't talk about the Middle Ages."

"On the contrary," laughed the other, "we'll gossip about babies and 1923."

"Fossils!" snapped Mrs. Horton, when the door closed on her guests. She turned to her husband.

"Gilbert, it's awful sweet of you, but I wish you'd cut out that La Vallière."

"What? Why do you object?"

"Oh, they're all out of style. Nobody's wearing 'em any more."

"What are you talking about, Hazel? I'm sure I don't understand you."

"I heard Mrs. Hanpeter ask you about the La Vallière. If you really want to get me something, honey, make it a bar-pin."

"Of course, dear," said the puzzled Horton, "you shall have a bar-pin, but I assure you I had no inten-

tion of purchasing a La Vallière. I'm not sure I know what it is. Oh, I see now! That's amusing," and he laughed.

"What's the joke?"

"Mrs. Hanpeter was asking about a paper I am preparing for the Historical Society on 'The Influence of Louise La Vallière on the Policies of Louis XIV.'"

"Oh," exclaimed Hazel, "some more of that terrible history! I hate it."

"Sweetheart," said Gilbert gently, "I wish you would take a greater interest in what my friends talk about. I'm afraid you have made up your mind to be bored. Wouldn't you like to take up a course of reading?"

"No, I wouldn't," she snapped.

A FEW weeks later, after a round of further calls and dinners, Horton again ventured to take up the subject with Hazel.

"I told you," she cried passionately, "that you and I wouldn't gee. I can't stand those friends of yours. Mrs. Abbott is the only one in the lot that resembles a human being. They make me so nervous, I could jump through the window. I guess I'm getting on your nerves, too. I gave you fair warning, though. Your're getting tired of me, aren't you?"

"That's unfair, Hazel," was the reproachful reply. "I'm fonder of you than ever. It's your happiness that I am thinking about. I want you to enjoy the company of my friends and to understand them. I would like to have you interested in my work. You'd want that, wouldn't you?"

The telephone in the rear of the house rang, and Hazel went to answer it. She returned with a tired expression.

"Who was it?" asked her husband.

"Lizzie Fitzgerald from the store," she replied dully. "She wanted to know if I wouldn't like to go to the dance that the girls give every year on the 5th of May."

"What did you tell her?"

"What do you think?" Hazel retorted, with a shrill laugh. "I told her it was against the law for a professor's wife to enjoy herself. I told her you'd be ruined if I was caught looking happy. I told her I had a date to listen to a bunch of dried-up guys talk about some fat-heads who have been dead five hundred years. I—"

The pain in his eyes stopped her.

"Oh, Gilbert," she said, with a choke, "I'm afraid that we have gummed things. I know I'm making you unhappy. I'm so sorry for you!"

He took her in his arms and petted her. Under his gentle ministrations she grew calm.

"HAZEL," said Horton a few weeks later, "we have been accepting the hospitality of our friends, and I think it is about time to reciprocate. I wonder if we couldn't have them to dinner some evening this week. How about to-morrow night? You can get a caterer to do all the work."

"All right," she agreed. "We might as well have it over with."

Despite her indifference to the guests, with the pride of the housekeeper, Hazel strove to make the affair perfect in every detail. Luck was against her, however. The caterer was late, flowers she had ordered failed to arrive, the ice-cream made its ap pearance in the form of soup, and for half an hour before the guests arrived the lights were out.

Her irritation grew each moment, and when Mrs. Grainger came with her glacial smile, Hazel was set to leap at her throat.

At table the conversation fell into the usual deep, dry channel. With the relish, Professor Grainger started a discussion about new excavations recently undertaken by British scientists in the Upper Nile region. He was dean of the history department and was listened to in respectful silence.

To keep from screaming, Hazel dug her fingernails into her palms and bit her lips. The dull, monotonous voice of the Egyptologist fingered her raw nerves with the touch of acid. Toward the middle of the roast the dreary monologue came to an end.

Horton made a noble effort to bring the conversation to a present-day basis, and Hazel threw him a grateful smile. Unfortunately, her husband's opening sentence reminded Hanpeter of an analogous situation with respect to something that occurred in the life of the Bohemian Hus, and it required some ten minutes for the elucidation. That led to a debate on the true paternity of the Reformation—was Hus its father or was it the legitimate son of Martin Luther? When Gilbert got into the discussion, Hazel's lips bled.

SO the dinner dragged on. Occasionally the hostess managed to pass a word with Mrs. Abbott and the other women, but a masculine frown brought her up short. The demi-tasse found Hanpeter and Abbott and Gilbert in a wordy war about the real causes of the French Revolution. Grainger listened tolerantly and said nothing. The subject was too trivially modern for him. It was only by calling on the last reserve of her will that Hazel kept herself in check. There was a hysterical scream in her throat that begged to be let out.

"From the time of the regency," droned Abbott, "the Revolution was certain. The people had been persecuted and brow-beaten beyond human endurance. The food had been taxed out of their mouths and their daughters practically snatched from their cradles to become toys for the aristocrats. The States-General, though powerless and mere puppets in the hands of the court, was yet a whisper, a hoarse voice pregnant with the disaster to come. The common people had been hurt beyond endurance and they rose to—" He stopped with a sudden startled gasp.

"And they're going to rise again!" cried a shrill voice.

Hazel had risen to her feet and with flushed cheeks and burning eyes was leveling her napkin at Abbott.

"I've been hurt, too, beyond endurance"—the high-pitched notes had risen to a scream. "You fossils, you has-beens! You've been dead a hundred years, all of you, and you don't know it. Can't you dried-up old tabby cats talk about anything else except things that happened a million years ago? I'm sick and tired of your whole crowd. I hope I never see you again! Go back to your mummies and your stale old books. You're not human beings—you're a bunch of worms. I hate you all—you and you and you. All of you!"

"Hazel!" burst from Gilbert.

The others sat in dazed silence before the outburst—all but Mrs. Abbott; she smiled serenely.

"And you too," blazed the girl, pointing at Horton. "You're just like the rest of these old idiots. I hate you all."

She threw the napkin on the table, pushed her chair aside, and ran from the dining-room.

Five minutes later Gilbert found her lying face

down on the bed. Her shoulders were lifting and falling rapidly. She did not turn at his entrance.

"They're gone," said Gilbert gently.

He touched her hair lightly.

"Dear, they're gone," he repeated softly.

She rose on an elbow. Her eyes were wet and red-rimmed.

"Why don't you go too?" she cried.

"Because I love you, Hazel, and my place is here with you."

He sat down on the bed and lifted her to his side.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "you don't really hate me, do you?"

"What difference does it make?" she asked colorlessly. "You'll hate me, after to-night."

She threw her arms about his neck and hugged him tightly.

"Oh, Gilbert, I'm sorry I did it,—sorry for your sake, dear,—but I couldn't stand it any more. I just couldn't. I told you they would drive me crazy, and they did. All during the dinner I had a terrible time holding myself down, and when Abbott said something about the common people suffering, something busted in my head."

"I understand," soothed Horton, stroking her tangled hair.

"And you," she said, with a sob, "you were just as bad as the rest."

"No, dearie, you are mistaken. I tried to change the conversation. Even when I got into a historical discussion, it was for the purpose of ending it as soon as possible."

"Fine chance, with that crowd of word-slingers."

There was a space of silence.

"Gilbert," said Hazel, "did I hurt you much?"

He shook his head negatively.

"What will they do?" she asked.

"Nothing," replied her husband. "They're much more broad-minded and sympathetic than you give them credit for. Of course they ride the hobby of their specialty, sometimes, to tiresome distances; but they're human beings, as you would find out, Hazel, if you would approach them in the proper spirit. Do you think you have, dear?"

"They've never given me a chance. It's too late now."

"No, it isn't. Nothing will ever be said of the affair to-night. I am assured that the matter will go no further. We will all remain good friends, except" —and he smiled—"our conversations may become less historical and more contemporaneous. I think you woke them all up—me as well. I imagine we have all of us been getting into a kind of rut. You've really done us a favor, I'm inclined to believe. Do you know what Grainger said before he left?"

"That bore?"

"He said, 'I guess your wife's right, Horton; we are getting to be rather insufferable, don't you think?' and Mrs. Abbott said, 'Yes, gentlemen; and I would have told you so if I had had Mrs. Horton's nerve.' So you see, dear, you're quite a heroine—something of a Joan of Arc shaking up the dry bones of a moribund race."

"A what?" asked Hazel.

"Never mind," returned Horton hastily. "We've had enough historical allusions for to-night. Now that the air is cleared, sweetheart, will you make another effort to understand us? For my sake, honey!"

There was a new note of sincerity in the soft answer:

"Yes, Gilbert, I will—for your sake, for my sake, and for the sake of our— He must be smart like his father."

"Rather, good and fine like his mother," whispered Gilbert.

He bowed his head, and she kissed the dark hair.

"WELL, look what the wind blew in," greeted Lizzie Fitzgerald. "The Professor's missis."

"Forget it, kid," retorted Hazel. "Can't a cash customer come into this dump without being insulted by the help? My, the place has run down!"

"Say, you look great," cut in Lizzie. "Is that real seal? How do you like that gang of highbrows?"

"They're not so bad," replied the late empress of the necktie counter. "It took me a long time to find out what they were talking about, but it's a fifty-fifty game. I don't believe they've got hep to my chatter yet. Say, kid, did you ever know how ignorant we are?"

"Speak for yourself," was the haughty response. "I know enough to get in out of the rain."

"I can handle myself in the rain all right," rejoined Hazel; "the tough job is to get bywhereit'sdry."

"What are you doing with the book?" asked Lizzie. "I thought you had one."

"This, my dear," replied the visitor, "is a history of the world. It's hot stuff. What do you know about Luther?"

"He's still down in the packing-room," replied Lizzie.

"Oh, my dear," said Hazel, "I wasn't talking about that flat-head. The guy I'm speaking about is the fellow who made people reform."

"Oh, I thought the Anti-Saloon League did that. What do you and your hubby do—sit around all the time and talk history? Don't you ever get out and shake a shoulder?"

"We have our faculty dances," returned Hazel airily. "In our set—"

"Yeh," jeered Lizzie. "I suppose the old man never cuts loose."

"He is devoted to his work," coldly.

"Ha, ha. I laugh," said the sales-person. "Let me tell you something, bright-eyes. That Gilbert boy of yours is getting mighty tired just sittin' around."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," was the cool answer, "that he was here about two hours ago."

"Here!" gasped Hazel. "What for?"

Lizzie grinned maliciously.

"To get a couple of tickets for the dance next Wednesday."

"Quit your kidding. Gilbert!"

"Yeh, your own little Gilbert. He told me not to tell you, too. I guess he's afraid you'll crab the act if you find out. He's gonna bring you in town and surprise you. Say, kid, you gotta let these men cut loose once in a while. Get wise, Haze. He probably got sore when you turned me down. Guess he heard us over the 'phone. Before he beat it he bought a green necktie, too. Kid, wait till you see it. You can hear it a mile."

Most of Lizzie's gabbling was lost on Hazel. Her distant eyes held a soft smile.

"You'll come with him, won't you?"

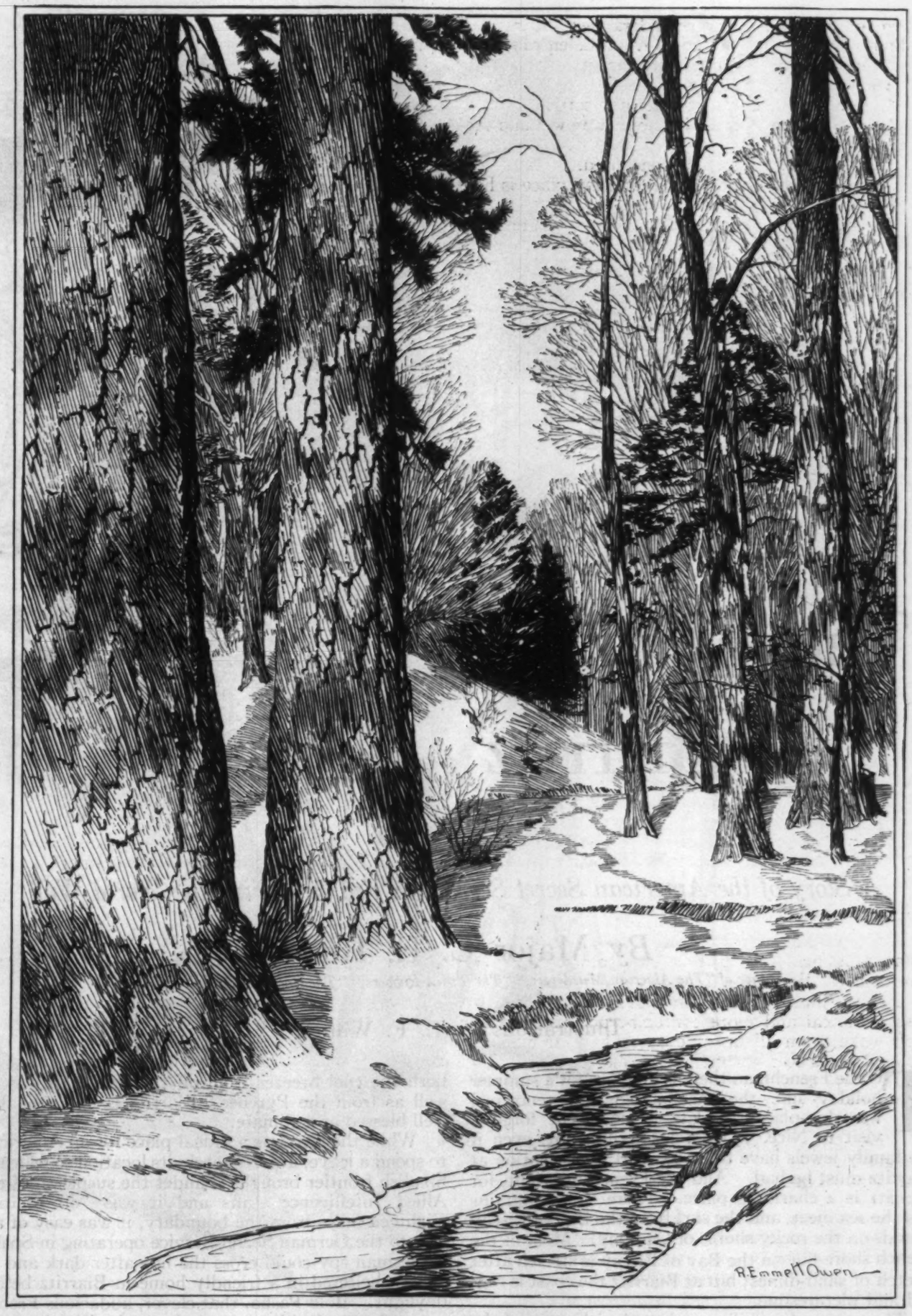
"Huh! No, I don't think so; I got a date."

"A date?"

"Yeh—in Carthage with a guy named Hannibal."

"You! My gosh, does your husband know?"

"Not yet," replied Hazel.



Trees in February

THESE Stoic trees are Springtime's sentinels—
They hide her deeply in their stricken towers
Till she is strong to work her miracles
Of snow-besiegers changed to storms of flowers. *Daniel Henderson*

The Woman Spy of Biarritz

A Story of the American Secret Service in France during the World War

By Major C. E. Russell

Author of "The Algerian Murderers," "The Train-Robbers," "The Cocaine Smugglers," etc.

Illustrations by L. F. Wilford

TO the Frenchman there is no place for a summer holiday like the fashionable and renowned watering-place, Biarritz. One might forgo a visit to Nice, or even Deauville; but, even if the family jewels have to be pawned, the vacation at Biarritz must be had. And the French are right, for Biarritz is a charming place. There the mountains and the sea meet, and the surf from the Bay of Biscay pounds on the rocky shores of Gascony. Most of the French shore-line on the Bay of Biscay is stretch after stretch of sand-dunes; but at Biarritz the coast is rugged and picturesque.

The surrounding hills are dotted with some of the most beautiful villas to be found in France. These local villas run the gamut from the lowly Basque farm-house to that magnificent pile of white stone nicknamed the "Turk's Harem" because it was built by a wealthy Turk for his summer home. Swept by both the cool breezes from off the Bay of Biscay as well as from the Pyrenees, Biarritz is unmistakably well blessed as a climate.

While the city was an ideal place for an American to spend a leave, unfortunately its location so near the Spanish frontier brought it under the suspicion of the Allied Intelligence staffs and it was "off limits." Eighteen miles from the boundary, it was easy of access to the German Secret Service operating in Spain. A German spy could cross the line after dark and be safely sheltered in a friendly home in Biarritz before daylight. Bolo Pasha, that clever, audacious French renegade, made his summer home in Biarritz; and here, doubtless, were formulated many of the plans and schemes that finally landed this picturesque Frenchman before the firing squad.

Shortly after Bolo's execution the American Red Cross hired one of the most modern of the larger

Her tent was the Mecca of all the officers on the beach

hotels, to be used as a convalescent hospital and home for the American officers. The hotel was situated on what was called the Northern Heights, and was directly adjacent to Bolo's former summer home. While the hotel and the climate made it an ideal place for wounded or sick officers, nevertheless the spy menace, in the minds of our intelligence staff, more than offset the advantages, and a protest was made against the hospital—but it was opened, notwithstanding.

The news that the Americans had hired the hotel and were coming to Biarritz in large numbers traveled fast; nor did it take the German Secret Service in San Sebastian very long to prepare to reap a golden harvest of information from our men. Some of their best spies were sent into the town to operate, and both the French and the American Secret Service

had their work cut out for them in eliminating these people. Many strangers were rounded up, and those who could not show a clear record were quietly deported or sent back where they had come from. Stringent orders were issued to all the officers who came to this city that under no circumstances were they to enter into conversation with strangers, and above all they were not to discuss anything pertaining to our armies.

It was not natural, however, for our men, so far away from their homes and women-kind, to resist talking to somebody, especially if that somebody were feminine and appeared sympathetic and interested in hearing all about the battle and how the wound was received. This was particularly true when the listener happened to be a charming woman whose husband was at that moment fighting in Flanders.

Surely no one of our men would ever think of telling their experiences to a stranger; but was not this particular woman one of our allies, also a leader in the entertainments given for our benefit, and did she not join us in our swims and "keep open house" on the beach where we could get cigarettes and a drink?

"A spy? Most certainly not!" Such the reply you would have received, no doubt, had you attempted to question the wisdom of talking with this woman. Some of our officers were so sure of her good faith that they would even have gone as far as to offer to fight you for questioning her loyalty.

SUCH was the condition of affairs in Biarritz in the early summer of 1918. Then things began to occur. On the front, our Intelligence officers were suddenly confronted with the fact that Germany appeared to have some very definite and detailed information about a number of our divisions and regiments and where they were located. Throughout the war the Germans seemed to take particular delight in belittling the American Intelligence Service. They naturally believed that we were amateurs in this class of work. Every time a German officer was captured, he boasted of the ease with which his country could find out about the American army and its movements—and the most deplorable part of it all was that their knowledge was so remarkably accurate.

After this had gone on for some time, and the various officers captured had corroborated each other as to the knowledge, it was decided that somewhere there was a big leak. An analysis of the statements of these boastful Germans showed us, so diversified was the information they had, that the leak must be in a place where there was gathered a large body of men from our various regiments and divisions.

It could not be from the prisoners whom they had captured, for the knowledge comprised not only the activities of the trenches but also of the units in the rest and training areas. The only places furnishing the right conditions all around were our two convalescent hospitals, one at Cannes, for the enlisted men, and the other at Biarritz, the Red Cross hospital for the officers. Further examination of the situation brought out the fact that the enlisted men at Cannes were not the ones who were disobeying the orders—so it must be Biarritz.

NOT long after my arrival at Biarritz, where ostensibly I had gone to the hospital as a convalescent, I began to hear about the splendid woman who was doing so much to help our officers forget the horrors of the war. The men were loud in their praises of her—of how, as the head of the local Red Cross entertainment committee, she seemed tireless in her efforts: bridge parties, dancing parties, drives through the near-by hills in the old horse-drawn carriages, and tennis tournaments were the rule of the day. Surrounded by the younger set of Biarritz, whose fathers, brothers, or husbands were at the front fighting, this woman seemed never to tire of doing good. Quite naturally, having had her praises dinned into my ears morning, noon, and night, I was anxious to meet her myself, so that I too could enjoy her hospitality.

The opportunity came one day when, as I came out of the water with a brother officer, he suggested that we go to this woman's tent on the beach for a drink. The officer, when he learned that I had never met her, volunteered to present me.

I, too, found Mrs. Powell a very charming and pleasant woman. Tall and stately in her simple white gown, and with a most disarming smile, her jet-black hair set off her delicate white skin strikingly. She made a beautiful picture as she sat in her tent like a queen on her throne and with her own hands mixed the whiskeys-and-sodas for us. Her tent was the Mecca of all the officers on the beach. Here, after a dip in the ocean, one could go for a cocktail or a smoke.

We determined that Mrs. Powell would bear watching

It was not long before I myself fell under the spell of this woman's hospitality; nor was there the slightest suspicion in my mind that she was an intriguing adventuress. Except for a chance remark that she made, I might have left Biarritz none the wiser as to the identity of the spy.

On the next day after the introduction, while I was sitting on the sand beside Mrs. Powell's tent, enjoying a smoke, a podgy Frenchman passed, on his way to the water. Almost like a ball he looked as he waddled down the sands; and his bathing suit, of alternating wide red and yellow stripes running around his body, fairly screamed at us.

Mrs. Powell, turning to another woman, remarked in Spanish:

"How odd he looks! Doesn't he look like a convict?"

I also thought the Frenchman made an amusing picture, and smiled at Mrs. Powell's re-

mark. Quick as a flash, Mrs. Powell, noticing my smile, turned to me.

"Do you speak Spanish?" she asked in that language.

"Yes, a little," I replied, also in Spanish.

The conversation then drifted to the subject of languages. We found that we both knew several in common; and then, in rather a boastful manner, she said:

"Well, I know one that you can not speak."

"No?" I replied.

"Oh, yes, but I do! I speak Russian!"

It did not seem possible that she had used friendship as a cloak to serve the enemy

Until this remark was made I would have sworn that she was what she seemed—a woman devoting all her time and energy to giving us a good time. But to be able to speak Russian—that was different. Any one who spoke that most difficult of languages and still claimed to be English warranted at least an investigation. Russian is a most unusual language to master without residing in that country, and a quiet interrogation among the officers of her acquaintance did not bring forth one who had ever heard that Mrs. Powell had ever visited that country, much less lived there for any length of time.

In a woman I suppose the suspicion that all was not as had appeared would be called "intuition," while in a man one would call it a "hunch." At any rate, it didn't sound entirely plausible, and I determined to play my hunch.

THAT afternoon I wired my Chief in Tours, and asked him to secure what information he could about Mrs. Powell, giving him all the facts as I had gathered them. In a few days back came a wire containing complete details about her which the Chief had been able to secure from the French. Her nationality was not known, though she claimed to be English. She was the former wife of an English Army officer who was at this time fighting in Flanders. About five years before he had divorced her. Shortly after the divorce she disappeared from England, and until 1918 there was no record of her activities. Then she suddenly appeared in Paris, traveling under an English passport. She was supposed to be receiving money from her former husband through a bank in Switzerland. For a time she was under suspicion and the French Secret Service kept her under close surveillance; but, nothing having been found that would warrant action being taken, the French had withdrawn from the case and she was free to go where she wished.

As soon as this report was received from the Chief, I had a conference with the French Secret Service captain in Biarritz, and together we carefully canvassed her case. We determined, in the light of what we knew about this woman, the fact that the leak was unquestionably in this city, and the opportunities that she had for obtaining much valuable information, that Mrs. Powell would bear watching.

Fortunately for our plans, I had my motor-car with me; for, since the French, owing to the scarcity of gasoline, had prohibited the operation of pleasure cars, it was believed that this woman would fall an easy prey to the lure of frequent rides in the surrounding country and the mountains. She gladly accepted all my invitations to ride, and soon assumed a kind of leadership over the car and the driver. She was the one who decided who should and who should not go on the trips. Nearly every day we would go for a spin, sometimes with her friends and sometimes alone. Various trips were made through the country and in the Pyrenees; in fact, Mrs. Powell had only to express a wish to go somewhere and the trip would be made.

I must win this woman's confidence; on her part, she had a twofold reason for wanting to go: first, because she really enjoyed the beautiful rides; and second, because she always rode in front with me, and thus had the opportunity to use me as a source of information to further her own ends. It really was an unequal battle, because I had the advantage; for I believed that I knew her game and, by being forewarned, could so play that I always held the winning hand.

Why the word *spy* should be considered a term of reproach is beyond me. It all depends on the reasons why a spy is a spy; but, whether he is a patriot or not, few but the bravest of the brave engage in such service. Intelligence work, as it is called in our army, is the most hazardous but at the same time the most fascinating of all the duties connected with war. This is especially true when one's opponent is a beautiful, unscrupulous woman. She not only fights with her keen and alert brain, but one must also always be on guard against the womanly wiles that she is so sure to employ.

We are, after all, human; and in playing this game, where a woman is concerned one can not but sometimes remember rather sadly that her life is the stake we play for.

AS time went on and I became better acquainted with Mrs. Powell, I was able to fathom her adroit questions till I was so sure of her guilt that the question of the penalty did not now enter into my calculations. I knew in my own mind that through this woman's activities many a good soldier had paid the price—no one will ever know how many, but enough to make her life forfeit many times over.

I admired her boldness. She had surrounded herself with friends who were above suspicion as to

their loyalty, and, behind them as a screen, she carried on her intriguing and dangerous work.

Having settled in our own minds that we were not on a false trail, we concentrated all our efforts on Mrs. Powell: both her incoming and outgoing mail was subjected to the closest scrutiny; but she was too clever to be caught sending anything through the mails that would incriminate her. Her only incoming mail was from American officers who, having enjoyed her hospitality while in Biarritz, were still keeping up the acquaintance by mail. Some of the letters intercepted, if they had been sent to the commanding general, would have resulted in a quick court martial for the writers. They told of battles, location of divisions, strength of units, and much other information that was absolutely forbidden by General Orders.

MRS. POWELL'S French maid was interviewed by the chief of the French secret police, and she was instructed to say that her presence was needed at once at her home, as her father had died. At the same time, a woman of the French service was substituted in her stead. The substitution was made without Mrs. Powell realizing the duplicity, but the new maid could not learn anything that in the slightest degree gave us a clue as to how this mistress of the game was operating or how she sent out her messages.

In order to enable the French to have ample time to search the house, a motor trip of a week through the mountains to Clermont-Ferrand was arranged. While we were away the French secret police searched every inch of her house from cellar to garret: the panels in the rooms were sounded for secret recesses; desks and tables were examined for hollow hiding-places; all her papers were gone over. But the French had their trouble for their pains. Not a single item was found that would give us any encouragement.

She was remarkably clever, was this woman.

One of Mrs. Powell's customs that afforded our officers much pleasure was the farewell parties which she always gave to officers who, having been discharged as cured from the hospital, were leaving for the front. In France the trains always seem to be either leaving or arriving at midnight, and her farewell party was always given to last until train-time. The end was a trip to the station to see the officer started on his journey.

Mrs. Powell's house, of a semi-bungalow type, was attractive. The living-room, occupying the entire front of the house, was artistically furnished, with here and there a cozy corner to add to its comfort. Whenever dancing was on the program the center of the room was cleared and the rugs taken up. Here, to the music of a phonograph, the officers danced away the time. The dining-room opened off the living-room through an archway that was partly closed by heavy portières, while directly opposite this archway was an entrance on to the porch, which overlooked the ocean. Always at these parties there was a buffet lunch for those who cared to eat, and there also seemed to be an endless wine-cellar; for there was always plenty of the various kinds of French wines on ice for the thirsty. It was her boast that her home was her friends' home, and any one who was invited was supposed to leave formality outside the door—and, indeed, these parties were delightfully informal.

One night, when Mrs. Powell was giving a farewell party to Lieutenant Jones (not his right name), who was leaving on the midnight train to rejoin his regiment, she made her *faux pas* and her method of sending out her information was discovered. At the time there were several couples dancing a waltz, and Mrs. Powell and Lieutenant Jones were dancing together, while I was sitting out the dance with a French girl. This girl and I were in the living-room, seated on a couch that was placed against the partly closed portières of the archway. During this time I was studying Mrs. Powell and debating in my mind whether, after all, we were not on the wrong trail. The passing of Mrs. Powell and the lieutenant into the dining-room for a drink broke up this line of thought, and I was about to ask the young French girl for a dance when I suddenly became aware of voices on the other side of the portières. Mrs. Powell and the lieutenant had seated themselves on another couch directly behind us, with only the portières between.

She had been immune so long that she had grown careless and either did not see us when she passed into the dining-room or had forgotten where we were sitting; or possibly she considered me just another dupe, and so of no consequence. Anyway, I was able to overhear the conversation. I am afraid there is one girl in Biarritz who thinks the Americans are a queer lot; for, as soon as I heard them talking on the other side of that portière, I sadly neglected the young lady seated on my right, and concentrated my entire attention on overhearing what was said by Mrs. Powell. I have no apologies to offer for eavesdropping. I was at this party for one purpose, and one purpose only—to catch this woman napping and eavesdropping was justifiable under the circumstances.

I heard Mrs. Powell ask Lieutenant Jones whether he was returning to his regiment by the way of Paris, and upon his replying that he intended to stop over there two days she said:

"As you are going to Paris, Lieutenant Jones, I would appreciate it if you would do me a great favor. I know it is not supposed to be done, but you will do it for me, I am sure. My husband sent me some deeds to be signed, and I must return them to our bankers in Switzerland. Already there has been a sad delay, as the French mails are slow. My funds depend upon my returning these papers quickly. If you would please take them, censor them for me, and mail them in your American post-office in Paris, it would save me a great deal of embarrassment. Another favor—I should like to keep up our pleasant acquaintance. Will you not write me once in a while, and if by chance you should be located anywhere near my husband while on the front, I will have him look you up. And then, after this war is over, I should like to have you visit us at our home in England."

Orders are orders, and it was a court-martial offense to mark a letter as censored unless the officer had read it. But this letter was already sealed and who would suspect such a charming woman? Besides, it was so trifling a return for all the pleasant times—and she had been so kind to a poor lieutenant who was far from home—and—the lieutenant disobeyed orders for the woman and promised to send the letter on.

THE time arrived for the lieutenant's departure, and we all went over to the station to see him off. Just as the train pulled out, Mrs. Powell, in bidding the lieutenant good-by, once more cautioned him to remember to mail the letter as soon as he reached Paris. These farewells always had a depressing effect on those left behind, and as it was a delight-

ful moonlight night, some one suggested a walk on the beach. The others joined in; but, pleading a headache, I returned to the hospital.

As soon as possible I got the Bordeaux office on the telephone, and instructed Lieutenant Greene to meet the train on its arrival there and to place Lieutenant Jones under arrest and remove him from the train. Under no circumstances was he to allow Jones to talk to any one, and he was to confine Jones in the Hotel Gobineau, with a sergeant always on guard in the room, so that no one could enter and that Jones could communicate with no one. These extra precautions were taken in order that if Jones were in league with Mrs. Powell he would not have an opportunity to "tip her off." (Right here it might be added that an investigation of Jones proved that he was only a tool in the hand of this shrewd woman.)

I sadly neglected the girl beside me and concentrated on the two talking on the other side of the portière

Lieutenant Greene was also instructed to rush to me all the papers found on Jones, at once, by messenger on a motorcycle. Right well did Greene obey the instructions; for, before this woman had awakened from her beauty sleep the next morning, we had absolute proof of her guilt.

Instead of deeds, she had given the lieutenant sheets of a closely written message in code. The letter, written on fine tissue paper, was a mere jumble of words; but we soon discovered that it was written in the so-called "diagonal code." The key to the code was the date. The letter was written on a square paper, and the words were in columns. In solving it, we first added the figures of the date, which gave us seven; then, counting seven words from left to right on the top line, we had the second position on the code; then, counting diagonally across the paper, still keeping from left to right, the last word was the ninth from the top. With this number we went back to the first column, and, counting down nine words, we had the first word of the message; skipping nine words, we had the second; and by continually skipping nine words and going from left to right, we had the entire message. We found that Mrs. Powell was sending out detailed information as to location, plans, and strength of our forces, which she had succeeded in securing from the officers she was entertaining, as well as that contained in the letters she was continually receiving from some thirty officers who had been her guests at Biarritz.

AFTER a lengthy conference with the French, it was finally decided that, as Mrs. Powell claimed that she was English, and her punishment, if convicted, would be death in front of a firing squad, and because she was so well intrenched in the good graces of the influential people of Biarritz, it was absolutely necessary that our evidence be beyond question when we made the arrest.

Not having seen the letter actually passed to Jones, it was impossible for me to swear that the incriminating letter we had was the one that Mrs. Powell had given to the lieutenant that night when I was listening on the other side of those portières. In court it would be his word against hers, and as the lieutenant had already disobeyed orders, the tendency of the court would be to believe Mrs. Powell.

Then again, there was another and a very good reason why I did not want to make a slip: there is a law in France that allows a person falsely accused and found not guilty to recover, without recourse on the part of the accuser, a large sum of money for such accusations. I did not propose to involve the United

New York City July 16, 1922.

Shall	hundred.	Hundred.	Asia.	Finland	is	it	if	three	north.
Ship	fifty	outside	Spain.	Italy	it	no	to	you	south
ladle	hundred	within	Africa.	Africa	east	yes	you	are	to-day
padded	but	withon	six	sixty	north	can	but	lad	next
convoy	not	where	miles	inches	west	not	not	bit	week
maybe	then	when	north	yes	but	why	miles	Edd	east.
shows	to-day	five	east	but	can	if	sail	east	when
kinds	yes	seven	coast.	cant	show	that	west	none	there
clans	Bill	three	period.	period	peas	then	none	some	here
bob.	napper	four	comma	comma	nuts	units	that	why	next
sails	four	ninety	stop	start	but	hundred	not	yes	when
snail	south	Marie	start	stop	yes	miles	then	if	sails
lamb	west	John.	twenty	twenty	no	then	can	you	bails.

SAMPLE OF THE CODE USED BY THE WOMAN SPY OF BIARRITZ

KEY: First add the figures of the month's date, 16, which gives 7. Counting seven words on the top line from left to right brings you to the word "it." A diagonal line from "it" to the right-hand corner of the code passes through five words, giving the key number, 5. Now, with the number 5, count down five words on the first column, to get the first word of the message, "convoy." Skip five words; the sixth, "sails," is the second word of the message. Keep on in this manner around the square, following the second line the second time around, the third line the third time, and so on until you arrive at the word "period," which ends the message.

States in any such law-suit. We must have proof that was incontrovertible before we made a move. The plan of action finally decided upon was that I should secure the necessary proof directly. (We felt that by this time I was firmly intrenched in this woman's good graces and could take the chance.)

"I MUST go to Bordeaux to draw my pay," I told Mrs. Powell. "Is there anything that I can do for you while I am there?"

Mrs. Powell gave me several commissions to perform for her, and then I was thunder-struck at her daring when I heard her say:

"Major, will you find out for me when Admiral ——— is due in with the next convoy? The Admiral is a dear friend of the family, and promised when he next returned from the States he would come to Biarritz for a few days' rest. I am very anxious to know when he will arrive, so that I can arrange for his entertainment and run up to Bordeaux to meet him. He might not keep his promise unless reminded of it personally." A perfectly plausible reason on the surface of it.

Promising to endeavor to secure the desired information for her, I left for Bordeaux. Upon my return, with many pledges of secrecy and impressing upon her the fact that I would be court-martialed and unquestionably shot if it ever became known that I had told any one about the arrival of a convoy, I gave her the information:

"The next convoy with Admiral ——— in charge is expected to sail from New York two weeks from to-day. It should arrive off the mouth of the Gironde River fifteen days after sailing. You no doubt have noticed," I continued, "that we are not losing any of our boats now. One of the naval officers explained that to me. He said that a convoy, as soon as it left New York, sailed directly east for two hundred miles, and then turned directly south and continued on that course until off the coast of South America; then sailed west until within a hundred miles off the coast of Africa; and then sailed north until they can dodge into a port. The 'subs' are lying in wait off the English coast and are being fooled. (This information, of course, was false.)

The logical time had now come when we should stop Mrs. Powell's activities. If Mrs. Powell was guilty, as we believed, she would seize the opportunity to send to Germany the information regarding the convoys. A faked telegram was prepared, ordering me to turn my car into the motor park at Bordeaux and report to the First Army for duty. And with the telegram I presented myself at her house and informed her that I was leaving the next night for the front by the way of Paris. Mrs. Powell at once arranged the farewell party for me, while I sent my car ahead to Bayonne, fifteen miles away in the direction of Bordeaux, with orders for it to await my arrival there.

THE night of my departure came, and I went to Mrs. Powell's house for the party. During the evening, while dancing with her, Mrs. Powell suggested that, since it was so warm, we go into the dining-room for a drink, and there sit out the remainder of the dance. Here she told me the same story she had told Lieutenant Jones—about the deeds, money, bankers in Switzerland, and all. Determined to see just how far she would go, I said:

"Mrs. Powell, won't you allow me to be your banker until you can get funds? You have made my stay here in Biarritz very pleasant, and I should like the opportunity of showing my gratitude."

"No, my dear friend," she replied; "I have enough to carry me. But if you will only do this favor, and mail that letter the minute you arrive in Paris, I will greatly appreciate it."

I accepted the sealed letter, and, in order that her

suspicion might not be aroused, took out my fountain-pen and wrote across the lower left-hand corner of the envelope:

"Passed as censored" (with my name and rank underneath).

Train-time arrived, and all went over to the station to see me off. Instead of remaining on the train until it reached Paris, as Mrs. Powell thought I would, I left it at Bayonne, where my car was waiting for me.

By two o'clock in the morning I had placed our entire and conclusive proof of this spy's guilt in the hands of the French Secret Service chief. We were obliged to do this, for all arrests of civilians in France had to be made by the French police. The envelope given me was opened, and in it we found another code letter, containing all the information that I had given her regarding the Admiral's arrival and the sailing plan of the convoys.

The arrest was made at daylight.

Since it was thought that she might attempt to commit suicide if she knew the evidence against her, and since the French desired to make an example of her as a warning to others who might be tempted to try the same manœuver, I did not participate in the arrest. As soon as the message had been decoded and we found that it actually contained the false information given her, I quietly left the city, and by the time the arrest was made was far on the road back to Bordeaux.

Mrs. Powell's arrest created a furore in Biarritz. It did not seem possible to those who had been so closely associated with her that she was the type who would use friendship as a cloak for serving the Germans. Her friends rallied to her assistance and employed the best legal talent for her defense. Not knowing the actual evidence against her, Mrs. Powell was sure of her acquittal. Both she and her friends derided the French Secret Service officers for the arrest. and promised that after she had gone free they would make it uncomfortable for those officials. But the old Chief only smiled and bided his time.

Mrs. Powell was taken to Bordeaux for trial. When we saw the number arraigned on her side we certainly congratulated ourselves that we had taken the precaution to secure our additional corroboratory evidence.

WHEN Lieutenant Jones and I faced her in court —and this was her first intimation that either of us was connected with her arrest—the situation was altered. Her face blanched. She realized that her little game was up. A peculiarity of the French law allows a prisoner to harangue a witness in open court. They believe—and in the majority of cases it proves correct—that an accused person, if allowed to harangue a witness, will make admissions that will disclose the true status of the case. When I was called to the stand, Mrs. Powell gave me a reception that I will never forget. There on that stand I learned the full meaning of the old saying, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

Her trial was a brief one; for my testimony, substantiated as it was by Jones, together with the two code letters, was sufficient to secure a conviction. Mrs. Powell was found guilty and sentenced to be shot.

Even though I knew that Mrs. Powell had supplied much valuable information to the Germans, I could not feel otherwise than sorry for her, and did my best to soften the agony of her few remaining days. As the prison food was very plain, arrangements were made to have an outside restaurant supply her meals. The French Secret Service women who were placed on guard in her cell day and night were carefully selected with a view of adding to her comfort as much as possible. The American Protestant chaplain was sent over to the French prison, while the French priests attempted to give her the consolation of their religion; but Mrs. Powell died, as she had lived, without the help of any church.

ONE bright sunny morning at six o'clock, Mrs. Powell was led out into the courtyard of the prison and placed against the wall. The command "Fire!" rang out—and she had paid the penalty.

From one of the Frenchwomen who guarded Mrs. Powell we learned her story. (Mary Powell is a name substituted by the author for her real one.) Her father was an Englishman, while her mother was a Bohemian. Shortly after her birth, her mother had eloped with a Frenchman, and to make up for the loss of her mother, her father had lavished all his wealth and love upon Mary. Young, handsome with a wild type of beauty, and reputed wealthy, she became the object of adoration of many a young Englishman.

An officer in the Guards finally won and married her. Blood told this time with a variation of her mother's story. Her husband's duties kept him away most of the time, but one evening he discovered her with another man. He quickly divorced her and shortly afterward she went to the Continent to live. The Czar of Russia, always on the lookout for such tools, soon employed her, and she became a member of his confidential secret force. When the revolution broke out in Russia, Mrs. Powell, with others of that so much feared secret force, was obliged to flee for her life.

She made her way to Switzerland, arriving there almost penniless. By now she was lost to all sense of honor and was willing to serve the highest bidder. The German intelligence staff soon found her, hired her, and, equipping her with an English passport, sent her to France to operate.

She located in the beautiful villa at Biarritz, and when it was announced that the Americans were to open a convalescent hospital for wounded officers, she aimed to become, and did become, a leader in the entertainments for our officers, thus securing much valuable information for the enemy. She always used an American officer as her messenger and her letters were mailed through our post-office in Paris.

NEXT MONTH

ANOTHER SECRET SERVICE STORY, A SEQUEL TO "THE ALGERIAN MURDERERS"
By Major C. E. Russell

THE SAVAGE AGE FROM EIGHT TO TWELVE
By Ruth Danenhower Wilson

THE PARK LANE ROBBERY *By* Leonard Mathers

This boy had a divine gift, yet he was only—

Dust in the Doorway

By Dixie Willson

Author of "Man in You"

Illustrations by W. C. Nims

ONE morning my father said to my gra'mother, "Please cook rice-cakes for me to-night, will you, mother? The whole blue bowl full, will you?"

So after while she mixed them up with her hands—her hands skinny, with little clumps of rice sticking to her fingers. At dark we sat by the window, looking down the street for my father to come. We left off the light to see outside better. We watched and watched. Downstairs every one went by in the street, and there were children playing, and shops with lights, and people in and out. The lights from outside made yellow streaks and squares on our floor.

My father was never late. He had never been late before. I tried to make Gran'am talk about Levy's new organ—but no—nothing.

After while the street was not so busy.

"Ilya," she asked me, "what time is it now?"

I scratched a match by the clock-face.

"It's nine," I told her.

"Then have your potatoes and go to bed, Ilya," she said; and she came out of the window.

"Never mind the potatoes," I said to my Gran'am. "I'll get them."

But she came just the same, and put on the light; so then she saw the clock herself—that I had said nine when really it was ten. When she saw that, she forgot me, and went back to the window and rocked her body like old people rock when they pray.

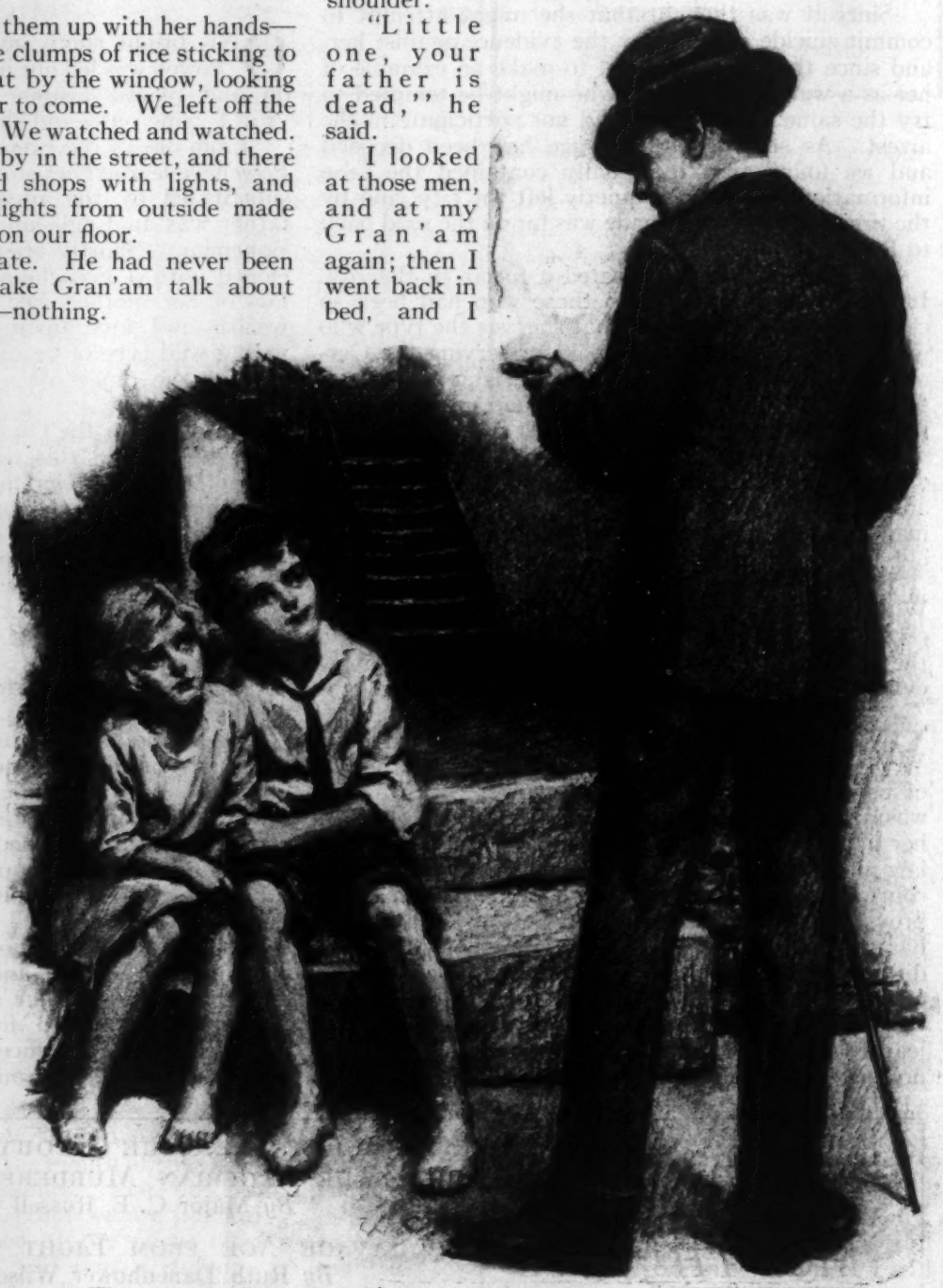
IN my own head, too, I wondered where my father was; but I went to bed, and to sleep a little, and what woke me was men in our room talking. I saw a tall man putting father's bucket on the table.

"Now we'll have rice-cakes," I said to myself; so I got up in my night-gown.

But Gran'am was not getting food. She was standing there, staring as if she was awake in her sleep. Four men were there, but I didn't see father. I asked Gran'am if father didn't come. The tall man put his hand across my shoulder.

"Little one, your father is dead," he said.

I looked at those men, and at my Gran'am again; then I went back in bed, and I



The man was looking at Michael; he asked what was his name, and he gave him and me each a dime

covered my face. I was afraid to move any more. I only lay there and wondered and wondered what "dead" was. My mother had once been dead, too.

"Well," I thought, "Gran'am will have to throw out the rice-cakes now."

THE tall man brought us soup one day. Gran'am asked him could I work. I was ten. He said no. So Gran'am cried and asked him what *could* we do. We could not live with nothing at all.

All my life I see my gra'mother in that room there—so cold for a room since my father could not make the fire. A blue table setting by the wall, and my father's clothes folded on it—the black floor—that cold little stove, and Gran'am in her old chair, with bare feet and the old shawl—and no eyes but dark holes—and no tea any more—and her face all wrinkled with tears dropping down. The big clock cracked out time on the wall for a day and another day; then it stopped. It seemed everything else had stopped too, like that clock.

People often die. I suppose fathers often die, too—but it seemed to me some one had died for the first time in the world.

One afternoon I took the last of our money for milk—but when I came back, fire was in the stove again, and a boy was standing there in our room!

He looked like no boy I had ever seen before. His clothes were no better than mine—no better; but his eyes someway kept me from talking right out to him like to *any* boy who would be in our house.

I stayed against the door, holding the milk, and watched them standing there—Gran'am and him—Gran'am with a brush in her hand, brushing his hair, that was black and curly. Money was on the table.

The boy looked under Gran'am's arm at me. He smiled at me.

"If I had only a *little* hair, like you," he said, "she wouldn't brush me so hard."

I put down the milk and came by my gra'mother to look at that boy.

"Who is he?" I asked her.

"He's Michael," she said. "He's my little boy Michael now."

I didn't know what she meant; but no matter, I thought, if now we had a fire and money. No matter *who* was the boy.

"Now that *he* has come, Ilya," Gran'am said, "take money and go down for bread and some fish."

I took hold of his coat.

"Come too, then," I said.

"Yes, go on, Michael," Gran'am told him, "and carry fish for your sister."

So we went downstairs, and all the children in the street looked at us, and got out of Michael's way.

He was poor too, and his feet bare too, but the children got out of his way. His eyes weren't poor. It was his eyes that made you get out of his way. He was taller than I was.

"What's your name?" I asked him. "Where do you live? Do you work? Were those new shoes on my floor *your* shoes?"

So he said he was going to work very soon and he wore shoes on Sunday.

"I live at your house now," he said, "so now my name is the same as yours."

"My name is Ilya Draski," I told him.

"*My* name is Michael Draski," he said. "I've got your gra'mother for my gra'mother too now, so now there's you and me. I wanted some one a long time," he said; and he took hold of my hand.

The hold of his fingers made me warm. It someway seemed to me I had found a hand, now, that would always be somewhere for mine.

"What are you doing?" the woman said. "Keep away from dust in doorways"

OUR house was at 84 Pell Street, where a market crosses the street. One of those places where the tall wide city cuts off and the tumbled one begins.

On the other side shiny motor-cars go along a wide white road, and on my side two-wheeled junk-carts jangle bells all day over cobble-stones that make a street eight paces wide, where children sit on the steps of doorways.

Michael and I would sit, with the rest, at the foot of our stairs in the door.

One day some one came out of the market into our street. A tall girl and a man. Her dress was white, her shoes were white, and her hands and her face and her fingers were white. I could feel the cobble-stones hurting her feet.

When they were close to us, she stopped and looked at a slip of paper in her hand.

"How much farther is it, Carl?" she asked—and moved away from Sooky's coffee-wagon.

"Quite far, Jean," he said, "if your address is right here. I wish you'd tell me what on earth you

want at that place. Look out where you step!"—and he laughed at Sooky's baby, almost under her feet.

The women hung out of their windows to see her. Children came in the street, and the men stopped shouting to watch her with their fat eyes.

She was very close to us. Michael put his hand on a silk rose on her dress; he thought it was a flower he could smell. She drew up her skirt and stepped away, as if afraid of us. More children came around.

"Carl, this is awful," she said; "let's get out of here."

The man didn't hear her. He was looking at Michael. He roughed up Michael's hair and asked what was his name. He gave me and him each a new little dime.

But the girl pulled him back.

"What are you doing?" she said quick and sharp. "Keep away from dust in the doorways." "Dust in the doorways"—I knew she meant us.

They went past to the corner and down the other way.

"We'll buy jacks and red candy," Michael said. "Two dimes!"

But I was only thinking of that girl. I knew I would never forget how she had looked at Michael when his fingers touched her dress—how she had said he was dust in the doorway.

ONE morning, when Michael scrubbed the floor, he scrubbed so fast and scrubbed so fast and looked at the clock till I wondered why.

My gra'mother loved Michael better than me. So did I. I forgot I was any self myself at all—I was only a sister to Michael. Some people have eyes just to see with, but Michael seemed to live with his eyes. They seemed all his heart—all his love and his hate. He could say as much looking at some one as speaking.

While he scrubbed the floor I knew by his eyes he was waiting for something. I took soup off the fire.

"Michael, what are you waiting for?" I asked him.

"Nobody would care but me," he said. "It is only a window behind a house. You can come if you want to."

Our gra'mother had gone to make wine for the church.

We went down the street past the market a little; and then, where the houses were full of tall windows, Michael stopped. Iron gates were over all the front doors, and tall iron gates between the houses.

"Just wait," Michael said. "Here's where it is"; and he stood up on a gate and looked through the holes of it.

Yellow leaves blew down on the ground, and a park was across the road with children playing on the walks, in pink things and white things that never get dirty. A man looked at us over his paper.

"Come away," I begged Michael, and pulled at his sleeve. "The policeman will take us."

Michael turned and laughed at me, and started to answer; but before he said anything there came from the house a long sound of melody.

"There it is," he whispered, short and sharp. "Ilya, listen!"

The strings of a fiddle were singing inside there like long threads of purple light—so soft, so full of tears, you could not think that only fingers made it with a bow. It came past us like seeing some one live and die, till we stood by the gate and forgot we were only nobody. Always I see Michael there by that gate, looking through the pickets, with wind in his hair, and the leaves blowing down—his face and his eyes like a part of that violin—his heart and the song of it all gone together.

I stood by the house till it was finished.

"Who is it, Michael?" I asked him.

"It's Helmar, the master," he said, almost whispering. "How is it a fiddle can hurt you so?" he said—and his eyes were as far as the stars. "Every day I come and listen like this, and how is it—my own fingers feel every string!"

"How is it a fiddle can hurt you so?" he said—and his eyes were as far as the stars

Then, while we stood there, it came again—like water dripping—drops falling somewhere and catching the sunshine.

Michael's fingers shut tight over mine.

"A violin has the whole world in it," he said—with the leaves blowing down on his hair.

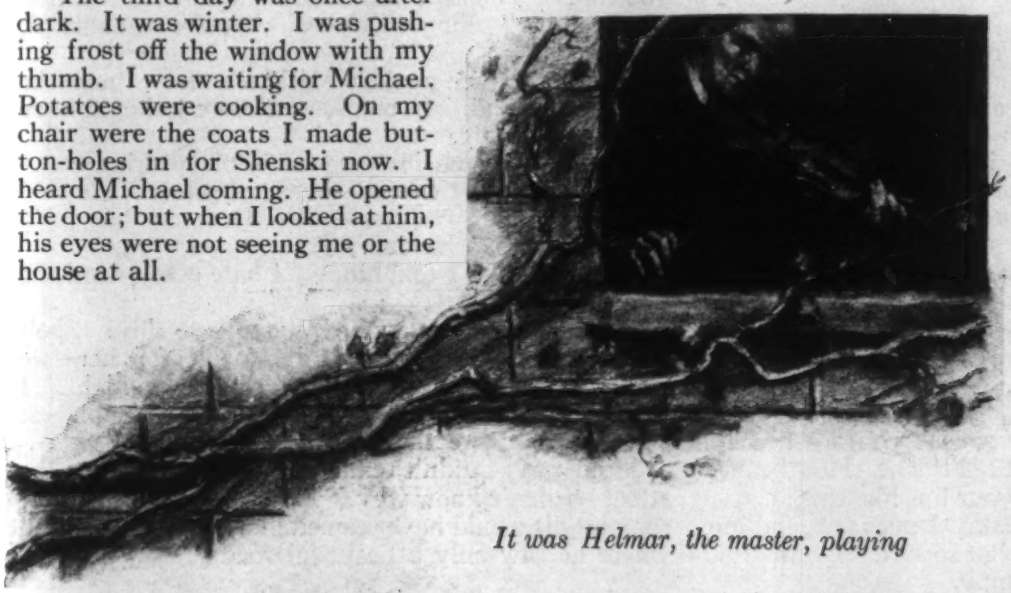
A DAY seems just a little of nothing; but days are the whole of your life, after all. Years are only the pieces left over from one or two days in which all your life has really happened. If you count what *has* been,

you'll find it was all in a handful of days, and your years are the pieces left over from that.

My whole life has been six days, that's all: the first day when I came in our house that time, and found Michael there with my gra'mother—and the next day was when my gra'mother went to pray at the mass one Sunday and she never came home.

They brought the shell of her back to our house, but gra'mother never came back again. I was glad. She had lived till her bones were so tired. I thought her heaven was right where she died—to stay with the Mary and Jesus there. Somehow, I thought gra'-mother would care for the candles and keep them burning and trim them. I could go there to pray and feel gra'mother bless me. So I began to think "dead" meant that you could stay where you were happiest.

The third day was once after dark. It was winter. I was pushing frost off the window with my thumb. I was waiting for Michael. Potatoes were cooking. On my chair were the coats I made button-holes in for Shenski now. I heard Michael coming. He opened the door; but when I looked at him, his eyes were not seeing me or the house at all.



It was Helmar, the master, playing

"What's happened?" I asked him, frightened.

"Helmar's going to learn me to play," he said.

He said it like telling me God would be coming.

SIX years then. The pieces of those three days. I lived in the long halls of San Gabrielle, and sometimes I heard from Sister Frances how happy Michael was. Helmar kept him and taught him. Once she told me Michael was six feet tall.

I was tall, too. My hair was still yellow, and short to my shoulders; and I sewed so quickly that Sister Marithecla gave me all the clothes to make for the little ones. At night I would open the window as far as I could, and look at the sky till house-walls were gone from around me, and miles and money were nowhere at all.

When I was eighteen the Mother Superior called me. I was to go away now, she said. I was finished. Well—I sewed up a basket of clothes for the littles, and told them good-by, and went out of that big gate. They gave me the money to go home, and I went back to Shenski and got a machine to work at. Then I tried to get back to our old place to live.

The street—well, you think things will change without you—but no. Sooky's coffee-wagon just the same, another baby under the wheels, the same little stiff doll-man hopping on the whistle, the doorways full of children, the shops full of people, old Marta the same with her basket of cheese, the men with fat eyes, and our old stairway sagging.

Our room was empty. I stood by the door. Nothing there but that big clock still on the wall where my father had wound it.

Now he came in the door. I was little again. He was tall, with his dark beard, his hands big and strong. He stood there to wind that clock—pushed the hands around, making it strike so many times it was no hour at all. The table was warm, full of corn and hot soup-bowls; gra'mother's old chair, and her gray hair smooth and tied back in black, her hands mixing rice-cakes, rice stuck to her fingers; the man bringing father's bucket—dead; gra'mother gone to mass, her soul fixing candles; Michael gone with a master; just me and an empty room left behind—tired shoulders all day, and machine wheels to fill your head. I put my face into the wall in my arms. I would go to mass, too—maybe I could die, too.

Then something touched me. Warm hands caught me. I looked up into Michael's eyes—dark, full of everything.

"Oh, little one," he said, quick and happy, "how beautiful you've grown! How long your dress is. And your eyes full of tears! I just now saw Shenski, and he told me you were back. I couldn't believe it. I've wanted you so."

He held me away from him—looked at me—looked at me. Then he suddenly caught me and I felt his kiss against my lips.

So the fourth day was then — when I was no one's little sister any more, but the sweetheart of Michael.

So into the clean new spring came our happiness.

I sewed on Shenski's machine so fast, it seemed the wheels would lose themselves. I laughed out loud at the buttons tumbling out, all puffed with surprise at going so fast like the people who come tumbling out of Windy Cave at the carnival.

I'd made the old room into home again,—a little of this and a little of that,—and Michael used to come down there from Helmar's for supper and Sunday and talking and dreaming.

He would come to that room to be happy—my beloved: a *man*, a tall prince—loving *me*, having *me*.

And there is no difference in a button-machine or a garden of flowers when love comes to you like that.

He played for me like lights dancing, like silver, like long days passing when some one is gone, like the ocean at night—or like you all alone on the scrags of a mountain with wind in the sky.

Once, at the shop, Shenski brought down a paper to show me.

"Here you are, kid," he said, laughing and dirty. "Here's your boy and your fiddle. You'll lose him some day."

It was Michael. A *man!* A picture so like him I could see him smile back at the love in my eyes.

> Draski [it said], a young Russian who bids fair to rival the greatest. A protégé of Lucian Helmar, whom the social four hundred are sponsoring for a career. His performance last night at the Lynn-Devons musicale was altogether remarkable.

I kept that paper; I read it over and over. My beloved! That night I asked him to tell me about it—the place and the people and all that they said.

"Why, it only is you," he laughed, "that's all. I don't know what they said. I don't know how the place was. It was you in my fingers made the fiddle play—that's all. I didn't think of anything else."

He put his hands under my elbows and lifted me up till my lips came to his lips.

"Dear heart," he whispered to me, "I love you so! You are so little—so sweet in my arms again. Your eyes are like my violin playing—my Ilya come back out of all I remembered about you, come back like I dreamed you would. Big, solemn eyes!"

So he laughed then, and held me as if I was a *little* girl, and told me about the party—the ladies and the gay things.

Well, so that was God's share to me,—breath, strength, and Michael,—my hands only waiting to go where he needed them.

CAME a rap at my door once: a man with a long box. I broke it to find what was in there so fast that my fingers tangled all in the strings.

A cobweb—white cobweb—with silver caught into it. Mine! And wrapped in beside it—red roses! Sometimes things happen like the stars—you see them so you have to believe it even when you know it can't be true.

Then after an hour my Michael came. I had never seen him ready to play. He opened the door in his slender black clothes—the white tucks of his bosom so smooth and so handsome.

I stood waiting for him.

"Oh, little one!" he cried, "you are perfect! Your hair and the gown and the shoes—you are perfect. How proud I shall be when I tell them! How beautiful you are with a rose near your lips like that!"

He had brought me a cloak. I put it around me. My hair snuggled into the collar so soft. I was afraid to go—yet eager and too happy.

Downstairs were children to follow me, asking things; women to come out and feel of my dress with their fingers and talk swift Russian clatter. Michael laughed at them. My cheeks were scarlet; I couldn't talk. I only kept close to him.

How is it life slips from one cog to another?

So in the great sparkling house of some one I heard Michael play. The women and men watched him as if he took their life out of their own hands into his while he played. The warm smell of flowers—lights trailing across a long floor in the mirror of its polish, and Michael—my sweetheart—holding it all in his two hands!

When it finished, there was nothing for a moment—no sound, no words. Then, like a sudden wind coming, their voices began—and they called him and cheered him

He came straight to me and he kissed me.

"It is you in my fingers," he whispered.

They all came around us, calling out praise for him—reaching for him, catching his hands out of mine.

One woman was tall, with white shoulders, white arms, sparkling fingers that fluttered over his hands like birds' wings.

"Draski, you're marvelous," she breathed. "You are *mar*velous! Have you forgotten you promised to come and have dinner with me and tell all your dreams? Now, dear boy, when may I plan it?"

Michael laughed and patted her fingers a little.

"Mrs. Devons, here is my sweetheart," he said—"the little Ilya I told you about."

The lady turned to me, surprised. Hair dark, gray a little, lips drooping at the corners. First I saw her neck, and the blaze of a diamond. Then she spoke to me, drawling—in a queer little way, as if she were looking at something that amused her.

"Oh, how do you do?" she said, and it someway seemed she was sorry she must spend the words. "How does it seem to have a famous lover?"

I looked up to answer; but when I saw her eyes all I could say was gone. My cheeks were hot in a second, to think of her fingers there on Michael's arm—for out of that place full of people I saw only our alley again, and this woman pulling her dress from his little hands and calling him "dust in the doorway."

When that day had happened, I knew I should never forget—and I had not forgotten.

"Bring your little friend with you, Draski," she said, "if you like. Just make yourself happy however you can." Then she put her arm around his shoulder. "Dear boy," she whispered, "you're wonderful, really!"

I put my face against Michael's sleeve, and she moved her hand. In one second more I should have bitten her fingers.

We went home in some one's big purring car—Michael and me there in velvet and silver. He told me that woman was Jean—Mrs. Devons; that she'd known him from Helmar's.

"I hate her," I told him. "I hate every word she said."

"Why, Ilya," he laughed, "you little silly! She's been wonderful to me. If it wasn't for her—we wouldn't be having these fine clothes to-night. I never could tell you all she has given me—my biggest chance in life, sweetheart."

Someway, I didn't remind him of that time on the street—I don't know why. I wanted to tell him, but someway it would have seemed like showing him mud where he saw only a beautiful road.

HE went to her house to that dinner one day. I didn't go; I told him I had a new dress to fix for Sunday.

The day after that one, when I came home from Shenski's, he was waiting for me—he and his fiddle. I rumpled his hair all into curls, and stood with my toes on his feet so my head came to his shoulder, and I held him close.

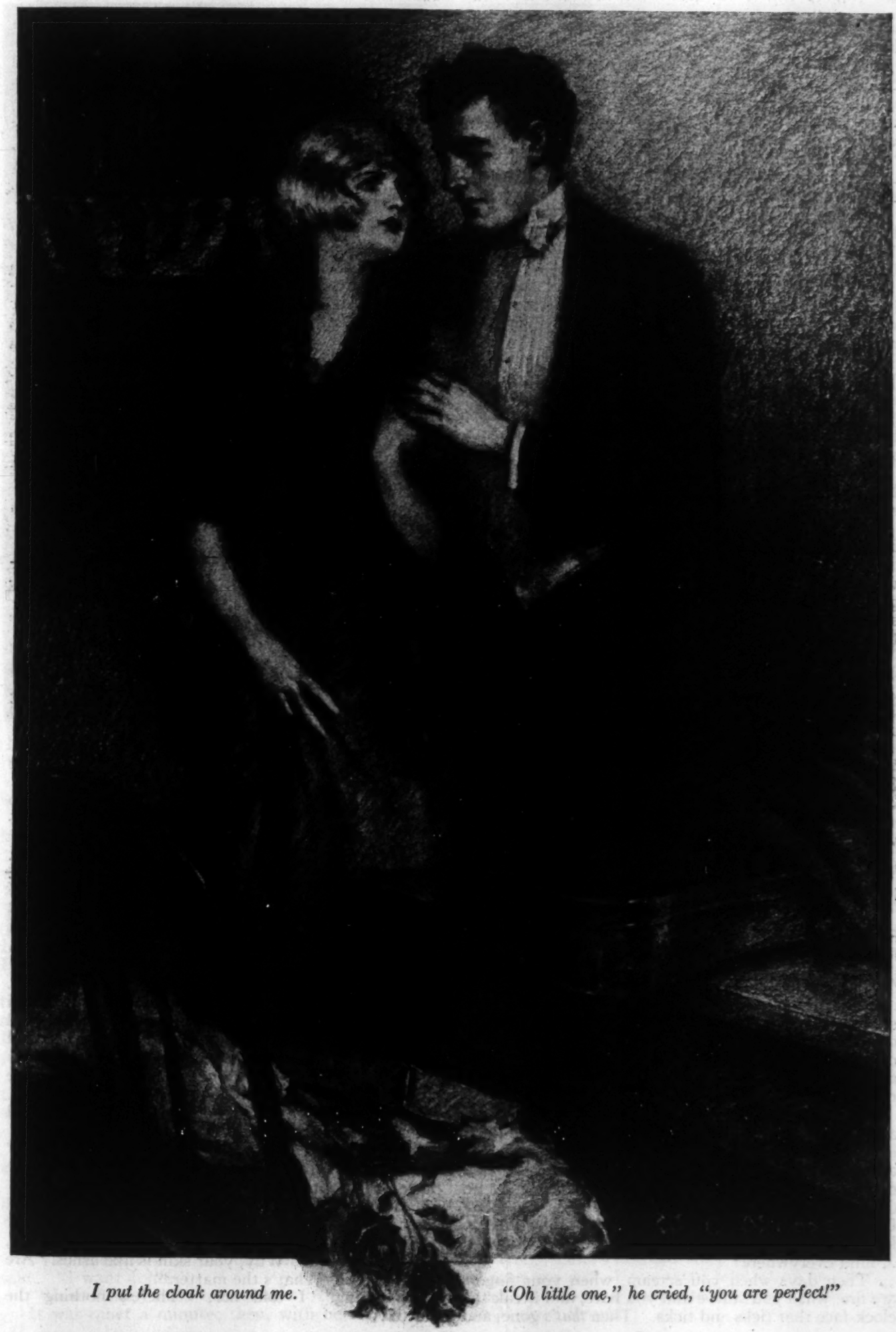
Love is the Sunday morning of the world. A pure whiteness like nothing else but the grace of God. What are words? Who can tell it?

Feet came quickly down our hall. Some one knocked, quick and frightened. I opened the door. That woman was there—a dark hat close around her face, and a dark coat all around her, her face small, little.

A face is only what is in your heart. Only the size of what is in your heart. She didn't see me. She ran to Michael and caught at his hands.

"Michael," she said in a thin, queer voice, "this is terrible, terrible! The check I gave you for the evening you played—you cashed it yesterday—oh, how can I tell you? I—I forged Leon's name—and now he won't cover it. You *must* understand, dear boy—oh, it seems I shall die! But *my* name isn't on it—" She stopped a minute. She caught her breast with her pale hands and looked at me with eyes crazy, yellow. When she began to talk again her voice was gone—only breath was left to make the words—"it is only *your* name and Leon's," she said; "so it's you they will come for—and if *you* don't tell—"

Michael looked at her queerly; his head came up



I put the cloak around me.

"Oh little one," he cried, "you are perfect!"

straighter. I could see the white coming all around his lips.

"*Don't* tell them, Michael," she whispered sharply. "You have no one—no family. You are a man. It would *kill* me—my husband, my friends, my position—" She stopped again. She caught at the window. "Don't tell them!" she begged again. "When it's done I will pay you enough to be—"

Michael scuffed down the corner of the rug where she'd stumbled.

"They know where to find me," he said. "Go home."

Her body bent over against the table, and her eyes burned at his.

"You *won't* tell them, Michael," she said, spluttering as if she couldn't keep her tongue on the right words. "You *won't* disgrace me! I'll pay you any money you ask—"

She reminded me of a yellow-faced Punch and Judy thing with its eyes painted for fright and its arms and head rattling on a stick.

"Go home," Michael said, and he opened the door; but when he looked down the stairs he closed it again short and quick.

"Ilya, put her in there," he said, and jerked his head to the inside room. "Some one's coming," he said.

She went in there herself, stumbling over the rug again.

Men came, two of them. I tried to hold on to the wall with my fingers. All the while I could see my gra'mother rocking her body back and forth, cold and sobbing and wrinkled by the window, and she seemed to be *me*.

I saw Michael take up his hat from the chair.

"I want my fiddle," I heard him say.

So he fixed it. I heard the lock shut on the box. Then he came up to me so white, with his hair dark and tumbled. He closed his fingers over mine.

"It's all right, little one," I heard him saying. "*She* gave us my chance—now she takes it away. Life is like that."

"Michael, you're crying," I told him.

"It's love for you, sweetheart," he said. "Don't worry; I'll be back before long."

His lips on my face, his hands over mine—

Happiness is smoke that the wind blows away in little shreds.

After while I opened that inside door. The woman had gone out the other way—down filthy back stairs where cats sneak for food.

THERE are no years. Love is the real mark the life of you measures by. A year is only winter—summer; big children or little ones; day and night, day and night, coming over and over. What is the difference—day or night, winter or summer? Years are for skins to get old in and fat in. Love is the measure.

Eight years. Walking—sleeping; going into doors and out of streets all alone—seeing nothing—thinking in words that mean nothing. How cold your hands always are, taking words that friends give you as a dog takes their bones! A button-machine makes no difference. Buttons go in and out. What is *that?* Little children laughing—ripe grapes selling in baskets—old women sitting. What are they for, all around everywhere?

Then days when you scream, when your fingers are fire, when you starve and you hate, and break the clock-face that ticks and ticks. Then *that's* gone, and your feet are like pieces of wood again; buttons go on again.

That cobweb dress. I put it on one night, all alone, and I bought me a rose, and I sat and heard his fiddle play till I thought I was crazy.

I saw him once. I went there to find him. I held his white hands. I kissed him through bars. Then I laughed at those bars—they were the pickets of Helmar's gate. Little Michael stood there—the wind blowing his hair, the stars in his eyes, yellow leaves coming down.

But they took me away; they wouldn't let me stay in that prison. I thought of my gra'mother at the church. They had brought her body out of where *she* had wanted to stay, too; but my gra'mother herself had stayed there just the same, so it didn't matter much that they took me away.

One day I had my hair cut off to my shoulders again. I made a great feast, and Michael came home.

But we had no feast; we ate no food. We only sat together in the old black chair. No words—no tears—only an hour going on again from eight years before.

But his face was too white. I tried and tried to warm his hands. I kissed them—I blessed them; but the blood was gone out of them.

"Play your fiddle, darling;" I begged. "That will warm you."

But he shook his head.

"I'm tired," he said. "Only let me hold you forever and ever."

IN a week, once, one night, some one came to the door.

"Come in," I said.

I was by the window. The door pushed open, and in long brown something that woman had come again. But she didn't stumble the carpet now. She was tall and afraid of nothing now. She was no older, her face just the same.

She came and sat down by me. The room had no light, only what came from the street.

"I came to see Michael," she said. "I am ready to give him all he wants for his music—for Paris or Russia. I am ready to do everything."

I watched what she said, but I answered nothing. She put her hand over mine, but I didn't move it. It didn't matter. What was the difference?

"You two can marry now and have lovely things," she smiled. "I will give him plenty for you too."

I watched the dirty light from next door turn beautiful in the jewels on her hand.

"You are very good to think of me," I answered.

"You, dear, and Michael would have always been poor," she said. "I'll take care of you now. Michael is a wonderful boy. He shall have all he wants, and I think he'll forgive me sometime—don't you?"

"Yes," I said, "he forgives you." What was the difference? Forgive? What is that? Seven letters.

"Why don't you light your light?" she said, and got up from beside me. "May *I* light it?"

"Yes," I said; "what's the difference? Light it."

She fussed around the wall for a while; then she put on the light. I shut my eyes—light hurt me.

"There, that's better," she said. "Now we'll—" Then I felt her look at me.

"Why," she said in a queer startled way—"why, child, you are ill! Why, your skin is like ashes. Are you hungry? What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I told her. "There's nothing the matter."

"Play your fiddle, darling," I begged; "that will warm you."

I heard her put her gold bag on the table. "I'd better find Michael," she said. "Where is he?"

"The prison was too cold," I told her. "Since last night Michael is dead."

I heard her crying—a lot of long sorrow. After while she went away.

I HAD one place to go. To Lena, my old grandfather's sister. I had never known her much, but I found a paper with her name on, and I went there. It was a little black house in the midst of tall buildings.

I didn't tell her about Michael—I couldn't find the words to say it, and she was too old to care for anything but her own days gone by. So I only said I had come to stay with her a little. She gave me pancakes; she made me eat them.

In the afternoon I saw children staring at something—a long purple car that had stopped in the street. Then some one got out. It was that woman.

"God!" I cried. "Won't she leave me alone!"

But I was surprised at her face. Something had come into it.

Lena looked out to see—then her fingers caught at her faded old dress. "It's me she wants," she said. "You be still, now."

Lena let her in at the other room.

"You're surprised to see me, Lena," Jean Devons said. "I want John."

"Want *John*," Lena quavered. "After all this?"

It was quiet a minute; then, with her voice like something torn with a ragged edge, that woman told Lena the reason she had come.

"I want to pay a debt, through John, that I owe to a boy who is dead," she said. "I want to give him everything I have—money and position—and my name and everything. I want to tell every one the truth. When I brought him to you that day, no one in my world knew he'd been born. Afterward, when I married, I didn't dare tell my husband, and the longer I waited the harder it was. But now it is all that will save me, to give to him all that I owe."

Her voice was pitiful with hope and shame.

"He was so little," she said, with a crying, trembling little laugh in her voice—"how *could* I have left him! He's a man now—my son! Did I pay you enough? Do you want more?"

My heart somehow pitied her. What did *she* know of the measure of life? Her life measured nothing. Her voice told me so. And here was my *own*, measuring on to eternity. I felt Michael's fingers closed again over mine—and I heard him saying again, "Life is like that—"

"When will he come?" she said, trembling. "Does he know he has a—mother?"

I heard Lena's shuffling feet and sharp old stick go across the floor into the chair by that woman.

"Well," Lena's cracked voice told her, "when my old man got sick, I put your John down to 84 Pell Street. You can go *there* to find him. They call him Michael Draski."

General Wood, who is to "carry on" in the Philippines until the work he has planned is completed

General Leonard Wood

Our Great Colonial Administrator

By Cecilia Farwell

WE have more than seven thousand islands in the Pacific Ocean, and a few more in the Atlantic, together with the Canal Zone, under our government. Notwithstanding this fact, we have no colonial office and no colonial policy. But we have developed, in the progress of things, some very remarkable colonial administrators, who have won the admiration and the commendation of the world. If we had been an empire we should have seen them knighted, and the story of their accomplishments would have been upon every tongue. As it is, we know very little about them. They come home from their fields of labor unhonored and unsung.

Yet we are proud of them none the less, in our own way, and of none more than the man who has gone twice to those far islands of the sea "to straighten things out"—and has straightened them.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since the people of the United States took over the Philippine Islands, oppressed by three centuries of misrule. Governor-General Leonard Wood knows better than anybody else what we have accomplished there and what yet remains to be done.

When Dr. Leonard Wood was an interne in a Boston hospital, a child was brought to him whose condition demanded immediate attention—a serious operation was necessary. By the rule of the hospital, such operations were to be performed only by the surgeon in charge. But the surgeon was absent. No one knew when he would be in. Time was everything—the child's one chance of life. Dr. Wood operated. The child lived. But the young interne who had broken hospital rules was suspended, then dismissed.

"I thought it right to operate," was his only defense.

The incident marked the changing-point in his life. Turning aside from the path along which the practice of his profession usually led, he accepted an appointment as contract surgeon in the army. But fate had established a precedent. Often he was to be confronted with a similar choice, and to make that same defense, and that only: "I thought it right."

General Wood occupies a peculiar, special place in the hearts of the American people—a place different from that of any other public man of our time. For, aside from his civil and military record, both marked

by wonderful achievement, he has come into close personal touch with the deepest lives of the people, and the story of that operation in the Boston hospital is typical of it. Firm in his belief and adherence to military discipline, it has always yet reduced itself into the human equation in his action. He became the personality behind the great machinery of war to the millions of fathers and mothers in the South and the Middle West who gave their sons to go overseas in 1917-18. They were committed to his personal care, in their thoughts. This came to me most strongly in a letter which I received from a mother in Kansas, whose son sailed with that 89th Division with which General Wood was held from sailing at the last moment. She was a widow, and had borne up wonderfully throughout in the giving of her only son.

Sergio Osmeña, the minority leader in the Philippine Senate

"I went to see Austin in camp," she wrote me. "I saw General Wood. I did not meet him, of course. He was far too busy. But I came away comforted. When the word came that he was not to go with the men, it seemed to me that I just could not stand it! I sat down and cried. I had felt so secure, somehow—so safe—about Austin. You see, General Wood *cared*. He knew just how the mothers felt."

Courtesy of *Asia*

Manuel L. Quezon, president of the Philippine Senate, with his little daughter

The Beginning of Wood's Career

IT is this knowledge in the hearts of the people that "General Wood cared" that has made his name a household word in America. It is a personal love that is comparable only to that felt for General Lee in the old South.

General Wood's entrance into the army was typical of the man. The Apaches were then keeping General Crook busy in Arizona, and Dr. Wood was assigned to his division. Here he reported to Captain Lawton, later one of the finest generals in the Philippine service, where he gave his life. Captain Lawton is said to have looked the young tenderfoot over somewhat contemptuously, and greeted him with:

"And what do you want here?"

Quick as a flash, and with something of his own manner, came back the reply: "I want to get into the line just as quick as I can!"

The answer was one to please a soldier, and Lawton's reply was the beginning of General Wood's career: "All right, you can get into it now!" and the young surgeon became one of a picked band of troopers, most of them seasoned by Indian campaigns, which followed the trail of the Apache chief, Geronimo, over two thousand miles of winding trails. In this campaign Dr. Wood attracted the attention not only of his commanding officer, and so won his commission, but of Congress, which ten years later voted to him the Congressional Medal of Honor, then, as now, the highest military decoration within the gift of the nation.

During President Cleveland's administration Captain Wood was assigned to Washington, and, as Assistant Attending Surgeon, he was often called in to attend the family of the President, and later the family of President McKinley.

Theodore Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the first McKinley administration, and it was natural that the two men should meet. They found many interests in common in their Western experiences and their love for active out-of-door life. It is said that they used to spend many Saturday afternoons together kicking footballs in the vacant lots of Washington, with whatever small boys might happen to be about.

Dr. Wood was also the private physician of the Secretary of War. When the Spanish-American War was declared, Secretary Alger said to his physician, who had just been appointed colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, by which title the "Rough Riders" were officially known: "Go right ahead and organize your regiment, and don't let me hear a word from you until it is done! When your requisitions are ready, bring them to me and I will sign them."

Colonel Wood, having gone to Cuba to fight, remained to win back in the fullest degree his first title: Doctor—Doctor of a Sick and Broken Nation.

Education is the base of General Wood's work; these Manila school-girls are in a carnival

The civic training of the Cuban had been how to evade the law and cheat the officials. He knew nothing of honest government. An official was to him a person in power to oppress and rob. His cities were famous for their filth and disease. "You could smell Santiago ten miles at sea," said an old sea captain of the Spanish days. Not only the native people, but the Americans who had gone down to rescue them from despotism, were victims of the terrible conditions.

By order of General Shafter, Colonel Wood took over Santiago, where yellow fever, typhoid, and malaria raged among its fifty thousand inhabitants, of whom more than fifteen hundred were then sick; two thousand Spanish soldiers were bed-ridden, and the five thousand Americans were suffering from the terrible conditions.

A Tremendous Task

In addition to disease, there was famine. The food supply of the city had disappeared into the warehouses of the profiteers, and the supply of fresh fruits and vegetables from the hinterland had stopped. The water was polluted—such as there was of it. It was a task for an experienced organizer, having a staff of medical officers and sanitation experts, with an unbroken line of communication to sources of pure water and food.

Colonel Wood had none of these. Nothing in his experience had prepared him for such a situation. Perhaps never before had an officer been confronted with such a situation. Captured cities had been looted, burned, devastated—never before had they been rebuilt and given back to the people to whom they belonged.

Colonel Wood brought to the task a large human sympathy and understanding, and that practical common sense which was his New England inheritance, combined with a force within himself that can hardly be defined, which those with whom he had come into touch had sensed, and so knew that he was the man for the task. But his work surprised even them, and won the gratitude of the Cubans, the appreciation of America, and the commendation of the world.

His first task was to feed the living and to burn the dead. Profiteering was stopped, and food supplies were brought in by sea and land. American troops worked day and night in the streets—soldiers, who had come with guns in their hands, now carried shovels and scrub-brushes, directing the native labor, and often taking over the task to inspire the hopeless Cubans by showing them how it was done.

"Inside of four months," to quote an officer who worked with him, "Santiago smelled to heaven—with disinfectants; but it was the cleanest city in tropical America."

There remained the larger task of setting the affairs of the country in order. In December, 1899, General Wood, a few days before detailed as Major-General of Volunteers, was appointed Governor-General of Cuba by Secretary of War Elihu Root, and the appointment was confirmed by President McKinley, both of whom stood behind General Wood throughout the difficult task that he performed.

His instructions from Secretary Root were simple: "Prepare the people for a republican government as quickly as possible, and build up a good school system for their education."

Simple indeed! For government the Cubans had known only the most cruel form of despotism; and as for schools—there were no such things in the islands, except private schools conducted for the benefit of the children of the Spaniards.

The social order among the native people had become so disorganized that there seemed almost nothing to build on. Poverty, fear, despotism—these had broken down the very foundation of the lives of the people. The family, the basic unit of social development, was in a way of being destroyed entirely. Thousands of children flocked to the American headquarters, their parents dead or separated from them, themselves starving.

Court procedure had been so a part of the graft and corruption that it was hardly worthy of the name. Public records had been completely neglected—often did not exist.

The prisons were terribly overcrowded, and many of the inmates did not even know for what they had been committed. Some had been allowed to languish

without trial for years. One man had been committed by a Spanish Governor, long since returned to Spain, against whom charges had never been preferred.

Disease raged everywhere. The first task in every city and *barrio* was that of cleaning up. A more experienced man might well have turned away in hopeless despair.

But General Wood did the job. Within a year he had established three thousand public schools. In 1902 the enrolment was 256,000. He had been urged to bring teachers from America; but he chose a better way—he selected teachers from among the finest families on the island, and sent them to the United States, having inspired them with the patriotic idea of giving service to their own country by fitting themselves to teach its children. This was a different situation from that which later confronted the Americans in the Philippines, where there was no common language on which to base an educational system, and thousands of teachers were sent out from the States.

General Wood established a code of laws in Cuba that attracted the attention of the world. He built roads, paved streets, drained swamps, established sewerage and water systems, and lent the coöperation of the government, as well as his own strong personal and professional interest, to the medical experiments and research of Dr. Walter Reed and his associates which led to the discovery of the cause of yellow fever, and its eventual control, thus freeing not only Cuba but tropical America from this dread scourge, and making possible the later triumph, the construction of the Panama Canal.

His Stewardship

He took over a country impoverished to the point of exhaustion, embittered and despairing. At the end of two years he left a country with an organized, stabilized government, a people looking forward into the future with hope, a treasury, "built from the ground up." Having spent a total of $58,795,223.40 in administration, General Wood turned over to the established Cuban government the sum of $635,170.29. When, in 1900, the Bacon resolution introduced into Congress had called for an account of his stewardship, the first ship to leave the island after the order came to him carried a full and complete account of every dollar expended, accompanied with vouchers and original orders.

He proved himself a business manager and financier, as well as an administrator and law-giver.

Winning the Cubans' Esteem

An interesting incident of the human side of the man is told by one of his biographers. One of the Catholic priests had been raised to the rank of bishop, and the confirmation services were attended with a ceremonial procession, in which the new bishop, an ardent patriot, wishing to extend the utmost courtesy to the liberator of his country, invited General Wood to walk with him to the cathedral. The bishop was an old man and feeble, and General Wood had to steady him with his strong arm, and sometimes to straighten the miter, which slipped to one side as the bishop leaned forward to bless the people who crowded about to kiss his hand. "Thank God you're here," said the bishop. "I am old, and I could not have made this journey if you had not helped me."

This incident may be remembered with the words of an illuminated scroll that was given to him by the people of the city of Santiago: "The greatest of your successes is to have won the confidence and esteem of a people in trouble."

It is not surprising that Lord Cromer, then completing his own work in Egypt, when asked to suggest his successor, said: "Unfortunately, the best man for the work is not available. He is an American. His name is Leonard Wood."

The world had been watching the Cuban work. The greatness of the task that America had assumed in taking "the white man's burden" was only beginning to be realized when General Wood returned

Baseball, the great American sport, is a by-product of our administration; this team represents the Manila Board of Education

to the United States after a mission to Europe on which he had been sent after the completion of his work in Cuba. In far Mindanao were a turbulent, savage, unconquered people, who, because they followed the same religion as the Moors in Spain, the Spaniards had called Moros. For centuries before the coming of the Spaniard they had preyed upon the Filipinos, and, but for the arrival of the white man, the islands would have been overrun by the followers of the Prophet.

Though Spain had never conquered these islands, they were included in the concession of the Treaty of Paris, and so became a part of our responsibility. The Moros had not joined with the Filipinos against the United States, but they were in constant warfare among each other, and a menace to the peace and security of the islands. Women as well as men were warriors.

Human life, their own or another's, they held at naught, and there seemed to be no foundation on which to build for orderly, peaceful living.

"It is dirty work," said President Roosevelt, when General Wood asked for the assignment to Mindanao, in response to the President's statement that he was at a loss whom to send.

General Wood journeyed to the Philippines by way of Egypt, India, Ceylon, and the Straits Settlements, where lived the far kins-people of these Mohammedan tribes, that he might profit by the experience in these countries in colonial government. He met and talked with England's great colonial administrators, and studied all that he could find—which, indeed, was very little—about the people for whom responsibility had been placed in his hands.

Our Experiment in Altruism

TOO little is known by most Americans of the work that has been done in the Philippines, and of the conditions that prevail there now. This is to be regretted, since we, as a people, are responsible for the success or the failure of what is the greatest experiment in altruism in the history of the world. It has never been an easy task. We waved aside with something of a grand gesture most of the colonial experience of those nations that had had years in the Orient, and established a new policy, for the success or failure of which we assumed responsibility before the world. The almost hopeless ignorance of the majority of the people, crushed and oppressed by centuries of slavery, separated by custom and language,—there were something like seventy-five distinct languages and major dialects in the islands,—and the antagonism of the mestizo class, who sought their own power, made the task a most difficult one.

The handling of the Moros was a different task from that of handling the Filipinos. They were a wild, barbarous people who had never been conquered by Spain. They had carried on for centuries a pirate warfare against the Spaniards and the Filipinos alike. As individuals they were brave to a point of self-destruction—to kill a Christian, and to be slain in the fray, meant instant entrance into Paradise. Polygamy and the most degrading kind of slavery was a part of such social system as they had. Long separated from the sources of their religion, they seemed to have held only to its most degrading tenets, without any of its finer teaching. The Koran served them as justification for their own cruelties and misdeeds, rather than as a guide to better living.

General Wood was a revelation to the Moros. They had formed their impressions of white men from the Spaniards, who had regarded them as "dogs of infidels," to whom their word meant nothing. Repeatedly they had been betrayed in their dealings with the Spaniards, and they were prepared for betrayal from these other white men. General Wood kept his word to them. He did not deal with them as "dogs of infidels," but as brave men. He said to the leaders: "Come, let us reason together, and find that thing which is best to do." When they said to him: "The Koran bids us do this thing," he astounded them by quoting chapter and verse, and replying, "True, it is, the Koran says as you have said, but the Koran says also this. Let us do the good thing which the Koran bids."

General Wood found the Moros lawless—he taught them respect for law, and started them to the building of laws of their own. He found them intolerant and cruel—he taught them respect for the opinions of others by himself respecting what was good among them. He found a people oppressed by as terrible a slavery as ever existed in the world—he set the slaves free, and bade the *datus* respect that freedom. He began the opening up of country hitherto never entered by white men. He established trails to the inaccessible hills, and built school-houses where before had been forts and places of torture.

But he could build foundations only. First, and perhaps the most deeply laid, was confidence in the word of the white man. It was this on which Governor Carpenter was later to accomplish his great work, because a master craftsman had been before him.

When, three years later, General Wood was assigned to Manila, as Commander of the Department of the Philippines, he continued his interest in the Moro province. When he returned to the States, after five years' service in the Orient, he had won for himself that place in the hearts of the Filipino people which made them turn to him, in 1921, even as did President Harding, as the one man who could solve the difficult problems that confronted them.

A Defeat that Was a Triumph

BUT the greatest triumph of General Wood's life came in his greatest defeat.

He returned from the Philippines in 1908, coming home by way of Europe. Officially he was on leave of absence after his arduous five years in the tropics, but never was he more truly on duty in the service of his country. He visited Ceylon, Singapore, Malta, France, Germany, and Switzerland. He was probably the first American to realize that the isolation of his country had come to an end, that world problems were our problems. He studied military systems; he went deep to the foundations of the Swiss government and military training; he was at Saarbrucken when the Kaiser staged the great manœuvers that were intended to astonish the world; he saw the French army in review on the Loire. In France he was decorated for his work in Cuba, as having been of service to the world, and was made Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. This honor he was then obliged to decline; but when, in 1917, by special act of Congress, American officers were allowed to accept certain foreign decorations, this honor was again conferred upon him, and accepted.

But General Wood needed no decorations to find his place among the leaders of the world. His was an international fame. When, in 1917, he was sent to France, as were other commanders of training camps,

he was received as no other American had been received, by old friends who for months had looked forward to his coming.

When he returned home in the fall of 1908, he knew that his work was laid out for him—a hard, thankless task, "that of awakening his country to a sense of its insecurity in a world bristling with bayonets, and moving the soft American colossus to insure its interests by reasonable military preparedness" against the war toward which he knew Europe was headed. When that war came, his task was yet unfinished; but at last the nation understood.

And his reward? It was similiar to that which Dr. Wood had received in Boston. And his defense was the same as then: "I thought it right to prepare." As far as within him lay the power he had prepared, and his great gift to his country in her hour of need was Plattsburg.

His Campaign for Military Training

AS Commander of the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governor's Island in New York Harbor, as Chief of Staff in Washington, to which position he was assigned in 1910, he tried to arouse the people to the conditions in the War Department, urged the adoption of an airplane service, and began his campaign for universal military training. In 1912 he established his college camps, the idea on which later all of the colleges of the country were to organize.

He was opposed bitterly by sincere men and women who believed that war was a thing of the past and called him a professional fighter. But he went on about the task to which he had detailed himself, cultivating new gifts, talking where opportunity offered, and writing where he could secure publication.

Then Europe burst into flames.

Two years later America found her soul.

"If war came to America a million men would spring to arms overnight!" a famous orator had said. But it was a long, dark night, through which the Allies held the front on whose fate hung the fate of civilization, when Haig stood with his back to the wall, when France held the line at the most terrible cost ever exacted of the human race—a long night, the dreadful darkness of which might have been saved to the world if the word of the great general had been heeded.

But General Wood had not quite failed. Relieved from the assignment of Chief of Staff in 1914, he was again assigned to command at Governor's Island. Working with prominent business and professional men in New York City, he established, in 1915, the first Plattsburg camp as a place of military training for civilians. In 1916 the applications for entrance

Sulu Mohammedans visiting Manila, where relatives are studying; at the left of the row of women seated in chairs is the wife of the Sultan of Sulu

into the camp were so great that several other camps were opened; and when, in 1917, we had at last awakened, as a nation, to our own responsibility and peril, Plattsburg was the magic word in every State in the Union, and thousands of officers received the training that General Wood had made possible for the war which he had been the first to say would come.

Again came Dr. Wood's reward. He was transferred to Charleston. But he found in the South a new field for effort, and did there what was needed perhaps more sorely than anywhere else in the country—awakened the people to the realization of what the war meant. It was splendid service, given as only that great soldier could give it, and it won the heart of the South for the leader to whom, they thought, they were to intrust their sons.

Ewing Galloway

The Lincoln primary school building at Manila

And Dr. Wood was sent to Kansas.

Then came the day when he stood on the deck of the transport in New York Harbor that was to carry the division that he had trained overseas, and said to the officers and men, who, heart-broken, angry, bitter, were gathered about him:

"The orders have been changed, and I'm going back to Funston. I leave for there to-morrow morning. I wish you the best of luck, and I ask you to keep the high standard of conduct that you have in the past. The new order stands, and the only thing to do is to do the best that we can—all of us—to win the war. That's what we are here for. That's what we have been trained for. I shall follow your career with the deepest interest, with just as much interest as if I were with you. Good luck, and God bless you!"

And the great American turned and left the boat that was to have carried him to the battle-field, and went back to the harder task. "I obey orders," he had said. It was the word of the soldier. Only those who knew him best knew the bitter, sore disappointment of the man.

At Camp Funston, when his officers would have made protest that would have reached Washington, General Wood said: "Forget about me. Our task is to win the war. Let us get down to it!"

IT is to the post-war days at Camp Funston that we have to look for one of the reasons why a great university turned to General Wood when it was seeking a leader for youth. When the armistice came, there were 27,000 men in that camp. They had been drilling and training at white heat, fretting under the restraining leash, keyed up for highest sacrifice. Then it was all over.

To each individual there came a sudden snap. It was as the breaking of a fiddle-string, which stops the music and makes every sound a rasping discord. They were not to go overseas. Nothing was to happen. It was all up—and they were to go back home.

They had been drilled and trained as divisions, regiments, companies, squads. They slumped as individuals. To each one the personal problem came uppermost. Each had but one desire—to get out as soon as possible.

But, as it had never been for a moment possible for "a million men to spring to arms overnight," so now it was not possible to return nearly three million men to their homes again for many nights—and months. They could not just be "turned loose." Much was to be done, many problems to be solved.

General Wood met this emergency as he had met emergencies before—not by evading the difficulty, and so letting it multiply many-fold, but by meeting it squarely. Calling the educators of the State to his council, using every available officer in his command, he turned Camp Funston into a great university, perhaps the most wonderful university that has ever been known in any age. He trained men for peace as he had trained them for war.

Ewing Galloway

Girls' dormitory at the Philippine Normal School, Manila

It was not easy. Men can be trained for war *en masse*. They must be trained for peace each one according to his need. There could be no "entrance examinations." Every man must be helped individually, so that when he should go to his home again the time would have been well spent, not lost, and he be better fitted to take up that citizenship for which he had been willing to die.

Within a few weeks the university was a success, and the problem solved, not only for Camp Funston, but for other cantonments all over the country.

The next fall the schools and universities of the Middle West were crowded with applicants—General Wood had inspired the young men in the cantonments with the desire to go on, to continue the work which he had led them to begin.

General Wood is a man one does not forget. His eyes are that calm gray-blue that indicate deep thought and even, calm judgment. When talking he stands straight, his arms at his sides, almost "at attention," and makes few movements or gestures. He speaks with emphasis, but without attempt at dramatic effect or rhetorical phrasing. Yet every word counts.

Since the Cuban days when, rising suddenly one day, his head struck a low chandelier and the resultant injury affected the muscular control of his left leg, he has been slightly lame; but that fact never affected his work. In Mindanao he went with the men, enduring the hard marches as well as the best of them. In 1917 he was sent overseas with other cantonment commanders, on observation duty. In France he was standing near a field gun which suddenly burst, killing a number of men and officers, and wounding General Wood, who, though he had been denied the active service at the front which he craved, yet has the honor of wearing the wound stripe—the only general in the American army who can claim such distinction.

On his return to this country, after the healing of the wound, he was subjected to the most rigid physical examination as to his fitness for continued service. The board, consisting of some of the finest surgeons in the country, passed him without a qualifying statement. To-day, despite his sixty-odd years, he could probably pass that same board again.

During the war the affairs of our Far East "little brown brothers," as Mr. Taft had affectionately called them, had been crowded out of the attention of the American people, who, truth to tell, had never given them over-much attention, many of us having only the vaguest ideas as to the islands and the people. They had fallen into our hands almost by accident, as it were. Certain it is that we had no intention of taking a world order for the clearing up of Spanish misrule in 1898. But, once taken over, it became a matter of leaving them to be the victims of their own inter-tribal warfare until they should be seized by some European or perhaps an Oriental power interested in acquiring more territory, or of establishing a stable government until such time as they could govern themselves.

The Situation To-Day

A LITTLE intensive study of the Filipinos may help us to understand the situation of to-day. The population of the islands, as given by the late Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison and the report of the Independence Commission, stood in 1921 as follows:

Filipinos	10,250,272
Chinese	43,802
Japanese	7,806
Americans	5,774
Europeans	5,678
Others	977

All who have lived in the islands realize that the Filipinos must be further divided racially. The introduction of white and Mongol blood has made differences in the people which can not be ignored, if the situation is to be understood and wisely dealt with. Of the total of 10,250,000 (to drop exact figures and deal in averages), it is estimated that 75,000 are Spanish mestizos and that 500,000 are Chinese mestizos. Mohammedans and pagans—the wild tribes—are estimated at 887,000. The wild tribes belong to the earliest waves of Malay immigration to the islands, and the Moros have something of Arab blood—the present Sultan of Sulu is said to trace his descent in an unbroken line back to the sultan who brought the faith of the Prophet to the islands. This leaves an average of 8,789,000 pure-blood Malays.

Probably no one would question the ability of the higher class Spanish mestizos and most of the Chinese mestizos to govern themselves. Many of them are educated, cultured, high-minded, and patriotic folk, with whom one has the greatest sympathy when they protest against the expression "unfit for self-government" as applied to them. But their number is small in proportion to the total; nor can all of the mestizo class be included in the exemption.

The Malays have come forward in seven-league boots since the American occupation. It is said that one tribe in Mindanao, the Bukidnons, have literally been brought down out of the trees, where they constructed rude grass huts on unstable platforms, have been guided through the nomadic grazing stage, and are now entering upon the town-building stage of civilization—a series of transitions that it has taken the human race centuries to pass, and all of this within a period of less than twenty-five years.

Our Responsibility

SOME Americans believe that were the influence of the white man withdrawn from the islands people such as these would revert to primitive conditions again. This was the experience of the Spaniards—when active pressure was relaxed the native people retrograded. The wild tribes in the hills have only begun to respond to the influences of civilization, though in many instances they lived for centuries within fewer than twenty miles of the civilized tribes.

Another question in which the interests of these people is vitally involved is whether or not the civilized tribes are sufficiently advanced to lead them to further aid in the development of the wild tribes, or whether these people would be exploited by the tribes which, up to the time of the coming of the Americans, they had defied and despised.

Pleading for the continuance of American control, a Moro *datu* said: "We surrendered to the Americans; we will not submit to the rule of the Filipinos." Filipino leaders contend that the work of Governor Frank W. Carpenter in Mindanao has solved this difficulty, but it is doubtful whether the work of any administrator, however efficient, can obliterate in six years the hatred and animosity founded on mutual distrust, religious differences, and racial hate of centuries. It is contended by Americans who have studied the situation as recently as last spring that were American rule withdrawn it would be less than five years before the Moros would resume the old-time effort to conquer the islands, and that the Crescent would in time take the place of the Cross.

One official takes the position that withdrawal without some provision for the safety of the minority tribes would be little less than criminal, as they would be exploited or exterminated. Alexander Powell makes this statement in regard to the small remnant of the tribe of Maccabees, who gave such efficient support to America in the early days of our occupation.

This is part of the great problem of our responsibility in the islands. To withdraw without taking these things into consideration would be the basest betrayal of the people who trusted us, who, for the first time in history, yielded, not to force of arms, but to the word of the white man, the representatives of the American government, and who have been loyal to their pledged word to become good citizens.

Most of the Filipino political leaders are mestizos. Rizal, executed by the Spaniards in 1896, who may be said to be the inspiration of the present generation, was of Chinese descent, as is also General Aguinaldo, and Mr. Osmeña, the present leader of the minority. Mr. Quezon, perhaps the best known Filipino in this

country, is a Spanish mestizo. Most of the leaders come from either the Tagalog or the Visayan people. Mr. de Veyra, Resident Commissioner in Washington, is a pure-blood Viscayan. Many Filipinos from among the civilized tribes have attained to eminent positions in the islands and have given patriotic service on the bench, at the bar, and in the general development of the country; and since the Americans have opened equal opportunity for all in the schools, many of the younger generation are proving themselves capable and successful. Some observers contend that the pure-blood Filipino has greater intellectual possibilities than has the mestizo. The reason for this is obvious, and it is possible that general education will place the country more and more in the hands of this class.

The Filipinos Want Wood

IT is regarded as unfortunate that the present ambition of the average young Filipino is to enter politics. It is said that 90 per cent of applicants at the University of the Philippines wish to study law. But certainly nothing in all of the history of civilization is more wonderful than the gathering up of these people to whom education had been denied into public schools, and in less than a generation inspiring in them the desire for knowledge, for advancement, for learning. Nor can Americans fail to have anything but the keenest sympathy with the desire of this group for independence, a desire that our own policies have furthered, if not inspired. And yet, in 1921 General Wood wrote:

"It would be a betrayal of the Filipino people, a misfortune to the American people, a distinct step backward in the path of progress, and a discreditable neglect of our national duty, were we to withdraw from the islands and to terminate our relations there without giving the Filipinos the best possible chance to have an orderly and permanently stable government."

After-the-war conditions in the islands were "pretty bad"—to put it most mildly. The Filipinos, granted practical autonomy by the passage of the Jones Bill in 1916, had been running things very much to suit themselves. The government had gone into business and speculation, and neither of these had proved prosperous adventures. The gold-standard reserve had disappeared—having been appropriated to meet the needs of the government investments, instead of being held, according to law, for the maintenance of the country's credit. The judiciary had broken down, approximately 50,000 cases clogging the courts of justice, and the educational and public health service had suffered from the general let-down. Something had to be done, and done soon.

In this emergency the government at Washington turned again to our great colonial administrator, and the Filipinos themselves, knowing that a new governor-general was to be appointed, asked for General Wood.

He had but recently accepted the appointment of provost for the University of Pennsylvania, as he was nearing the age of retirement from the army. But, by special request from the War Department, leave of absence from that institution was granted, and on May 4, 1920, a special mission of investigation, with General Wood and the honorable W. Cameron Forbes, who had been governor-general of the islands immediately preceding the Harrison administration there, arrived in Manila.

The mission was welcomed with enthusiasm by Filipinos and Americans alike. All parts of the archipelago were visited and all classes of people interviewed. Specialists, assigned to the mission from the States, made industrial and financial investigations.

On the receipt in Washington of the report of this investigation, further granting of leave was secured from the university, and General Wood was appointed Governor-General of the Islands.

For that report had made it clear that, though the people had advanced greatly, they were not yet ready for self-government—that they were, in fact, on the verge of insolvency, making such a grant at that time virtually impossible.

The report recommended: "That the present general status continue until the people have had time to absorb and thoroughly master the powers already in their hands." Further: "We recommend that under no circumstances should the American government permit to be established in the Philippine Islands a situation which would leave the United States in a position of responsibility without authority."

In the two years of his administration Governor-General Wood has not only taken measures for the rehabilitation of the country, but he has inaugurated a constructive, progressive policy for the future. These measures have tended toward a renewed confidence and restoration of industry, both Filipino and foreign. The courts have been speeded up, advanced methods for the care of dependents have been introduced, and the public institutions having in charge the unfortunate wards of the state have been investigated, and such methods introduced as tended toward greater efficiency. Those of us who remember how in the early days of American occupation the lepers, the insane, the afflicted of all kinds walked abroad, broadcasting disease, will understand something of what this means.

It is too soon to pass judgment upon the work of Governor-General Wood. The task upon which he entered two years ago was infinitely more difficult than was the rehabilitation of Cuba. He has been working at highest pressure—crowding into two years the constructive work of a decade. Yet always there has been the patient, calm understanding of the task and of the people, without which such effort would defeat itself by the very greatness of the pressure.

Special attention has been given to the Department of Education. Avoiding extravagant appropriations, having in mind always the financial condition of the country, he has furthered wise and practical measures for the training of youth for self-support as well as for citizenship. The teaching of English—the only bond of common language open to the people—has been emphasized. Most of the American teachers had come home during the Harrison régime, and others were sent over by special request of General Wood.

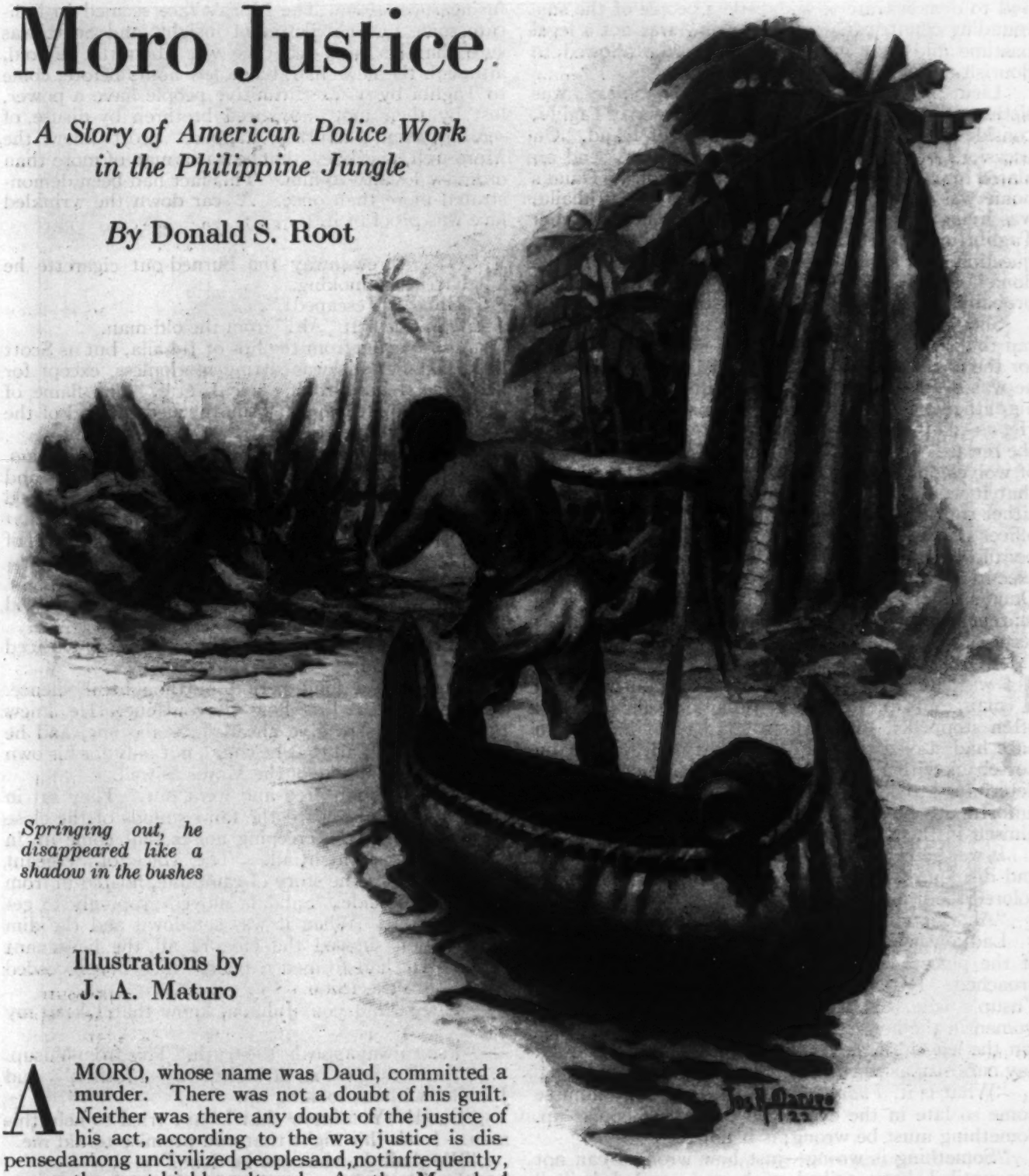
The courts have been speeded up, and reforms introduced to make them again an influence for law and order. Modern methods in the care of dependents of all classes have been introduced.

It is now reported that, instead of coming home to become provost of the University of Pennsylvania, General Wood, by special request of the President of the United States, is to "carry on" in the Philippines. The United States is responsible for the task we have assumed in the Orient, and only by giving to the Filipinos the best that we have are we true to that obligation. So our great administrator is to remain in the Philippines.

Moro Justice

A Story of American Police Work in the Philippine Jungle

By Donald S. Root



Springing out, he disappeared like a shadow in the bushes

Illustrations by J. A. Maturo

A MORO, whose name was Daud, committed a murder. There was not a doubt of his guilt. Neither was there any doubt of the justice of his act, according to the way justice is dispensed among uncivilized peoples and, not infrequently, among the most highly cultured. Another Moro had sinned in an unmistakable manner the most heinous sin of any civilization. Daud, at the first opportunity, which occurred in a crowded market-place, killed the sinner and carved him into little bits with his *barong*.

As he saw it, the killing was justified; in fact, outraged society shrieked for it.

Daud was arrested by the Constabulary, tried, found guilty of murder, and sentenced to labor for the duration of his life at the San Ramon Penal Farm, over on the mainland. Many of the pertinent facts of the case were not brought out at the trial, and the judge—there is no trial by jury in the Philippines—was perhaps guilty of allowing justice to be misled.

These facts came to Lieutenant Scott's knowledge by devious channels, after the man had been sent to jail for the remainder of his life. Scott at once investigated. Before the details of Daud's release could be worked out, he escaped with ten others, the killing of several guards being an incident of the escape. This complicated matters somewhat, although it was well known that Daud had not had a hand in the latter killing.

You must understand that life is a different matter under the cocoanut trees at Taglibi, which is in the Philippine Islands, than it is on the paved streets of an American city. Understanding that, you must also bear in mind that in Taglibi a few years ago justice was in the hands of the stronger man. There were men who tried to show mercy with their justice,

and to demonstrate to the restless people of the surrounding country that cattle-stealing was not a legal pastime and that murder could not be allowed to flourish as a sport.

Lieutenant Scott, Philippine Constabulary, was sitting on the porch of the official quarters at Taglibi, considering the matter of the escape of Daud. On occasions of this kind it was customary to send an alarm by wire to all Constabulary stations. Daud's home was not in that district, but his wife, Juhaila, was living at her father's place about ten miles from Taglibi and within its official jurisdiction. The question that troubled Scott was, what should be done if the Moro came to his wife, which would in all probability happen?

Should he capture the man? The information ran that a reward of five hundred dollars was offered for the escaped prisoner or for satisfactory proof that he was dead. Scott's duty, according to law and to his oath of office, was to return the man to San Ramon. He, as an officer of the law, was not eligible to receive the reward, but five hundred dollars would set a pack of wolves on the trail of the fugitive, with the result that it would be a matter of days only until he was either captured or killed. On the other hand, as the officer saw it, common justice demanded that the man be allowed to go his way. The pardon, so near to execution, was now rendered useless by the fact that Daud's companions had killed the guards. A long sentence was the best that he could hope for upon his return to custody.

IT was late in the afternoon, but Scott knew the old man, Yusup, father of Juhaila, well. He had often stopped at the Moro's house, and more than once had stayed there for the night. He set out on horseback with a sergeant, one Ladja, as a companion, determined to do what he could to see justice done the unfortunate Daud, and to avoid embarrassment for himself in the doing of it.

It was getting dark as the two rode up to the house and dismounted. Yusup himself, showing his betel-colored teeth in a cordial grin, came to meet them.

"Ah, *Tuan*, I am honored. Enter."

Ladja was left outside with some of the other men of the place who had gathered around as they approached. It was not until Scott had greeted Yusup's wife, Sabdala, Juhaila, and several other women in the house, and was seated on a bench that ran the length of the room, that the old man showed any curiosity as to this late visit.

"What is it, *Tuan*, that brings you to my humble home so late in the evening? See, the moon is up. Something must be wrong; is it not so?"

"Something is wrong—just how wrong I can not say until I have talked with you—and Juhaila," replied the American in the native language.

"Ah!" The word was low and, while scarcely more than a breath, showed that Yusup understood many things. He sucked deliberately at a cigarette for a moment, then turned suddenly to the others in the room.

"Leave us, you people! Juhaila and Sabdala, remain"—looking questioningly at the American at the mention of his wife's name as if asking permission. Scott nodded, and the four were left alone.

In the rapidly deepening dusk Juhaila lighted a wick that floated in a bowl of cocoanut oil. The rude lamp cast a faint, smoky illumination on the room. The eyes of the old man shone bright in the dim light, and the shadows played over the faces of all in confusing succession. The Moro's face seemed to indicate some unusual power of insight, and Scott was sure that he knew what he was about to be told, although the news had, but a few hours before, come to Taglibi by wire. Primitive people have a power, lost by their more advanced brethren by disuse, of sensing events as they happen. Scott knew the Moro well, and knew that he was a man of more than ordinary loyalty to him. This fact had been demonstrated more than once. A scar down the wrinkled face was proof of it.

SCOTT threw away the burned-out cigarette he had been smoking.

"Daud has escaped!"

Again the soft "Ah!" from the old man.

A gasp came from the lips of Juhaila, but as Scott looked at her she was sitting motionless, except for her fingers, busy rolling a cigarette. The flame of the smoky light leaped as she touched the end of the corn-husk cylinder to it.

"There escaped with Daud ten other prisoners. They are not of this district—they are Maranaus and not friends of his. They took advantage of his need for assistance and so got away with him. But that is not all. In the escape the prisoners killed several of the guards."

He watched the effect of this announcement.

"Ah!" It was a different tone this time, troubled and thoughtful.

Sabdala began a low moaning. She was silenced by her husband.

There was a long period of thoughtful silence. Scott was at a loss how to continue. He knew that there was trouble ahead for some one, and he wished to avoid all that he could, not only for his own sake but for the sake of the Moros as well.

The light spluttered and went out. They sat in the darkness and heard the faint sounds of the close tropical jungle, the creeping noises that come up in such places at nightfall. The voice of Sergeant Ladja, telling some story of camp life, floated in from the porch outside. Sabdala moved gropingly to get another light. When it was set down and the dim illumination showed the faces of all, the lieutenant spoke. He had formed a plan, which he proceeded to put into execution.

"Yusup, and you, Juhaila, know that I keep my word?"

"*Tuan* always speaks the truth." This from Yusup.

"Your tongue is straight, my brother," said Juhaila, without looking up.

"Good! You know that I have tried to help this man. I ask this night that you promise to aid me."

"We shall do what can be done."

"I wish to have a talk with Daud immediately after he reaches here. I know that he will come here, for here is his wife. A Moro who has been away returns to his woman as straight as the honey-laden bee to its hive."

"Daud knows not *Tuan* as I do," replied Yusup, "and I fear that he would not meet you. Pardon your servant, but he has not the cause to trust you that we have."

"Let him meet my sergeant, then, and Ladja shall tell him what I wish to have him know."

Ladja and Daud had been children in the same village in Palawan.

"It is well. That can be arranged. If Daud comes, and he surely will, I shall have him meet Ladja. If it can be done, he shall meet both."

"He is big, he is strong; bigger and stronger than you, Daud"

Three nights later, the late moon, just rising over the tops of the cocoanut trees that fringed the beach north of the house of Yusup, showed on the quiet surface of the Sulu Sea a tiny boat gliding through the silvery shadow. The boat was not far out and was heading straight in for the shore. At this place there was a tiny beach of white sand between the sea-washed rocks which elsewhere along the shore made a landing difficult and at times dangerous. The solitary occupant of the boat seemed to know the place well, for he was heading directly for the narrow bit of sand. He made no noise. His paddle moved backward and forward without so much as rippling the water. In spite of his care, however, he came rapidly.

When about fifty yards off the beach he stopped paddling and rested, leaning forward, listening intently. For fifteen minutes he remained thus, only moving at intervals to keep the boat in deep water. At last, satisfied that he was unobserved, he gave three or four vigorous strokes with his paddle, and the boat shot silently forward, then gently nosed the sand of the beach. Springing out, he disappeared like a shadow in the thick bushes that grew a few feet back from the beach.

Again all was silent. So it continued for another quarter of an hour. Then the bushes opened and the man came out and, boldly crossing the narrow beach, took his bundle and paddle, drew his boat far up on the sand, turned, and disappeared once again in the bush.

This man was Daud. He went rapidly up the narrow trail until it broke through the bush and out into the open country. The moon shone brightly

here, and he started to run. Burdened only with the light paddle and his small bundle, his clothing a pair of short, thin cotton trousers, he made rapid time. His bare feet sped over the trail as noiselessly as the feet of the moonbeams keeping pace with him. One close at hand would have marveled at the smooth, powerful strides and at the strong, brown face, now covered with salty grime from his long paddle across from the mainland.

He was a man much larger than the average Moro. His well muscled limbs moved with the unconscious ease of perfect adjustment and his brown skin rippled smoothly over the shoulders and legs. From the firm cast of his jaw and the quiet, fearless light in his honest eyes, any one but the most skeptical police officer would have doubted his guilt in the commission of a crime, and even the boldest would have hesitated before crossing his freedom-seeking trail. There was no look of ferocity or passion or fear on his face—rather the pleasant anticipation of a man who, after a long separation, is about to see the woman he loves. But there was that on his face that boded ill for the man who tried to keep him from that meeting.

AS he came up to the door of the house a shade of disappointment crossed his face. No light was visible, nor was there any sound of talking. It was still early, and he wondered if they had moved to some other part of the island. He stepped boldly on the porch where Ladja had sat a few nights before, determined to find out whether any one was at home. He was halted by a peremptory, "*Isiu kaw?*" (Who are you?)

He recognized the voice of Juhaila. That poor woman had scarcely slept since she had been told of his escape three nights before.

As he made himself known he dropped his burden. Out of the door, like a wild thing, burst the woman, and threw herself upon him. There ensued that wild, heartrending scene of the reuniting of long-separated man and woman who belong to each other. It has been said that the savage races do not demonstrate their affection for their loved ones as their more civilized brothers and sisters do. And it is true that the demonstrations are rarely given for the benefit of the bystander. But it is equally true that they are capable of great depth of feeling, and it is certain that, on occasions, they give way to that feeling with a wild abandon not equaled by the most demonstrative of civilized people.

Yusup did not appear until the first strong current of emotion had passed and the two were talking like any pair of lovers; they were still standing on the platform, his arms around her, and her hands locked behind his neck, their eyes feasting on each other in the bright shining of the moon, forgetful of all except that they were together again.

"Welcome home, my son." Yusup raised his two hands toward the sky and held them so. "Welcome home. Come inside."

Business must interfere with lovers' reunions in the Philippines as well as elsewhere, and they talked until late into the night. Yusup, as head of the house and one of the most trusted chiefs of the country, spoke with authority, albeit with inward doubt, of the things he would have done. He told Daud the word the lieutenant had given him three nights before. He told of the way Scott had come at night, as soon as he heard of the escape, to try to arrange a meeting with him. Sabdala joined in with a comment on the American's character that would have done that earnest young man's heart good. At the mention of the American, Daud's lips drew back with a snarl of hate and rage.

"Who is this pig of an American? If I see him, except to kill him, may I be buried in the grave of a wild hog! What have the Americans done to me? I hate them all! May they all rot! They sent me to San Ramon for killing a dirty dog. They could not keep me there! But if I ever see one of them again, he or I shall surely die as soon as it can be accomplished. I hate them! I hate the law! From now I am my own law. I go as I please, I live as I please, and I die, I hope, with the blood of one of them fresh on the blade of my *barong*!"

"I blame you not, my son," said Yusup, his old face troubled by the wrath of the younger man. "I blame you not. But control your feelings. You are safe here for the time. I know that his word is straight. Here me speak," as Daud made as if to interrupt hotly. "Do you see this scar on my face? I got that some months ago, standing side by side with the *tuan* from Taglibi in a fight with some cattle-thieves. He is big, he is strong; bigger and stronger than you, Daud. And he fears nothing that lives, be it man or beast! His words are the words of a strong man. He does as he says he will do, and he says that you will come to no harm if you meet and talk with him. He will come alone with only your friend Ladja as companion."

"If I meet him, it will be to kill him!" was the reply.

"Ah, my son, what do you know of him? He had nothing to do with your arrest. You have nothing against him. Do you not know that he was working to get a pardon for you when you escaped? This I have known for some time. Be easy, Daud; he will not harm you if you meet him."

"No!"

"Ah," was the only comment of the old man, but it was filled with disappointment. With a significant look at his daughter, he disappeared in the inner room.

FOR hours longer could be heard the voices of the united couple. At first there were only the little love noises, significant of the all-sufficient happiness of being together again. But gradually the tone of the voices changed. Juhaila talked pleadingly to her husband. She told him many things that he had not known. Skilfully she led the way to a further request that he permit the lieutenant to meet him.

At first he was adamant. His voice was gruff. Then, as the girl pleaded with him, a note of doubt and wonder crept into his voice and he asked to hear more. Finally they slept, but before they did Juhaila took his hand in both hers and, placing it on her breast, wide-eyed gazed up through the darkness, thanking Allah for the first real happiness she had had since the day when Daud was taken from her.

In the morning Daud greeted his father-in-law with a brief salutation of respect and the words, "I will see him!"

"Ah!" was the only response. Primitive people have the ability of putting great range of expression into such an exclamation. This time relief and joy were uppermost.

As they were eating their cold boiled rice, Yusup spoke again:

"I failed to tell you last night something that you should know. It is a message from the *tuan*, which came to me two days past. It was told by Ladja to

Sabdala as the woman was leaving the market. Sabdala! give our son the message."

Sabdala came from the kitchen.

"This is the message the sergeant gave me." Parrot-like she repeated: " 'This is word from the *tuan* at Taglibi, directed to Yusup at Patikul, and bids him be on his guard. There is an offer of much money by the government for the capture of Daud, dead or alive. When he comes, bid him hide carefully until either Ladja or I have seen him. Muhammad, the spy, is reported near Patikul with his ear against the ground. Be on your guard. That is all.' "

Daud said nothing for a moment. He went to the inner room, and came back adjusting his *barong* in his belt. Then he turned to leave the house. At the door he stopped.

"Bring the *tuan* to the little church back of Bun Bun at the rising of the moon to-night."

With never a word to any of the others, he stepped across the open yard and was swallowed up in the maze of hemp and cocoanuts.

TAGLIBI is one of the beauty spots that nature left for the delight of the unappreciative savages of the region. A wide, flat plain sweeps back from the dazzling white beach. A house, with a long barracks behind, both buildings thatched, faced the beach, and on one side were the thirty-odd shacks for the housing of the native soldiers. A broad parade-ground, on one side of which was a delightful grove of cocoanut trees, separated the barracks from this village. On the other side a river, scarcely large enough to be so called, but forming a wide, deep pool of clear, cold water, curved gracefully through the sand to the open sea.

Lieutenant Scott was visible, far out on the surface of the blue water, swimming. He turned and started for the shore just as a Moro rode up to the gate by the guard-house.

By the time the native had dismounted, the American was on the beach, hurrying toward the house first mentioned above. He entered its cool shelter, and shortly reappeared, clad in a tropical uniform. As he came out of the house he noticed that the late arrival was Yusup, and motioned him inside.

"José," turning to the native boy who appeared with his wet bathing-suit, "call Sergeant Ladja, and see that no one else comes near the house. Sit down, Yusup," offering his hand. "You are warm. Have a drink of this water."

"The lieutenant called me?" Sergeant Ladja stood at the door.

"Come in, Sergeant, and close the door. Now?"

"Daud is here, *Tuan*," said Yusup.

"And what of Daud?"

"He will meet you and Ladja at the little church back of Bun Bun at the rising of the moon to-night."

"That is well. But we have talked this matter over, Ladja and I, and we know that our work must be done quickly. We shall be at the church. It would be wise if your son, Umal, went with you. Let him carry your gun. Ladja and I shall be armed with revolvers. Unfortunately, all the Moros are not like Yusup and his son. But beware of Muhammad! He was here to-day, and talked with the women in the market. He is a snake in the grass and his ears are keen. Who knows what he has learned? Now go quickly, and do not keep us waiting to-night. It is already late."

Scott turned to his sergeant as Yusup left the house. "What do you think of the possibilities of getting out of this safely, Ladja?"

"We have never failed yet, sir." He smiled. "Shall I get the horses?"

"No; it is better we go on foot. We may have to travel quickly, and a horse on these narrow trails—But wait! Give out the word that we are going to Siit, and we will paddle as far as Bun Bun and then go by trail."

"Yes, sir"; the sergeant nodded appreciatively.

ABOUT thirty minutes before the moon rose, the little boat drifted noiselessly up to the deserted point that flanks Bun Bun on the west. They carefully hid the boat under the hulk of a shipwrecked pearler, a decaying remnant of former years, and, with Ladja in the lead, started cautiously up the trail.

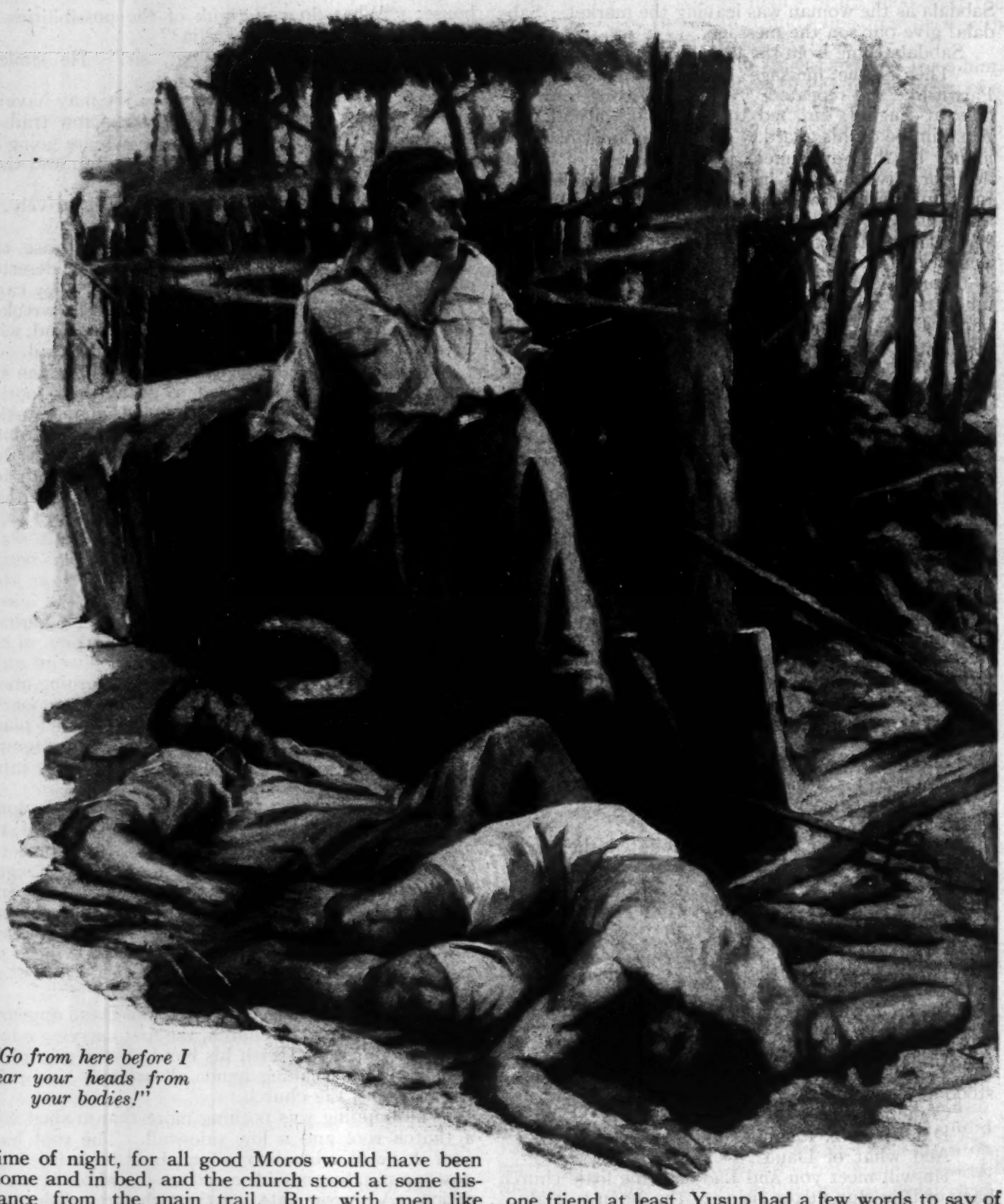
At that hour of the night all was still. Even the wild hogs had not yet begun to grunt their rooting way about the forest. An occasional iguana rustled across the trail, or a sleepy monkey *chi-i-iped* from a tree-top. There was a restless, awesome quiet that seemed almost tangible. Scott and Ladja both felt it, and simultaneously loosened the guns in their holsters. No definite sound came to them, but there was an indefinable something in the air that made them uneasy. They knew that Yusup and his people were all right; there was nothing to fear from that source. Perhaps they were thinking of the silent, slinking Muhammad and his companions. Perhaps they were worried over the possible outcome of the scheme on foot. Perhaps it was only the weird quiet of the time and the place. There is something about the darkness of a tropical jungle just before moonrise that is different from the darkness of any other place. Its eerie, ghostly silence seems to mock the attempts of mortals at concealment and to magnify the infrequent sounds of moving life.

Suddenly there came from close at hand the long-drawn-out wail of the *callaw*, or talk-bird of the natives. Ladja answered with the soft peep of the sleepy pigeon, the two sounds being a common signal among the natives. The moon broke over a bank of clouds at the horizon and shed its brilliant radiance over the scene. The figure of Yusup was to be seen standing close by the side of the church, where the moon shone full upon him. The new-comers advanced and silently shook hands.

Yusup called softly, and Umal and Daud appeared from the inside of the church, the first carrying a long rifle and the second with his hand on the grip of his *barong*. After shaking hands all around, Yusup led the way into the church.

The building was nothing more than a shed with a thatch roof and a low side-wall. The roof hung over this wall, a bamboo railing about three feet high; any one standing outside could see the whole of the interior. A narrow gate led through the wall into the church. The floor was of earth, beaten hard by the constant visits of the good Mohammedans of the neighborhood. In place of an altar was a huge gong made of a hollow log with a piece of skin stretched over one end. This was hung at the back of the church opposite the gate and swung about two feet from the floor. There were no other furnishings in the place and the whole church was no larger than an ordinary room.

The five entered and sat down in the shadow of one wall, near the gong, where they would be as much out of sight of the casual passer-by as possible. There was, however, little danger of people passing at that



"Go from here before I tear your heads from your bodies!"

time of night, for all good Moros would have been home and in bed, and the church stood at some distance from the main trail. But, with men like Muhammad on the scent of a victim, it is well not to be careless.

ACCORDING to prearranged plan, Ladja spoke first. He mentioned the fact of his playing with Daud as a boy, and congratulated him upon his escape from prison. He spoke feelingly of the fortune that had prompted the fugitive to come to the district ruled over by Lieutenant Scott and Yusup. Then he took the oath of blood-brother with Daud, the oath with the edge of the *barong* and the cocoanut, which is the one unbreakable oath of the Moro people.

This over, and Daud assured in his own mind of one friend at least, Yusup had a few words to say of the situation, and filled most of his talk with flattery, although he was sincere enough, of the *tuan* from Taglibi. Finally Daud spoke, and in his eyes was the gleam of suspicion. But the quiet demeanor of Scott, who so far had said nothing, did much to create a feeling of security in the fugitive's over-wrought mind. Also he may have read in the eyes of the American capability and self-confidence and realized that he would have to move quickly indeed to harm the man.

"What is it the *tuan* would say?" he asked.

"I have many things to say," replied Scott. "Let me first recount the history of Daud as I have learned

All fight was gone from them; bewildered, they waited for what might happen, powerless to resist and somewhat indifferent

it. If I mistake, have the kindness to interrupt and put me right.

"A man in the market-place at Konayan was killed. He deserved the death that he got. The man who killed him was Daud, and Daud had followed him from Palawan for that purpose. Daud was arrested, tried, found guilty, and sent to San Ramon for the remainder of his life.

"Daud's wife came to live with her father, Yusup, who is one of the trusted men of my district. It was reported to me that the circumstances of the killing did not warrant the punishment inflicted. I investigated and found this to be true. I applied for a pardon for the prisoner. That pardon would have been granted within a month from this day. But Daud, having no confidence in the slow movements of justice, and possibly knowing nothing of the situation, took the first opportunity to escape. In so doing it was necessary to employ some Maranau fellow prisoners. These men killed some of the guards. With these murders Daud had nothing to do. Daud is now here with us, Muhammad is surely on his trail, and the question before us is what to do with him. Have I spoken the truth?"

"The truth flows from the tongue of the *tuan*," replied Daud.

"It is impossible for you to remain here, Daud, as you know. If you do, all the wolves of the pack will be on your trail and you will soon be taken back again, and, once there, nothing could save you."

"They are strong men who would take me back!"

"Then they would kill you! Remember, there is much money for the man who takes you—dead or alive. The amount is five hundred dollars. You would surely die—or go back. And then what of Juhaila, what of your unborn son?"

"You have much wisdom in your words, *Tuan*. What shall I do?"

"You must die here to-night—" Then, as the Moro started with his hand on his *barong*, "No, I shall not kill you; but it will appear that you have been killed, and then you may return to Palawan and stay there. Only, the lips of us all must be sealed. Never a word of this night must be told even to our closest friends. Will you do that? Will you go there and wait for Juhaila to come?"

"Before Daud answers," said Yusup, "I would speak." No denial being given, he went on:

"Daud should remember this—that he is alive now and that it is through the goodness of *Tuan* that he is so. Further than that, it is through the good spirit of *Tuan* that his wife and his wife's father are alive. We owe to the American a great debt of gratitude. Do you not think that he could have come here to-night with two or three soldiers and killed us all if he had been so inclined? Do you not realize, my son, that if he chose he could kill you with his bare hands as you sit there, and that his sergeant would keep us from interfering while he was doing it? It is so. He has the power to do that; and yet, he gives you your chance. What is your decision?"

The conversation had been carried on in such low tones that no one could understand the words, even from a short distance away. But it would have been possible for a keen-eared man to hear the sound of voices from a distance of some yards. Throughout the speech of his father-in-law, it was apparent that Daud was paying very little attention. An intuition—a sixth sense, possessed by fugitives—seemed to warn him of impending trouble. His eyes shifted here and there, first watching the American narrowly, but more intently studying the shadows of the surrounding jungles. His head was thrust forward as if listening.

Scott watched the Moro as closely as he watched the others. Had one touched the American's arm one would have noticed that the muscles were tense and hard, poised to move, alert.

Daud started to make reply:

"I will do what the Lieutenant de—"

A SHOT was fired close at hand. Yusup fell to the floor, and a yell came from the darkness of the jungle close by the side of the church. Instantly all was confusion. The forms of men could be seen running from the brush toward the church.

As Yusup fell, Daud leaped. A cry of despairing fury escaped his lips. He was tricked! It was an *akal* (plan) to get him! But, by Allah, he would die hard! Like a flash of light his knife flew over his head and down. Its target was the head of Scott, the man who had played the trick. But the American was not there when it descended, and the *barong* shivered into

fragments as the point of it struck the hard wood of the gong.

Scott's right fist crashed against the jaw of the escaped prisoner at the moment the *barong* struck the log. At the same instant three more shots, from the revolver of Ladja, rang out in quick succession.

Daud fell from the effect of the blow like a rotting stump, to lie motionless on the ground beside his father-in-law. The leading one of the attacking Moros fell across the threshold of the church, dead, with all three of Ladja's bullets in his body.

Ladja was over the wall in an instant, closely followed by Scott and Umal. Then ensued a fight, ferocious in its intensity, but as brief in its duration.

Muhammad, the man who had fallen at the door, was lying on the only gun of the attacking party. The others were armed with *barongs*, and, with the lust of combat in their hearts, not seeing the fall of their leader, they proceeded to cut their way toward the reward. Two were shot by Scott as he struck the ground after the leap over the wall.

Umal's weapon flew from his hand as he scaled the barrier, and he came down almost on the body of one of the attackers. He threw himself inside the sweep of the keen-edged weapon, which, had it fallen, would have ended his career on the instant, and the two fell with Umal underneath. Things were going badly with him, and, in spite of the desperate resistance of the son of Yusup, the spy was slowly getting in position to strike. Ladja fired at the other, but, in the confusion, missed him.

AS the Moro rushed from close quarters, Ladja side-stepped and brought the barrel of his revolver down with all his strength on the other's head. The Moro fell, but the force of the blow had torn the gun from the sergeant's grasp and caused him to lose his balance. In falling his hand encountered the rifle dropped by Umal. He seized it, clubbing it as he regained his balance, and brought the stock down on the head of Umal's adversary, so that the wood was shattered; and, as the Moro relaxed into unconsciousness, Ladja stood with the metal barrel in his hand. Umal struggled from under the inert body of the Moro. The two unconscious spies soon recovered and slowly rose. All fight was gone from them. Bewildered, they waited for what might happen, powerless to resist, and, from the effects of the blows on their heads, somewhat indifferent.

"Ah, Sahibad, and you, Hamsan, since when have you thought you could interfere with the Constabulary and take a prisoner already captured?" It was Scott who spoke. "You and your master, Muhammad, thought that you could take the fruits of victory from Ladja and me? See Muhammad as he lies dead! See your other companions, likewise gone to the throne of Allah! See Daud, not killed by you, but by me! See Yusup, shot by the cowardly bullet of a sneaking snake. Is it not a fine night's work? Go from here! Go before I tear your heads from your bodies!"

The two left, with never a backward glance.

"Follow a distance, Umal, and let them have a shot if they move not swiftly."

Noticing that the gun of the Moro was broken, he offered the revolver that was in his own holster.

Yusup moved and sat up. He was not dangerously wounded. It was found, upon investigation, that the bullet had lightly touched the head above his temple. Some water on his face and he was as good as new. But Daud was in a different state.

Ladja went to a little pool and brought back a hatful of water, which he poured on the face of the unconscious man. Gradually Daud regained his senses and sat up. All waited for him to speak.

"See," said Yusup, "you are safe. Muhammad and two others lie dead outside, and Sahibad, with his companion, Hamsan, are fleeing from the dead Daud as if the spirits of Hades were on their trail."

"What took place?"

Daud spoke slowly and with considerable difficulty. His head still rang from the force of the blow that had stretched him as one dead on the ground. He glanced and saw the fragments of his *barong* on the floor, and the dead men, strangers to him, and the officer with his sergeant, alert, a little to one side. A shamed expression spread over his face.

"You are free, Daud. The two whom Umal has so carefully chased down the trail have seen you lying dead, and they will take care that you are so reported." The American came up to him. "You are free, Daud, to return home."

The look of suspicion had by this time entirely left the Moro's face.

"*Tuan*, may the Moros be grateful that such as you is here to aid them!"

He straightened his splendid body. He raised his eyes to look up into the eyes of the only man who had ever beaten him single-handed. He spoke with the soul of a strong man ringing in his voice:

"May I be cursed with the curse of the damned among men, may my body, when I die, rot in the forest, food for the loathsome wild hog, if I fail to do your bidding! You are a man among men, my brother, and you are stronger than I. I fear you and I love you. What you tell me, that shall I do. I am yours. My son, when he is born, shall be the slave of you, and Juhaila shall bless you until the last breath leaves her body. You have done the act of a man, and may Allah bless you! May the Christian God who breeds such men as you, look down on Daud and his brother alike and say, 'There are two strong men, brothers in life and death, tried in the trouble of battle, and found, at the end, to be true!' May your life be long. And lucky shall be Daud if he dies in the service of the only man he calls his master!

"I go to Palawan."

SCOTT was more affected by this speech than he would care to admit. It was some time before he was able to speak, and then: "Daud, I leave you with this message. One month from to-day Juhaila shall join you in Palawan—Ladja shall take her there. Take my boat, which is under the rotting hulk at the beach. Put in at the sand beach below Yusup's house and wait until Umal joins you. He and another shall take you to Palawan and shall bring me word of your safe arrival. Daud is dead! May your voyage be pleasant and your life long. I bid you farewell."

He held out his hand, and the Moro kissed it and disappeared into the darkness. Yusup and Umal left at once, and Scott stood alone with Ladja and the dead men by the church.

"We will leave word with Abdula on the beach to bury these men." Scott hesitated. "You know, Ladja, that your lips must never tell about this night. Forget that it has ever been. We have done our duty, I believe. But," he seemed to be speaking to himself and for the first time relaxed into English slang, "I'll say it was some party while it lasted!"

Ladja fell into step behind his officer and the two walked slowly down the trail toward the house of Abdula.

J. J. Carty George McAneny U. N. Bethell Dr. Bell Mayor Mitchel C. E. Yost W. A. Prendergast

At the official opening of the Transcontinental Line of the Bell system, January 25, 1915

Alexander Graham Bell

Inventor of the Telephone—His Voice Was the First Heard through It

By Harvey W. Root

IN 1873 Alexander Graham Bell evolved the theory of the telephone and had a vision of country-wide telephone service, "with millions of miles of wires, so that one town could communicate with another town and man with man."

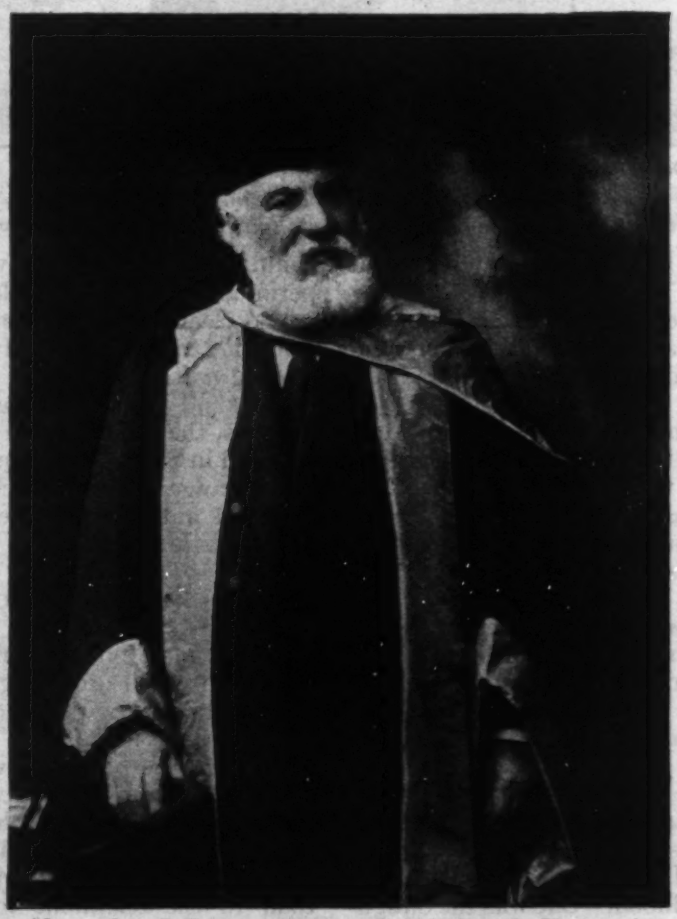
In 1874 the theory of the magnetic telephone was completed. In 1876 the invention was perfected. To-day there are 22,750,000 telephones in the world, of which 14,500,000 are in the United States.

Speaking of the territory covered, an official of the Bell Telephone Company says: "The telephone brings together into one comprehensive, intercommunicating telephone system all the cities and towns and practically all of the rural communities throughout the United States."

THE EDITOR.

DESPITE the remarkable development of the telephone and the immense spread of its use, Alexander Graham Bell, who gave it to the world, was but seventy-five years old at the time of his death early in last August, and it was on his twenty-ninth birthday that he received the patent on this marvel which has been judged to be the greatest single invention ever made. In no sense could it be called an improvement. It was an entirely new thing, which "in effect was adding a sixth sense to the human equipment; potentially it was bringing within hearing distance every human being in the world."

The fascinating story of the invention of the telephone—a record so full of discouragements overcome, near-defeats turned into victories, unexpected climaxes, and help at critical moments—begins back in 1873, when Bell, then a professor in the Boston University, and living in Salem, was experimenting in the hours that were his own and dreaming daring dreams—dreams that, according to his own statement in later life, included a vision of country-wide telephone service, with the millions of miles of wire that now exist, and "the whole country being covered with a network of wires, so that one town could communicate with another town and man with man."



Alexander Bell as a doctor of Edinburgh University

A dead man's ear was a part of the baggage that the young professor carried with him early in the summer of 1874, when he went, as was his custom, to spend his vacation with his parents at their home in Branford, Ontario, Canada. The ear had

been furnished and its use suggested by Dr. Clarence J. Blake of Boston, an authority whom Bell had consulted regarding the mechanism of the ear. At Branford, free for a time from his university work, Bell began a series of experiments destined to have marvelous results.

He moistened the dead ear with glycerine to make it flexible once more, placed in it a piece of hay, and when he spoke in the ear saw the hay vibrate. Under the bit of hay he put a piece of smoked glass to record the vibrations, and the instrument for study was complete.

The Great Idea

PATIENTLY, hour after hour, day after day, he poured into that dead ear all the varieties of human speech: he shouted, he whispered, talked, and sang, and repeated long lists of vowels first in one pitch and then another; but always he made the smoked-glass record, and there followed long hours of pondering over the significance of the beautiful traceries.

Then, one day, the great idea came. Dr. Bell himself, in telling of it a few years ago, said:

"It struck me that the bones of the human ear were very massive indeed as compared with the delicate, thin membranes which operated them, and the thought occurred that if a membrane so delicate can move bones relatively so massive, why should not a thicker and stouter membrane move my piece of steel?

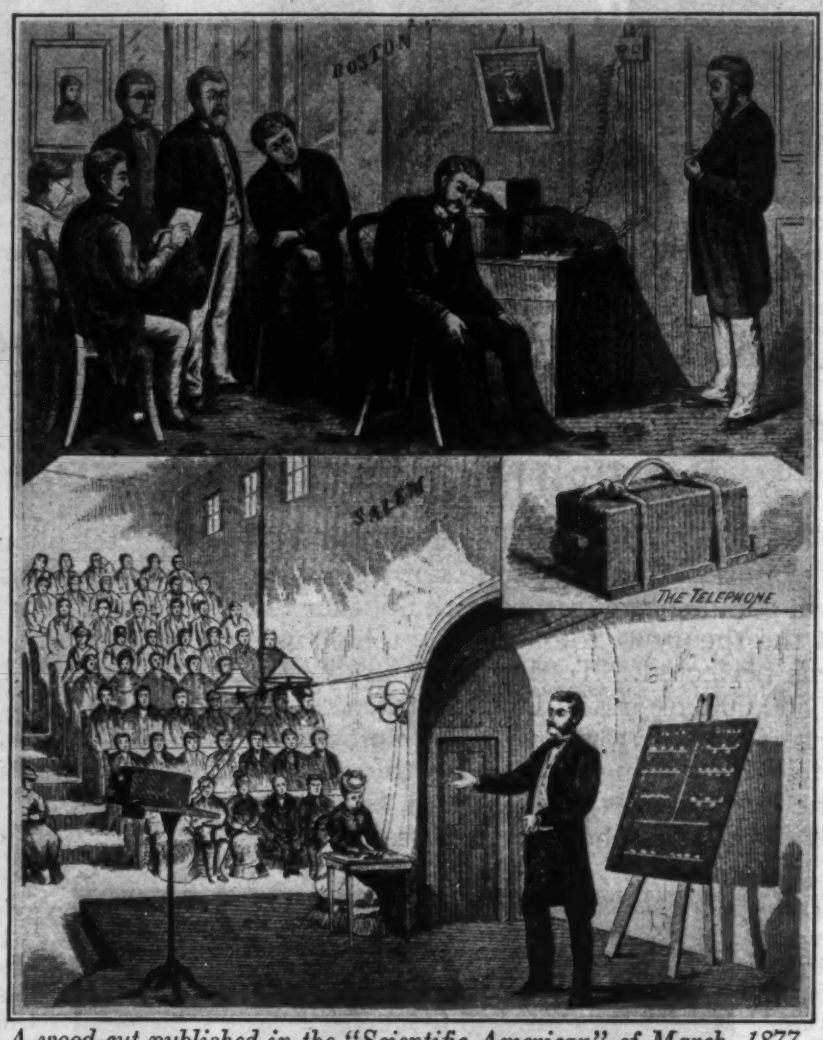
"And the telephone was conceived."

The young professor had discovered the principle of the telephone, but it was too revolutionary an idea for others to accept:

"The magnetic telephone was complete in theory in the summer of 1874; and yet, on account of the skepticism which I returned to Boston in the autumn of that year, I could not try to make it. What I tried to do was to amplify the undulations."

In connection with his other work at the university, Professor Bell gave private lessons in visible speech for improving the articulation of deaf persons. To him for such help there went, one day, a girl of sixteen. It was Mabel Hubbard, deaf since an attack of scarlet fever in childhood. She was the daughter of Gardiner Hubbard, a prominent and wealthy lawyer of Boston. The young professor gave her something like a dozen lessons altogether, and then turned her over to his assistant, Miss Locke.

This was not due to any lack of interest in her, however, but rather the opposite; for Bell would not allow himself to remain in the position of teacher to one for whom he was rapidly coming to have much more than a teacher's regard. It is not surprising, therefore, to find Bell before long calling at the Hubbard home in Cambridge. So pleased were the Hubbards with the young man that they urged him to prolong his call, and finally to play on the piano for Mrs. Hubbard, who was musical. After playing for a while he turned and asked Mr. Hubbard if he knew that musical sounds could be produced at a distance, or something to that effect, and in the talk that followed he described the principle of his multiple telegraph instrument and what he hoped to do with it. This was a scheme for sending several telegraph messages simultaneously over one wire, and Bell had been experimenting with it for a long time.



A wood-cut published in the "Scientific American" of March, 1877, showing Professor Bell demonstrating before an audience in Salem his use of a telephone connected with his laboratory in Boston

So clear and convincing did he make his description that then and there Hubbard offered to help him in return for an interest in the invention. Bell already had a similar arrangement with Thomas Sanders, the father of one of his pupils, with whom he boarded in Salem; but Sanders readily consented to a new arrangement by which Hubbard joined in giving financial aid to the experiments with the multiple telegraph in return for a third share in the patents.

Experimenting and Dreaming

BELL went on with his experiments on the telegraph, still dreaming of the telephone; and one day, in talking with Sanders and Hubbard, he confided to them his "crazy" idea of sending the human voice over the telegraph wire. They only smiled incredulously and gently cautioned him not to stray away from his telegraph idea before it became a reality. Seemingly it was to be an easy journey to success by way of the multiple telegraph, with the road to the telephone more securely blocked than ever: yet, in spite of their skepticism, Sanders and

Hubbard had unconsciously been opening the way for the invention of the telephone: it was the telephone that was to make their fortune; it was in connection with the telephone that their names were to live; and it was another man than Bell who was to perfect a method of multiple telegraphy.

During the remaining period of discouragement and disappointment incident to the invention of the telephone and the struggle to secure its recognition, there are three dramatic moments that stand out conspicuously. The first takes us back to June 2, 1875, and a building at 109 Court Street, Boston. Here, day after day for weeks, Bell had been plodding along, experimenting on his telegraph with the aid of his assistant, Watson. The afternoon was hot, the garret rooms stuffy, and the instruments were more refractory than usual. Watson was keeping a transmitter in motion, while Bell, sixty feet away in another room, was holding a receiver to his ear, trying to adjust its tone.

Something went wrong with the spring on the transmitter, and Watson plucked it to start it going. His action was followed by a shout from Bell, who came rushing into the room, exclaiming:

"What did you do then? Don't change anything. Let me see!"

The Telephone's Birth-Cry

He had heard the full twang of the piece of clock-spring over the wire, a sound of vast portent, for it was the birth-cry of the telephone.

Bell went back to his receiver. Again Watson plucked the spring; again the twang; and to the ear of the eager scientist at the other end of the wire "again came the feeble note—the inarticulate treble of the infant voice that would one day speak every tongue in every corner of the globe!"

Experiments with the telephone began again, and for the two men the days and nights were filled with efforts to grasp the elusive secret which always seemed just out of reach. Quarters better adapted for their work had been found at 5 Exeter Place, and a line of wire run from the attic to the basement. There, on the 10th of March, 1876, Watson, listening intently at the receiver, was thrilled to hear distinctly and unmistakably the words:

"Mr. Watson, please come here; I want you."

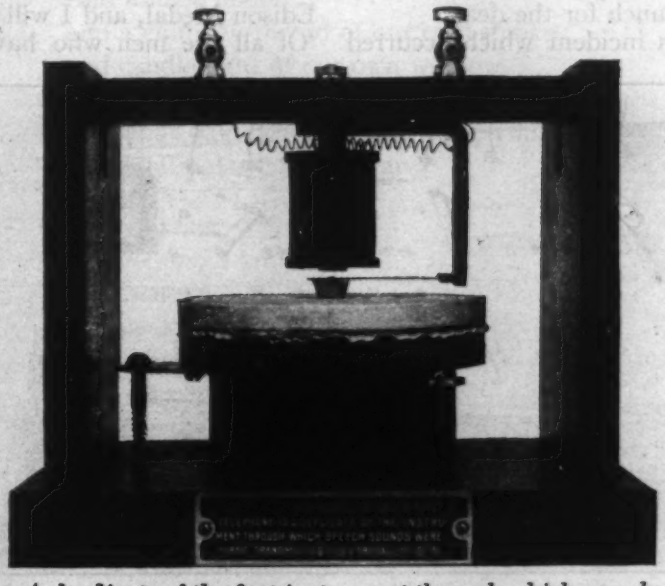
Dropping the receiver, he rushed up the intervening flights of stairs, shouting to Bell:

"I can hear you! I could hear the words!"

The telephone was now an accomplished fact. Improvement and development were all that were needed to make it the perfect instrument that it is to-day; but it was almost as much of an undertaking to get men to believe it was more than a scientific toy as it was to invent it.

The telephone, however, was destined to succeed, and events were shaping themselves to compel a recognition of its value: such a sequence of events as seldom happen outside a fairy tale.

June had come again, and the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia opened. Mabel Hubbard was now the fiancée of Bell—his inspiration, his help, and his encouragement. Through the efforts of her father, permission had been secured for Bell to exhibit his invention. Watson had made as perfect a set of instruments as he could, and Bell had installed them in the Department of Education. The stage was set for the third dramatic incident; the telephone was to have its début.



A duplicate of the first instrument through which speech was transmitted in 1875

"It Talks!"

The Sunday after Bell's arrival in Philadelphia had been selected for the judges' tour of inspection. The day proved hot and exhausting. There was plenty in that great collection of wonders to command the attention of the distinguished men, and Bell in his corner anxiously counted away the hours until seven in the evening before the company of fifty or more began to drift in. They were all frankly skeptical. No one had interest enough to try the instrument, and it seemed as if they were all about to pass on without considering the telephone at all.

Just then a commanding figure entered the room and approached Bell's table. He remembered meeting Bell at Miss Fuller's school for the deaf in Boston, and, reaching out both hands to him, he said:

"Professor Bell, I am delighted to see you."

Instantly there was a hush. Scientists and newspaper men gathered around in a curious group. The Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro II, indicated a desire to try the new invention, and while he placed the receiver to his ear Bell went to the far end of the room to the transmitter. All eyes were on the Emperor. There was a tense moment, and then with a startled look in his face he threw back his head and turning to those watching him exclaimed:

"My God! It talks!"

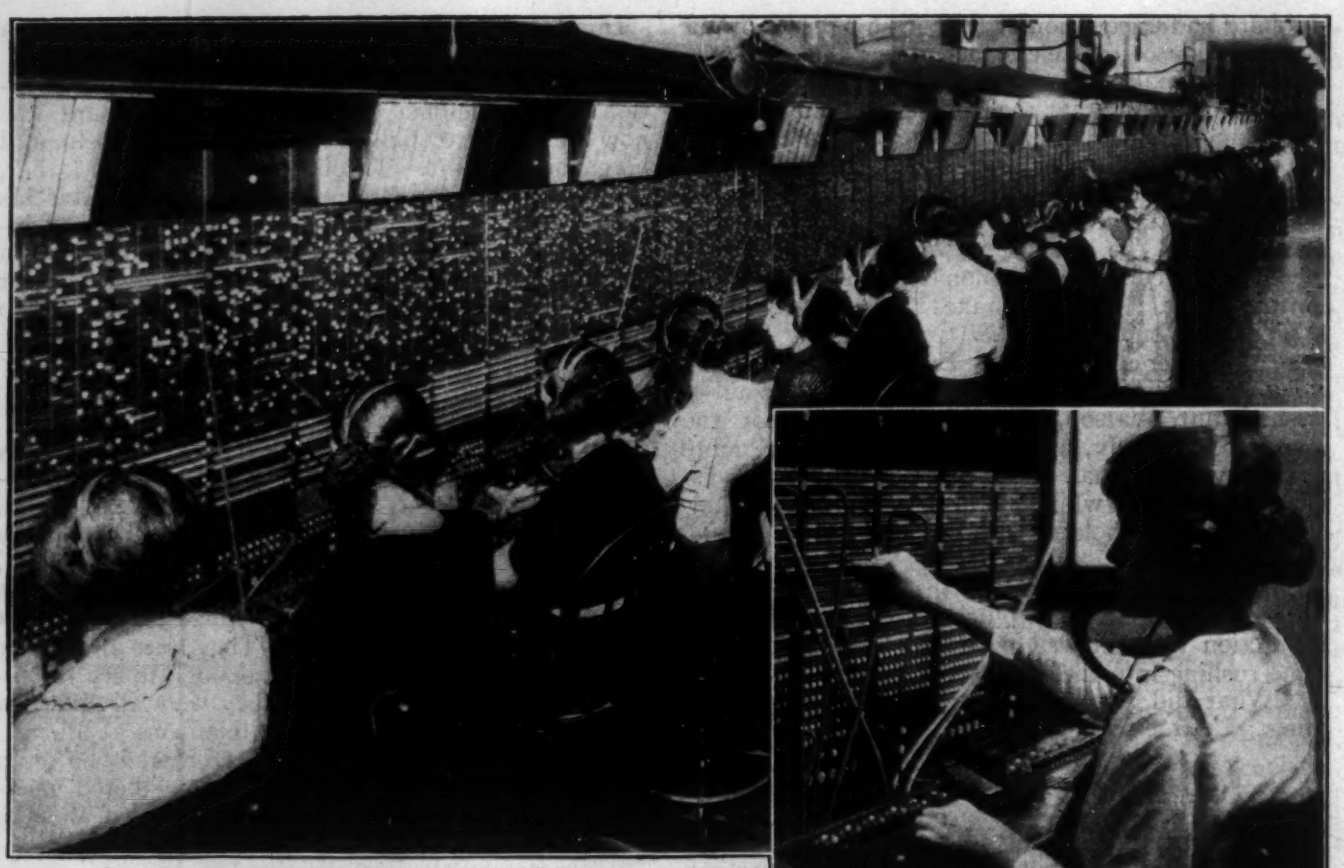
From that instant there was no lack of interest in the telephone.

Lord Kelvin, who had been the engineer of the first Atlantic Cable and at the time was the leading electrical scientist in the world, was in the Emperor's party. He too placed his ear to the receiver and heard the young professor's voice coming over the wire. Solemnly nodding his head as he laid the instrument down, he remarked:

"It does speak. It is the most wonderful thing I have seen in America."

The group forgot its fatigue, forgot its indifference, and many stayed until ten that night, talking with Bell and listening to the voices that came over the magic wire. The next morning the papers were full of the incident, and before night the telephone exhibit had been transferred to the judges' pavilion, where it received more attention than anything else at the exposition.

"You can not estimate it too highly. It is one of



A group of switchboards in a modern exchange—showing how the industry has grown since 1878

"The voice with the smile"

the most fundamental inventions ever made. The telegraph only connects places, but the telephone connects people; and do you realize what a vastly important matter that is?"

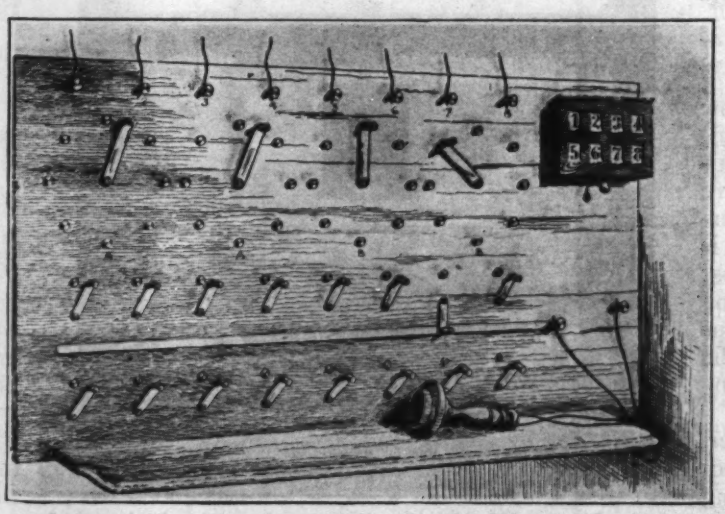
The speaker was John J. Carty, Vice-President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, for many years a close friend of Dr. Bell, and himself one of the great factors of telephone achievement and advancement and a leader among the scientific men of all nations. I had gone to him for aid in appraising the work of the distinguished inventor.

"Don't forget," he told me, "that it was Dr. Bell who first telephoned without wire. He accomplished it by the use of light-waves and an instrument called the radiophone. He has also by his studies and research work accomplished much for the deaf.

"I shall never forget an incident which occurred in January, 1915, at the time of the formal opening of the transcontinental telephone line between New York and San Francisco. Before a company of distinguished men gathered in the offices of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in New York, Dr. Bell, using an exact reproduction of his original instrument, had repeated the first words ever heard through a telephone; but this time, instead of being carried a hundred feet, they had been carried more than three thousand miles, and heard distinctly. The impressive hush which followed the dramatic moment had been broken by congratulations; and then, at this instant of his great triumph, Dr. Bell, turning toward his wife with a look of the utmost tenderness and with sadness in his voice, said to me:

"'Just think of it—she has never heard the telephone!'

"You ask me for an estimate of Dr. Bell's work. It fell to me in May, 1915, to present him with the Edison Medal, and I will read you what I then said: 'Of all the men who have ever lived, it remained for you, Alexander Graham Bell, to found the art of transmitting speech electrically. You revealed to mankind the method of electrically transmitting the tones of the human voice to distant places. You were the first to provide the apparatus to do this marvel. You were the first to speak through the electric speaking telephone, and your voice was the first to be heard in the telephone receiver. As long as men can speak, your name will be spoken with honor and with



The first commercial switchboard; it was opened in New Haven in 1878, its capacity being eight lines

praise, and as long as men can hear they will listen with admiration and with gratitude to the story of your immortal achievement.'

"Those were my carefully considered words at the time," he said as he laid the record down. Then, after a moment's reflection, he added:

"I will let them stand."

Bell the Scientist

THE attainments of Alexander Graham Bell, aside from his work on the telephone, would entitle him to high rank as a scientist. He had a true scientific spirit, a vigorous mind, a broad, deep philosophical insight, and was a lifelong investigator; but Bell the inventor of the telephone so overshadowed Bell the scientist that the identity of the latter is lost to all but his friends and the student. On that achievement alone his fame will rest throughout the coming years.

His passing was in the midst of the quiet countryside in Nova Scotia that he loved and that for many years had been his summer home. In his burial there was neither pomp nor circumstance, but a grandeur of simplicity in keeping with his great name. The plain pine coffin, made on the estate, was borne by his workmen over the winding road to the spot on the mountain-top that the man of genius had selected for his grave. There, at the setting of the sun, on the crest of Beinn Bhreagh, where he had so often lingered to enjoy the sweep of the partly wooded hills dotted here and there with farm-houses, stretching far beyond the blue expanse of the Bras d'Or Lakes, the body of the inventor scientist and benefactor was left to be a part forever of the rugged hills. Patriarchal and prophet-like, it rests there, needing neither monument nor memorial to make his fame secure.

One Star

By Dixie Willson

DO you know
when all the night is gray,
if you look,
there always is one star?

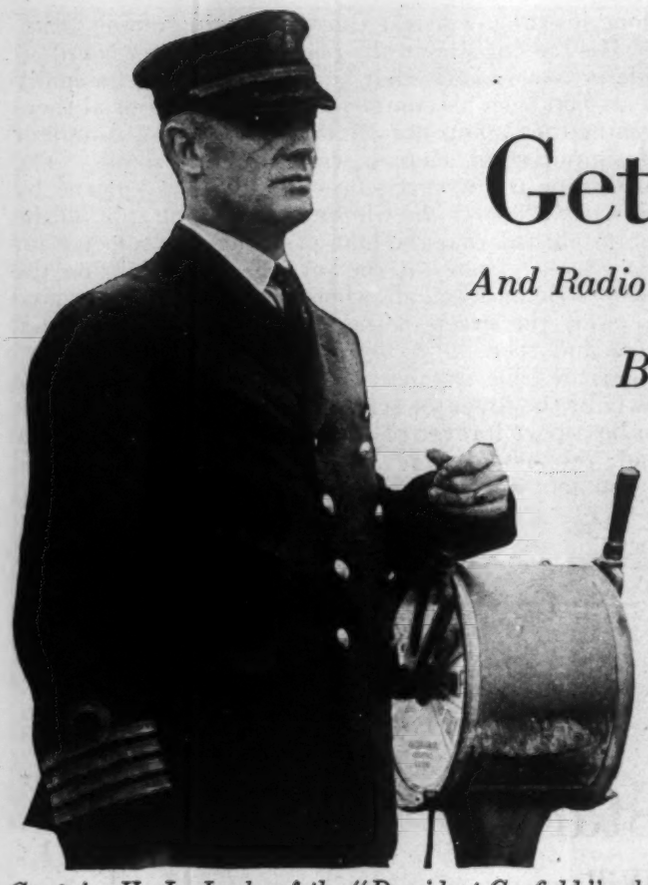
Sometimes my heart is lonesome.
Gray seems to come around me.
But then I remember
I am waiting for a you.
I remember there will be kisses for me
When I and you shall find each other;
And a little house,
and a chimney-thread of our own smoke,
and candle-light of our own window.
I wonder what is your name,
and what day of my life will bring you,
and what color your eyes are!

I don't know you,
but because I know
that one day you will find the road to me—
because of that
You whom I know not,
You who are still nobody—
You are one star.

A Stoker Gets Pneumonia

And Radio Seeks Medical Help on Land and Sea

By Courtland Christiani
United States Vice-Consul at Cardiff, Wales



Captain H. L. Look, of the "President Garfield," who changed the course of his 20,000-ton ship many miles off its course to take on board a sick stoker

IT has often been said that with the passing of the white-winged wind-jammer and the advent of the steam-driven vessel, which does not depend upon the favor of the winds, and which is run more or less on the businesslike plan of any large power plant ashore, the day of romance on the seas had passed. And as steamships progressed in size and efficiency, and the element of risk became smaller, there was left no more of romance to ocean navigation than is connected with the operation of the New York subways.

But there still are circumstances arising in connection with the safety of the lives of the men who sail the seas, the recounting of which can quicken the pulse and afford the thrill that always is present when the stake is a human life. The following is a true story, and it needs little exercise of an author's talents in the telling. It is best set out in the original wireless communications, copied word for word from the "file" on the subject, and with only such explanation as it may be necessary to make for the benefit of the reader unfamiliar with the language of navigation.

In February, 1922, the United States Public Health Service made arrangements to furnish free medical advice to ships at sea, in coöperation with commercial radio companies. The Marine Hospital at 67 Hudson Street, New York, serves the Atlantic Ocean, and the Marine Hospital at San Francisco serves the Pacific. Receiving stations of commercial wireless companies receive calls for aid from ships and telephone them to the Marine hospitals.

Physicians at the hospitals immediately prescribe treatment and telephone it to the offices of the wireless companies, whence the information is flashed back to the ships, often hundreds of miles at sea.

The procedure seems simple enough. Usually it is, but sometimes many agencies are called upon to alleviate the sufferings of a common seaman. For instance, see the following news despatch of the Associated Press:

Plymouth, Eng., April 25. The U. S. Lines steamship *America*, which arrived here yesterday, went 1,500 miles out of her course to render medical aid to a gravely injured man on the U. S. Shipping Board steamship *New England*, en route to the United States, and transferred him to the *America* after a thrilling battle with a mountainous sea.

Chief Officer Green of the *America*, with the ship's surgeon and a volunteer crew, embarked in a life-boat and transferred the injured man to the *America* after a fierce battle on stormy seas.

Frequently the doctors at the Marine hospitals do not know what becomes of their patients at sea, yet they take the liveliest interest in them. The call for aid comes, advice is wirelessed back, and frequently that is the end of the incident.

A complete record of one of these cases is presented here through the courtesy of the United States Shipping Board, the Independent Wireless Telegraph Company of New York, and United States Marine Hospital No. 70 of New York.

The American Shipping Board freighter *West Norranus*, 8,800 dead-weight tons, of Los Angeles, sailed from New Orleans one day last August, under command of Captain F. B. Castanera—who, in spite of the Spanish sound of his name, is an old-time Mississippian—with a crew of thirty-one men, including a young man named M. B. Lowe, who was signed on as wireless operator. The ship had a cargo, bound for Rotterdam and Bremen, and after putting in at Norfolk, Va., for fuel oil started on its way across the Atlantic.

The *West Norranus*, with its wireless equipment and Lowe to operate it, was a sea-going station of the Independent Wireless Telegraph Company of New York; and how wireless telegraphy can serve as the direct means of saving life, and to what extent steamship companies and the government will go to save the life of the humblest seaman, is best presented by the following exchange of messages, the first of which is from the ship to Doctor E. K. Sprague of the U. S. Marine Hospital, New York:

Independent Wireless Telegraph Company
Station: s/s *West Norranus*. Time filed: 10 40 am Aug 9 1922
Medical 107 to WSA. Routed via WSA. Time: 10 48 am
Sprague, Medical
New York (WSA)
West Norranus, 300 miles east of Hatteras. Have sick

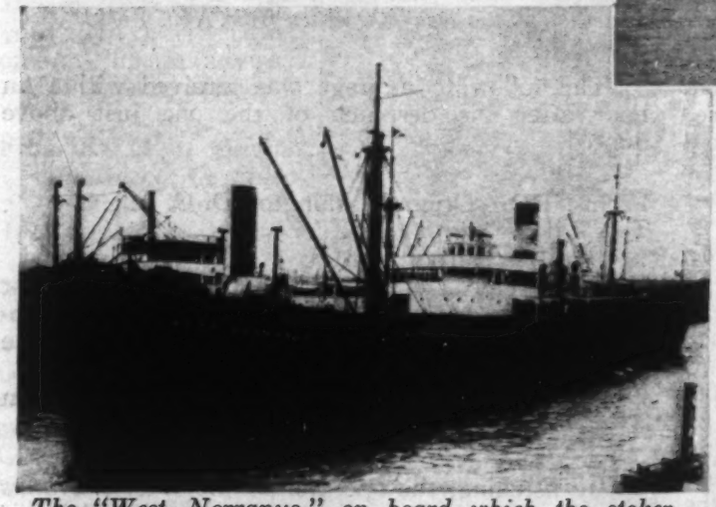
fireman. Patient took sick 8 pm August 7th with high fever, 104 to 104½. Put him in ship's hospital, gave him salts and ten grains aspirin. Patient vomited several times and has cough. August 8th, fever 102 to 103 all day. At 5 pm gave five grains calomel and soda broken doses and ten grains aspirin. This morning fever 102½; gave hot applications on chest and rubbed chest with salve. Also gave him mild dose of salts. Complains severe pains in chest a id coughs continuously and very restless. Please advise treatment.

CASTANERA, Master

From WSA, Origin New York. Time filed: 12 30 pm
Aug 9
Master s/s *West Norranus*
New York (WSA)

Your treatment has been very good. Allow plenty fresh air but keep patient well wrapped up and warm. Discontinue aspirin. Give Dover's powders, ten grains every six hours as long as necessary to control cough and pain. Apply mustard plaster to chest until skin is red. Do not blister. Make plaster of one part of mustard to four parts flour. Give plenty of fluid. No further purges necessary.

Sprague, U. S. Marine Hospital
New York, 1 pm.



The "West Norranus," on board which the stoker, desperately ill of pneumonia, was treated by radio

Medical No. 3 to WSA. Routed via WSA.
Date sent Aug 9, 12 05 pm
To Sprague, Medical
New York (WSA)

West Norranus, noon. Patient's fever now 104 degrees. Gave five grains aspirin. Unable to take nourishment.

CASTANERA, Master

Medical No. 5 to WSA. Routed via WSA Aug 9
6 21 pm
To Sprague, Medical,
New York (WSA)

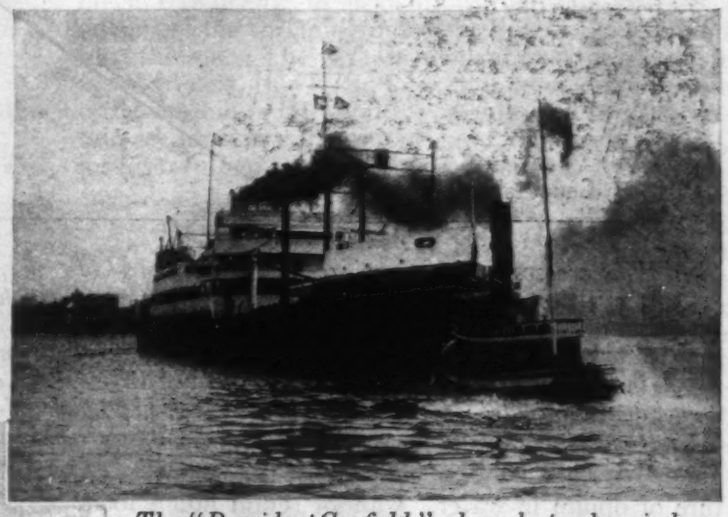
s/s *West Norranus*, 5 pm. Followed your directions except Dover's powders. None aboard. Gave milk of magnesia as substitute and hot-water bag to feet. Patient perspiring and fever now 101.75, cannot retain liquid food, vomiting. Still complains of severe pains in chest but resting better and not so nervous. Thanks for further advice. Patient requests coffee; is it advisable?

CASTANERA, Master

Medical from WSA. Origin New York (WSA).
Filed 8 pm Aug 9
Master s/s *West Norranus*
New York (WSA)

Give patient sponge bath lukewarm water to reduce fever. Use one eighth grain morphine by mouth or hypodermic every two hours instead of Dover's powders to control pain and coughing. Do not give more than four doses at two intervals. Water to drink in small quantities when vomiting ceases. Wire if fever does not come down by midnight.

Sprink, A., Surgeon
U. S. P. H. Service 8 37 pm



The "President Garfield," whose doctor, by wireless, treated the sick man on the "West Norranus"

Medical No. 6 to WSA. Routed via WSA. Date
sent Aug 9, 7 pm
To Sprague, Medical
New York (WSA)

Patient cannot even retain water. Fever now 103.4. Vomiting continuously

CASTANERA

. . .

This transfer of messages, being audible, of course, to all ships within the range of the sending power of the *West Norranus*, was heard by the wireless operator of the passenger steamer *President Monroe*, who seems to have copied them and handed them to the physician of that ship. The *President Monroe* sends out a message as follows:

1 Gvt. from KDAR. Origin s/s *President Monroe*
5 pm Aug 10
Master s/s *West Norranus* (KUVZ)

Purge well. Keep fever down by sponge baths. Give whisky when pulse is weak.

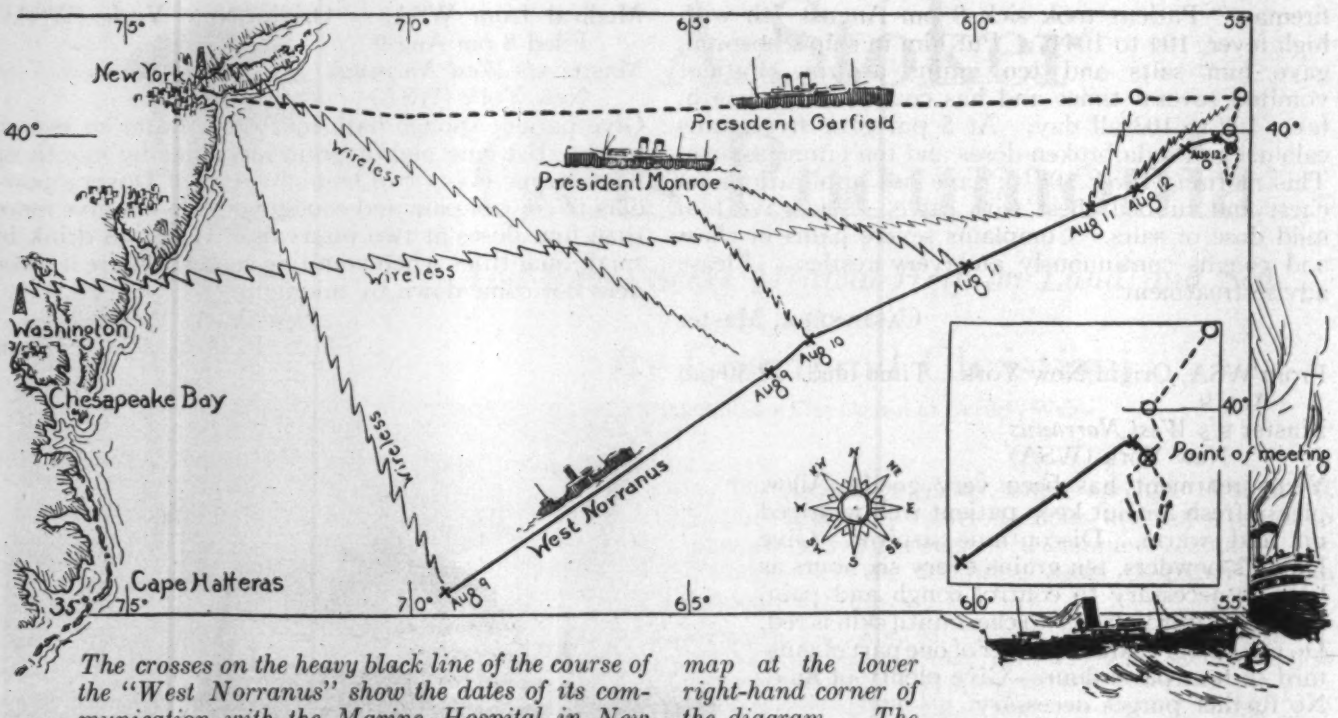
Dr. Hodgson 5 10 pm

. . .

Aid coming in from a nearer source prompts Captain Castanera to transfer the treatment to the doctor of the *President Monroe*, to whom the next message is sent:

Gvt. No. 1 to KDAR. Routed via KDAR 5 pm
Aug 11
To Master s/s *President Monroe*

West Norranus 4 pm, 37.40 N 63.41 W, bound east. Patient 5 this morning fever 102½; 11 30 am, 101¾. Slept few hours. At 1 pm started vomiting and fever began to rise. At 4 pm fever 104. Gave hot mustard foot bath Gave ten drops tinc-



The crosses on the heavy black line of the course of the "West Norranus" show the dates of its communication with the Marine Hospital in New York, the Shipping Board office in Washington, the steamships "President Monroe" and "President Garfield." How the vessels got together, with some difficulty, is shown in the larger-scale insert map at the lower right-hand corner of the diagram. The transfer of the stoker was made at the point where the cross and circle, marking the positions of the "West Norranus" and the "President Garfield," coincide. This was 800 miles from New York.

ture of opium in water. Cannot retain liquid food. Requests a little thin oatmeal gruel. Is it advisable? 5 10 pm fever is now 105. Last two days treated by radio from Marine Hospital New York. Advise what to do.

CASTANERA, Master

2 Govt. from KDAR. Origin *President Monroe.*
Time 6 pm Aug 11
To Captain s/s *West Norranus*
Six pm, 260 NE of you. Advise you get in touch with nearest ship with doctor and transfer patient.

Dr. HODGSON, 5 35 pm

. . .

The apparent discrepancy in the hour in the timing of the messages is due, no doubt, to the difference in longitude of the two vessels at noon, when the ships' clocks are set with the sun, and this would cause the clocks of the two vessels to read differently at any one moment.

After an exchange of two more radiograms asking and receiving instructions for further treatment, the master of the *West Norranus*, finding his patient still in the throes of pneumonia, became alarmed and started the machinery in motion to effect the transfer of his man to a vessel carrying a physician. The United States Shipping Board headquarters was wired as follows:

Govt. SB to NBD Aug 11, 9 26 pm
Rush Govt Ship Board, Washington
West Norranus, 8 pm, Lat 37-55 north, Long. 63-10 west, bound Rotterdam, course 72 degrees true, speed 10 knots. Pneumonia case aboard dangerous condition. Immediate and adequate attention essential. Medical advice been received from New York, also s/s *President Monroe.* Doctor of *Monroe* advises transfer to a ship carrying doctor. Please direct some Shipping Board vessel by radio broadcast to take patient. Urgent.

CASTANERA, Master

The following message was received within an hour after the despatch of the one just above quoted:

From NBD. Origin Washington D. C. Aug 11
To s/s *West Norranus* (KUVZ)
via Bar Harbor (NBD)
Your message. Get on east-bound track and request medical attendance or transfer if warranted. Shipboard vessels your vicinity instructed communicate and give necessary medical attention.

Shipboard, 10 26 pm

. . .

By listening, the operator of the *West Norranus* was able to tell what vessels were "working" in his vicinity, and he found the passenger steamship *President Garfield* was traveling east-bound and ahead of the *West Norranus*, and it was to that vessel that the next message was sent:

Govt. No. 1 to KDTC 11 55 pm August 11
To Master s/s *President Garfield*
West Norranus, midnight, Lat 39-15 north, Long. 57-22 west, altered course 63 degrees true, speed ten knots, bound Rotterdam. Message in part from Shipping Board, Washington: "Request medical attendance or transfer if warranted." Transfer imperative. Patient has retained no nourishment of any kind for three days. Fever continues as high 105; now 103. Very weak and severe pains in heart, chest, and back, and doctor's constant attention essential. Keeping fever down by sponge baths and alcohol rubs.

CASTANERA, Master

. . .

Two messages now came from the *President Garfield*, one from the physician and a somewhat laconic

one from the captain, who evidently did not relish a delay from his schedule, and in this message simply gave his position without any comments:

No. 1 Gvt. from KDTC, s/s *President Garfield*, 12 05 am Aug 12
To Master *West Norranus*
Continue baths and rubs for fever, force liquids. Keep quiet with small doses morphine. Give tincture of digitalis, ten drops three times a day. Prop up with pillows for more comfort. Fresh air.
COPHER, M.D.
s/s *President Garfield*, 12 57 am

And

To Master *West Norranus*
At 5 30 GMT [Greenwich mean time] Lat 40-26, Long. 56-15, course East true, speed 15 knots.
LOOK, Master
President Garfield, 101 am

. . .

To the instructions of the physician on the s/s. *President Garfield*, Captain Castanera replied:

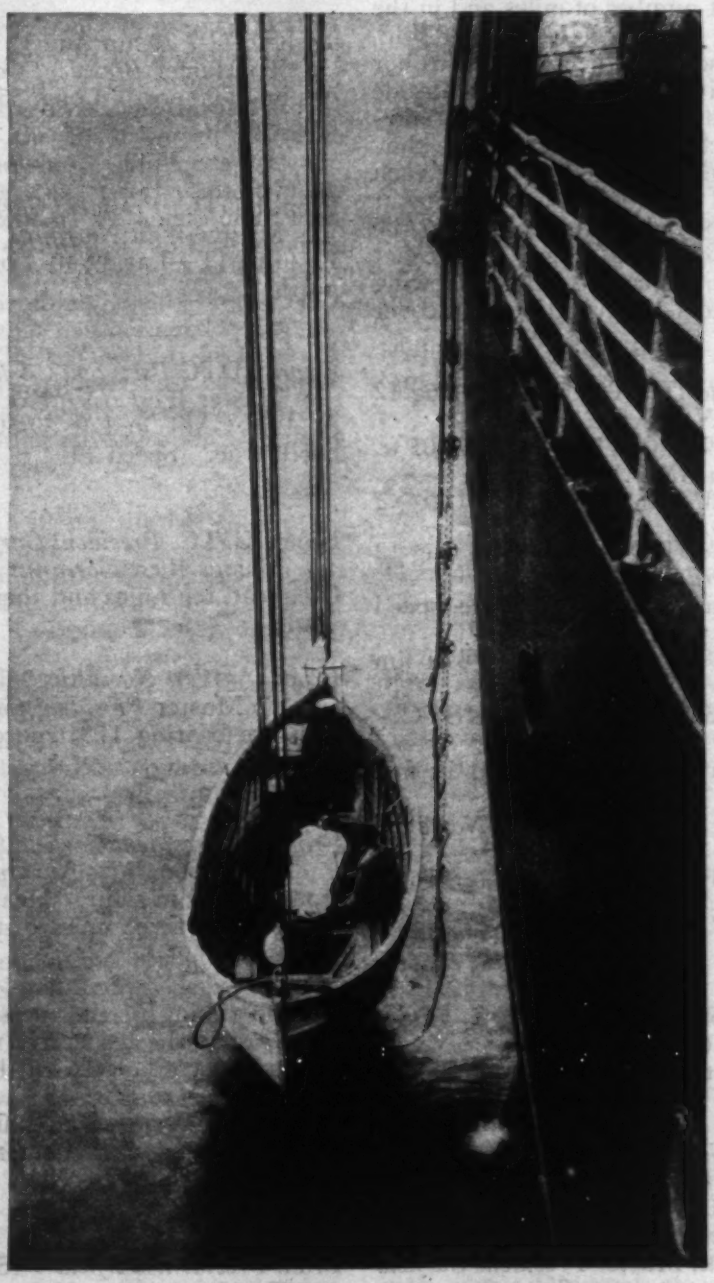
To KDTC August 12
1 26 am Govt.
To Doctor s/s *President Garfield*
We have not the drugs aboard prescribed by you. Have tincture opium. Please advise.
CASTANERA, Master

From KDTC. Origin *President Garfield*, 1 40 am Aug 12
To Master s/s *West Norranus*
Give teaspoonful tincture opium every hour until pain relieved. Give strychnine sulphate, one thirtieth grain every three hours. Give strong coffee frequently.
COPHER, M.D.
s/s *President Garfield*, 1 45 am

. . .

By this time Captain Castanera had tried everything that had been recommended to him, within the limitations of the meager medicine-chest carried on ocean freighters. Ever since this lad, a boy of about twenty, had come up from the hot engine-room and sat on the hatch-combing to enjoy the cooling breeze that the vessel encountered as it journeyed northward, and which had been the cause of the illness, the captain had scarcely left the wireless room, and "Sparks"—as is the name for all wireless operators—had worked almost continuously, transmitting and receiving the various messages; for one can not simply launch a wireless message into space and forget about it, as a letter is dropped into the mail-box. Some receiving or relaying station, perhaps another ship, must be found, first, that will signify its readiness and willingness to take the message. And with a message expected, the operator must keep the 'phones to his ears, perhaps hours, waiting for the call letters of his ship to be sounded out.

Throughout the illness of his fireman, the skipper had had two ordinary seamen stationed outside the hospital door, for, in his delirious condition, there was danger of his springing out of bed, over the rail, and into the sea. The captain remembered, as they left New Orleans, this boy's folks had come down to the dock to see him off—and it was not hard for the captain to put himself in the place of the boy's parents, for his own two sons were his shipmates in the engine-room. He felt he could do no less for this lad than if it had been one of his own. So he determined his next message would put the case clearly up to the master of the passenger vessel to turn around and come to him, and he worded the telegram:



Transferring a very sick man from a ship without medical service to one with a hospital aboard; ordinary cases of illness are treated by radio from Marine hospitals

3 Govt. to KDTC.
Routed via KDTC Aug 12, 2 21 am
To Master s/s *President Garfield:*
Have treated patient for past three days by doctor's orders via radio. No improvement. In fact, patient's condition worse. Imperative he have doctor's personal attendance. You are closest ship. Will you stop and have patient examined and effect transfer as per Shipping Board orders?
CASTANERA, Master

. . .

To this came back:

From KDTC origin s/s *President Garfield*, 2 30 am Aug 12
To Master s/s *West Norranus*
Give your exact 8 o'clock GMT position
Master, 2 38 am
To KDTC 2 50 am Aug. 12
To Master *President Garfield*
Eight GMT, Lat 39-37 N., Long. 56-30 W., Course 63 true.
CASTANERA

Captain Look of the *President Garfield* never at any time had any intention of not turning his ship back whenever that move was asked of him as the thing necessary to reclaim this seaman's life, but he wished to give the long-distance medical treatment every chance before going to the extreme of turning a 20,000-ton passenger-ship many hours off its path at an expense of several hundred dollars, so he now eased the mind of his fellow master mariner with the following short message:

Master *West Norranus:*
Coming to your assistance.
Master, s/s *President Garfield.*

. . .

Captain Castanera now had a problem before him that must be worked out with great accuracy with the master of the other ship. When a vessel is steering for a stationary object, and that object's position is known, and the ship's position is known, it is an easy matter to lay out a course that will bring the ship to that object in the shortest number of miles and in the shortest time; but when the object is another ship, moving toward you, neither the object steered to nor the ship is in a fixed position, and both must decide upon a meeting-point, which will be the spot representing the point at which in the shortest time they can come together. Could the two vessels see each other, the problem would be simple, but visibility at sea is a matter of perhaps only fifteen miles, so the problem was for the two vessels to get their exact bearings and adopt a common course. The following radiograms relate to matters of navigation, and cover a period of eight hours:

From s/s *President Garfield* (KDTC) 3 40 am Aug 12
To Master s/s *West Norranus*
Will be on your course at 9 30 GMT in Long. 55-05 w. Should sight you at 11 am GMT.*
Look, *Master* s/s *President Garfield*

From s/s *President Garfield* (KDTC) 4 35 am Aug 12
To Master *West Norranus*
9 15 GMT—On your course, 252 degrees true, speed 14 knots. Give me your position at ten GMT.
Look, *Master*, 4 40 am

From s/s *West Norranus*, 5 11 am Aug 12 to KDTC
To Master *President Garfield*
Working sight now. Have correct position in five minutes.
Master *West Norranus*

From s/s *West Norranus* 5 35 am Aug. 12 to KDTC
To Master *President Garfield*
10 23 GMT, 39-50 North, 55-32 West, Course 63.
Castanera, Master

From s/s *West Norranus* 5 37 am Aug 12, to KDTC
To Master *President Garfield*
11 24 GMT—Altered course *North True*, Long. 55-23 West
Castanera, Master

From KDTC (*President Garfield*) 5 56 am Aug 12
To Master *West Norranus*
At 10-45 GMT—Lat 40-03 N, Long. 55-20, steering south true, *make all smoke possible*
Look, Master *President Garfield*

*The two steamers were about 4¾ hours *west*, or *earlier*, than GMT, Greenwich mean time, which is used at sea for computations.

The two steamers were now on a line, north and south, with those two points of the compass their respective courses. Each skipper had a man with glasses at the crow's-nest, and the instruction to make smoke would enable the lookout to tell where the other steamer was long before the superstructure would become visible. It was natural that the passenger steamer, being higher out of the water, should be sighted by the freighter's lookout first.

. . .

From *President Garfield* (KDTC) 6 30 am Aug 12
To Master *West Norranus*
At 11-30 GMT—Lat 39-57, Long. 55-17, on course 242 true, steering due south Long. 55-17
Look, Master

From KDTC 6 57 am Aug 12
To Master *West Norranus*
11-45 GMT—Lat. 39-50, Long. 55-20 W, steering south. Are you south of this position?
Look, Master, 7 am

To KDTC 7 20 am Aug 12
To Master *President Garfield*
Am in 40-00 north, Long. 55-20 west. Altered course true south.
Castanera, Master

From KDTC, *President Garfield* 7 32 am, Aug. 12
Master *West Norranus*
12 30 GMT—Lat 39-40, Long. 55-20. Steering true north.
Look, Master, 7 35 am

From KDTC *President Garfield*, 8 27 am Aug 12
Master *West Norranus*
At 1-30 GMT in Lat 39-50, Long. 55-18. Steering north true. Speed 14
Look, 8 30 am

From KDTC, *President Garfield*, 8 am Aug 12
Master *West Norranus*
Go ahead ten miles and then stop
Look, 8 08 am

From s/s *West Norranus* 9 56 am Aug 12
To Master *President Garfield*
You are bearing 178 true course from us. Now in sight
Castanera, Master

From s/s *President Garfield* 9 56 am Aug 12
To Master *West Norranus*
You are now in sight. Heave to to head to eastward when about three miles distant
Look, 9 58 am

. . .

The timing of the messages at this juncture indicates that the respective vessels had changed their clocks in accordance with their longitude:

From *West Norranus* 9 08 am Aug 12
To Master *President Garfield*
Shall we launch boat?
Castanera

From *President Garfield* 9 15 am Aug 12
To Master *West Norranus*
No. Will send own boat with doctor
Master. 9 17 am

Ever since sun-up the passengers on the *President Garfield* had been coming up on deck. It soon became known on the ship that the course had been changed, and the reason also became known to the passengers, who lined the rail for the first glimpse of the vessel they were meeting. Any kind of occurrence that breaks the monotony of a sea voyage is welcomed by the passengers, and every one of them scented a thrill in this. Nobody gave a thought to the fact that they should get to London a day late—they were all pulling for Dr. Copher of their vessel to get to that boy on the freighter in time. The doctor and one of the *President Garfield's* officers having gone on board the *West Norranus*, this officer sent the following message to his captain:

From *West Norranus* to KDTC 10 35 am
Master *President Garfield*
Lay where you are. Working ship alongside. Bringing patient Officer *President Garfield*
Countersigned O.K. by CASTANERA, Master

. . .

With several hundred passengers intently watching the proceedings, the patient, strapped in one of the narrow iron cots, was transferred over the side of the *West Norranus* into the *President Garfield's* boat by sailors, and rowed to the latter vessel, where he was placed in the very adequate ship's hospital and given the skilful attention that later resulted in his recovery. Captain Castanera, by subsequent messages, kept track of his ex-fireman, and, as soon as the news was sufficiently encouraging, had the New Orleans office of Lykes Brothers, agents of the ship, notify the lad's parents what had occurred.

When the *President Garfield* arrived in England, the youth had sufficiently recovered to be returned to the United States as a consular passenger on the same vessel. The remaining messages form a happy termination to the little story:

From *President Garfield* 11 40 am Aug 12
To Master *West Norranus*
Will land patient at Plymouth. If he does not improve will advise you. Pleasant voyage.
LOOK, Master, 11 45 am

To KDTC (*President Garfield*) Aug 12, 11 48 am
To Master *President Garfield*
Thanks. Appreciate assistance highly and sorry to cause you trouble and delay. Bon voyage
CASTANERA, Master

Govt SB to KDTC. Routed via WSA Aug 12, 11 56 am
To Lykes Brothers [ship's agents]
New Orleans
s/s *West Norranus* noon Aug 12th 970 miles, 73 degrees true from Hatteras. Wiper John W. Miller, age twenty, address 924 North Rochblade Street, New Orleans, very sick with pneumonia. Transferred him to s/s *President Garfield*, bound Plymouth, England, following orders from Ship Board Washington. Advise mother now under competent care and doctor feels satisfied will recover quickly. Mailing report in detail from Rotterdam.
CASTANERA, Master

Govt to KDTC via WSA Aug 12, 10 10 pm
Govt Ship Board, Washington
West Norranus Aug 12, noon. Transferred pneumonia patient to s/s *President Garfield*
CASTANERA, Master

From KDTC, Origin *President Garfield* 4 15 pm Aug 13
Master *West Norranus*
Pneumonia patient doing well to-day. Chances good for his recovery
COPHER, Surgeon, 4 18 pm

To KDTC via WSA Aug 13, 5 49 pm
Dr. COPHER, s/s *President Garfield*
Highly appreciate your radio. Relieved to hear of patient's improvement. Due only to having your competent medical attention. Wiring copy your message to my agents.
CASTANERA, Master

To KDTC. Routed via NBD Aug 13, 5 50 p m
Govt—Lykes New Orleans
West Norranus, six pm 13th. Received following message from steamer *President Garfield:* "Pneumonia patient doing well. Chances good for his recovery." Signed Copher, surgeon.
CASTANERA, Master.

From KDTC 7 pm Aug 14
Master *West Norranus*
Patient doing fine to-day.
LOOK, Master *President Garfield*

To KDTC from *West Norranus* Aug 14, 8 27 pm
Master *President Garfield*
Thanks for gratifying message
CASTANERA, Master *West Norranus*

From KDTC Aug 15, 7 pm
To Master *West Norranus*
Patient very much improved to-day. No question but he will recover
COPHER, Surgeon
s/s *President Garfield*

From *West Norranus* Aug 15, 7 39 pm
To Dr. Copher,
President Garfield
Thanks; advising my agents CASTANERA, Master

Govt SB via Bar Harbor
Govt Lykes, New Orleans
West Norranus 9 pm Aug 15—Message from s/s *President Garfield* reads: "Patient very much improved to-day. No question but he will recover." Signed Copher, Surgeon, 19315.
CASTANERA, Master.

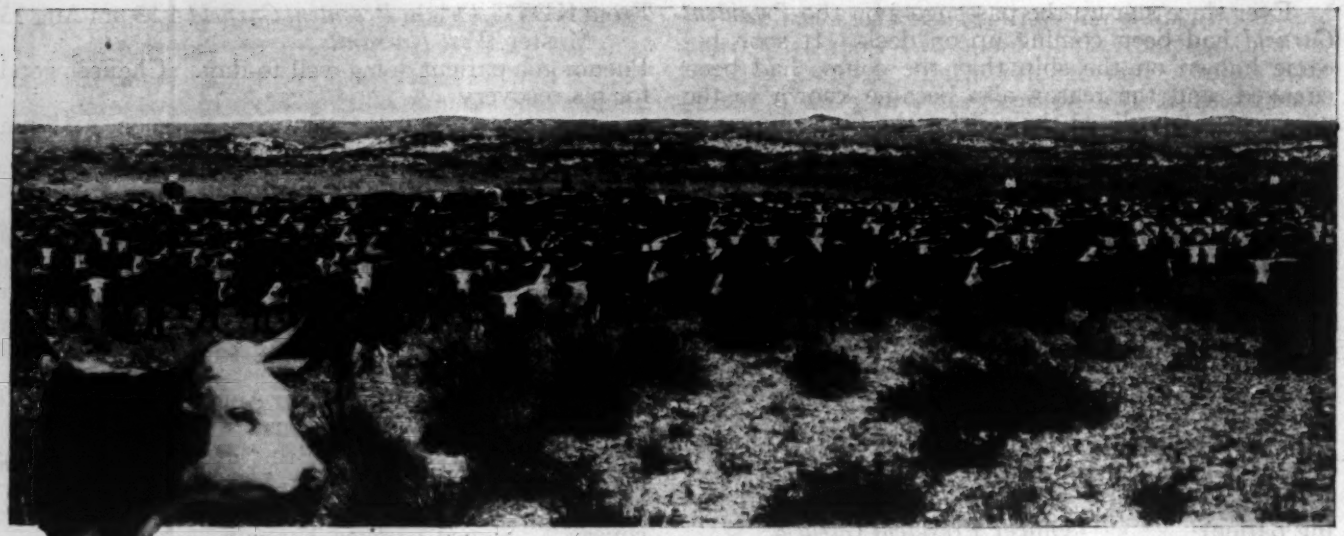
From KDTC 7 16 pm Aug 16
Master *West Norranus*
Patient doing fine. No temperature or fever
LOOK, Master *President Garfield*, 7 30 pm

. . .

Following is an extract from Captain Look's voyage report on the *President* Garfield:

August 12, 1922:

At midnight gave medical advice to s/s *West Norranus*, also position 40-26, 56-15. *West Norranus* in Lat. 39-15 Long. 57-22, steering 63 true. At 4 a.m. received message from Master s/s *West Norranus*, requesting that we stop and take off or render medical aid to one of his crew. At 4:25 altered course to South. . . . Transferred patient at 12:24 LAT or 4:10 p.m. Diverted steaming distance: 76 miles. Time off course: 6 H. 18 M. Stopped: 1 H. 37 M. Total time: 7 H. 55M.



Roosevelt himself had been a rancher and sympathized with the cattlemen

Roosevelt and the Fight for Railroad Rate Regulation

By Murdo Mackenzie *in collaboration with* Neil M. Clark

I FIRST met Theodore Roosevelt shortly after he became President, after he had served out President McKinley's term of office. Judge Cowan of Texas and I had been granted a twenty-minute interview to state the case, as we saw it, for giving to the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to regulate railroad rates. Judge Cowan was attorney for the American National Live Stock Association, and I was its president.

Western cattlemen found the railroad situation then existing intolerable. There was no rate regulation except through the courts. That was slow, uncertain, costly, and entirely out of the reach of most shippers. The powers conferred on the Interstate Commerce Commission were limited to the investigation of alleged abuses. The Commission might find that a given rate appeared to be unfair or discriminatory, and that finding might be used as evidence if a lawsuit ensued. But the individual shipper had to take his case to court and fight it through against the vast financial and legal resources of the railroads, which were then at the height of their power.

There were illegal practices, too. Rebates, for example, although a law forbidding them was in existence, were freely given by the unscrupulous ones among the railroad men. Honest railroad officials were virtually forced to follow their example, and the practice increased rather than diminished, since the law, through lack of enforcement, remained a dead letter. Many Western communities were served by only one line. The result was that many of us, as shippers, had to pay a heavy penalty. It was because of these conditions that the cattlemen and other shippers of live stock bore the brunt of the fight to place the regulatory power in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission. During that fight I learned to know and admire the qualities in Theodore Roosevelt that made him a great man and a great President.

An incident that occurred in the early part of 1904 will show the attitude of the railroads and why we had to make the fight. Rates had already been raised arbitrarily two times, and a third raise was threatened—all within eighteen months.

I went to Chicago to see my friend, the late Paul Morton, then vice-president of the Santa Fé, one of the offending roads. I hoped I could state our case to him in such a way that he would see the injustice and unwisdom of the proposed increase.

"If you go ahead," I told him, "something is bound to happen. The cattlemen have had enough. They won't stand any more."

Paul Morton was an honest man, and a just man —but he was a thorough railroad man.

"The railroads," he told me frankly, "know what they are going to do. They won't back down now. They know about your opposition, but they believe, if there is ever going to be a show-down, it might as well come now. The railroads have all the money in the world to fight with. They were never stronger. That's our case. What can you do about it?"

"I'll tell you what we can do about it," I replied. "We can hold a meeting of cattlemen. We'll call it in Denver. We will arouse the sentiment of the various interests against the railroads, and we'll get ready to fight. If you force it to a fight, and go ahead as you say you will, you'll be licked as sure as you're sitting there!"

Morton would not be convinced. Nobody knew better than he that, in comparison with the wealth and influence of the railroads, we were insignificant. But he did not realize that the cattlemen had suffered to the point where they would suffer no more.

We called the meeting in Denver. It was there that I was appointed, with Judge Cowan, to go to

Washington to see what could be done to further legislation to put the power to regulate rates in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission. We arranged to see the President. We were casual callers in a busy day for him. He informed us, when we explained our object, that he wanted to place the power to regulate rates with the Department of Labor and Commerce. I told him I did not think his plan was sound.

"It might be all right," I said, "as long as you remain President, to have the regulatory power in a department where you can directly control it. But what will happen afterward? We do not know who is going to be the next President, nor whom he will appoint in the Department of Labor and Commerce.

"Besides, to regulate rates fairly, a vast amount of investigation is necessary. You haven't the time for that. It can only be safely intrusted to a commission. You have such a body already created in the Interstate Commerce Commission. For myself, I would rather trust the judgment and probity of seven men than one."

This interview took place very soon after he was elected to office after serving out President McKinley's term. I did not see the President again for perhaps six months. In the meantime, he evidently changed his mind, for his message to Congress in November recommended placing the power to regulate railroad rates with the Interstate Commerce Commission. I went to Washington again to see what could be done to further such legislation.

Of course, the railroads were bitterly opposed to regulation in any shape or form, and they were strengthened in their opposition by the attitude of many corporations. Curiously, one of the first men I met in Washington was Paul Morton.

Murdo Mackenzie

Famous Cattleman and Friend of Roosevelt

MURDO MACKENZIE has had an eventful and distinguished career. He is and has been for years a powerful, constructive force among Western cattlemen. Born near Tain, Scotland, seventy-two years ago, he attended the public schools and an academy until he was eighteen years old. He worked in a bank for a salary of nothing a week to learn the business, doing odd jobs at night to help earn his living.

His energy attracted attention, and the factor of a neighboring estate took him out of the bank and made him his assistant. Here Mackenzie got his first experience in managing large landed properties. The estate comprised about five hundred thousand acres, with sheep, tenants, and game preserves that made a thousand and one details to take care of.

Mackenzie was thirty-five when he was offered a position as cashier and treasurer—he later became manager—of a great cattle ranch in the United States, located in Colorado, New Mexico, and Texas. He accepted this position, and in 1885, when the West was still a wild land of cow-boys and six-shooters, he came to the United States.

Ever since that time Murdo Mackenzie has been identified with vast cattle interests, as a manager and owner, and always his work has been turned toward upbuilding and improvement. In 1911, when he was sixty-one years old, he went to Brazil to organize a ranch of *nine million* acres. He remained there for several years, and still holds interests in that country. Mackenzie is just as active as ever in business to-day, though he is past seventy.

Public work in the line of his duty has occupied a share of his time. In 1901 he was president of the Cattle-Raisers' Association of Texas. In 1904 he became president of the American National Live Stock Association, and he held that office for several terms, until 1911. He served with Gifford Pinchot on the Commission on the Conservation of Natural Resources.

President Roosevelt, in "A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open," paid him this tribute:

> During my term as President he was, on the whole, the most influential of the Western cattle-growers. He was a leader of the far-seeing and enlightened element. He was a most powerful supporter of the government in the fight for the conservation of our natural resources, for the utilization without waste of our forests and pastures, for honest treatment of everybody, and for the shaping of governmental policy in the interest of the small settler, the home-maker.

As a man I liked Morton immensely. There was never a doubt about where he stood on any matter. If he said a thing, he meant it; if he promised a thing, he did it. But with most of his opinions on railroad matters I was in absolute disagreement.

Morton had originally come to know Theodore Roosevelt, I believe, during an election campaign, when the two men traveled together for some time over the Santa Fé. They undoubtedly discussed the railroad situation thoroughly then. At any rate, Morton at some time frankly let Roosevelt know that he was forced to give rebates to some shippers, that he hated the practice as an evasion of the national law, and that he would be glad to do everything in his power to help abolish the abuse. When Roosevelt became President he called on Morton to redeem his pledge, which Morton did by giving evidence when no other railroad man could be found to do it.

Of course, Morton came in for a good deal of criticism. It was said that, on his own admissions, he ought to be prosecuted; but Roosevelt stood behind him, and finally challenged the critics by making Morton his Secretary of the Navy. He held that office when I chanced to meet him.

"What are *you* doing in Washington?" Morton asked me.

"I guess you know that!" I replied.

"Are you going to see the President?"

"I hope to see him."

"I can," Morton offered, "put you on a better footing with him than anybody else could."

"No," I replied; "I wouldn't want you to do that. While I'm here and you're where you are, we are on opposite sides of the fence. You had better not have anything to do with me. If you helped me with the

President, it might very easily get back to your railroad friends and injure you with them."

"Don't worry about that!" he laughed; and he went on to say that dozens of people had told Mr. Ripley—then president of the Santa Fé—that as long as Paul Morton was a vice-president of the road they would not do any business with it.

"You see," he added, with a smile, "I've done worse things than *this!*"

So it happened that on the following morning at eight o'clock, long before I supposed a cabinet member would be in his office, I received a telephone call at my room in the hotel. Secretary Morton's secretary asked me to come to the department at once. As soon as I arrived, Morton went with me to the White House. The secretaries had free access to the executive chamber, and we saw the President immediately. Morton introduced me.

"Oh, I know Mackenzie!" Roosevelt said.

A brief interview in a crowded day—the passage of six strenuous months—yet he still remembered me. But that was Roosevelt.

"Anything that Mackenzie tells you," Secretary Morton went on, "you can rely on. It will be the truth and the facts as he sees them."

I mention this because it explains in part the intimate basis on which I later worked with the President.

We talked a minute or so; then Roosevelt waved his hand in the direction of the outer office.

"You observe that forty or fifty people are waiting to see me this morning," he said. "Can you come back later?"

"My time," I replied, "is yours."

That afternoon we spent an hour or more discussing the proposed legislation and the manner of securing its enactment, and I was able at that time fully to state my views and to learn those of the President.

Senator Elkins was the chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Senator Dolliver of Iowa was one of the Republican members. Senator Tillman was the leading Democratic member. The Republicans had a majority on the committee, all of whom, except Senator Dolliver and Senator Cullom of Illinois, were more or less hand-in-glove with Senator Elkins.

Elkins and Roosevelt

ELKINS never worked harmoniously with the President in his attitude regarding his regulation proposals. Neither were Roosevelt and Tillman on good terms, and the reasons were public property. This therefore created a difficult situation in the Senate committee, as this committee was required to pass on the proposed legislation. But Roosevelt was a fighter.

Shortly after my meeting with the President under the auspices of Secretary Morton, Judge Cowan and I endeavored to get a hearing before the Senate committee. We were unsuccessful.

"We've heard all you've got to tell us," they said.

It seemed final. If it *was* final, it put an end to anything that we could do in Washington. I went to the White House to say good-by to the President.

"Did you get everything you wanted?" he asked.

"We didn't get *anything* we wanted!" I replied. I told him about our failure with the committee.

"Can you," he asked, "wait over for another day?"

"I can wait a week, if necessary," I replied; "I'm here for this business, and it's the most important thing I have to do."

"All right," Roosevelt said; "*I'll* get you in."

He Got Us In

I DO not know what he did; but the following day Judge Cowan and I were summoned before the Senate committee. We were told that we would be allowed thirty-five minutes to say what we had to say—twenty-five minutes for Judge Cowan and ten for me. The Judge rose first. He had with him a brief as thick as a good-sized law book.

"I can not do more, of course," he said, referring to the brief, "than touch on the high spots of this, and I hope you will be good enough to allow it to go into the record."

That was agreed to.

Before Judge Cowan had been talking long, a very large man sitting across the table interrupted with a question. Senator Elkins, who was presiding, silenced him.

"We do not permit cross-questioning during the hearings," he said. "If you have any questions to ask, save them and ask them afterward."

Judge Cowan had made an exhaustive study of his subject, and I was anxious for just such questions as this man might have in mind to be answered in the hearing of the committee. So I wrote a note and passed it to Senator Dolliver, whom I knew. He had a whispered word or two with Senator Elkins, who said:

"Go ahead and ask your question. We'll make an exception to our rules in this case."

It did not take Judge Cowan more than two minutes to demonstrate that he knew far more about the whole subject than his questioner did. This impressed the committee favorably, as I had hoped it would. Therefore, when Judge Cowan's time was up I told him to continue and use my time. He did so. The further he progressed, the more interesting were the facts that he began to bring out. The members of the committee were forced to conclude that we had a real case, and that it needed to be heard.

The following day, Saturday, was not usually given over to committee meetings; but they decided to make an exception for us, and they allowed us *the whole day!*

After the first hearing I was standing outside the door of the committee-room. The large man who had questioned Judge Cowan appeared. He had aroused my curiosity, and I accosted him.

"Whom do you represent?" I asked.

"*I*" he said, throwing out his chest, "represent the widows and orphans of New England."

"Well," I suggested, "that's a pretty big order."

He laughed, and I discovered that he was a good fellow. He proved to be the attorney for a group of savings banks. Later he proved very helpful as the discussions about the legislation progressed step by step. I discovered that he had been retained to fight the proposed legislation on the grounds that the savings banks, his clients, had heavy investments in railroad bonds. They feared that if railroad rates were regulated, these bonds would depreciate. That was merely *one* source of the intense and powerful opposition the proposed law had to combat.

The task of preparing the President's bill was given to Senator Dolliver and it was actually written by him and Judge Cowan.

While the bill was in course of preparation I came into the very closest touch with Roosevelt.

The central figure in the front row is Murdo Mackenzie; Theodore Roosevelt is shown surrounded by typical Americans with whom he was very much at home

I saw him repeatedly, day after day, and almost every day, and every clause of the bill as prepared was taken up with him and thoroughly discussed, and approved or revised or discarded.

In these conferences I was deeply impressed by the President's sincerity, by his deep wish to do what would serve best the largest number of people, and by his courage without compromise where right was concerned.

I remember being with him one day when a group of politicians from Oklahoma was shown in.

"Don't go," he said to me.

So I sat through what followed. It was brief. The politicians had come to present the claims of a certain man for appointment to a public office. They were fully launched on a glowing description of his merits and qualifications. But Roosevelt stopped them.

"I may know more about this man," he said, "than you think I do. He is *not* fitted for that office, and I am not going to appoint him or anybody else to a public office when I know he is not qualified to hold it."

"But—" began the politicians.

"*No!*" said Roosevelt emphatically. "It will not do you the least good to talk about it. As far as I am concerned, the matter is settled. I will not appoint that man!"

Roosevelt had no "friends" when a question of right, public or private, was concerned. He may have been badly advised at times. He made mistakes. But, though I came to know him very well indeed, I would never have thought for one instant of going to him with anything or for anything that was *not right*. He was quicker to ferret out hypocrisy or lack of logic than any other man I have known.

I have mentioned the opposition of the New England savings banks to the railroad rate bill. The railroads, of course, were unanimous against it, and they had powerful supporters in high places. While Senator Dolliver's bill was in preparation, Senator Knox of Pennsylvania asked the President for a copy of it. The Senator said he had in mind one or two amendments. When he saw the President again, however, he handed in an entirely new and different bill of his own! A glance was sufficient to show that it incorporated all of the things that should *not* be enacted into law.

I was not present on that occasion, but Roosevelt told me with relish about it a few hours later. He took the Senator's revised bill and *tossed it into the waste-basket!*

Although Senator Dolliver, with Judge Cowan, actually wrote the bill, its authorship did not appear. It was given to Congressman Hepburn to father in the House, and on that account it was known as the Hepburn Rate Bill. Its passage was successfully manœuvered in the House, but a bitter fight ensued in the Senate.

An Important Meeting

WHILE the controversy was acute and the swing of public sentiment was an important matter, we arranged an important meeting in Chicago. Several of us had formed what we called the Inter-

state Commerce Law Convention, and invitations for the proposed meeting were prepared in the name of that organization. When the proof of the invitation came to me, I revised it a little, so that it requested the attendance of "those in favor of the President's railroad rate bill." Some of the others were doubtful of the wisdom of that insertion, but I insisted on it.

"Otherwise," I promised, "the railroads will be sure to pack the house against us. They will make every effort to turn the meeting *their* way instead of *our* way. I know what we have to fight!"

So certain was I that they would make some such attempt that before the meeting we went to the Chief of Police and arranged with him for the presence of six of his biggest policemen. In the lobby, close by the entrance, we placed a big book. There was a plain statement to the effect that all who signed their names in the book were in favor of the President's bill. And everybody who came had to sign that book or he could not get into the meeting!

The crowds began to arrive. Among them were representatives of the railroads, who came from as far away as California. Everybody was asked to sign the book. The railroad folks took one look at it and refused.

"We can't sign that!" they said.

"You've got to sign it or you can't get into this meeting!" we replied.

"But," they protested, "you sent out invitations."

"For a meeting of those in favor of the President's bill!"

They blustered. Some of them started to go in anyhow. But they encountered a stout uniformed resistance, which took the shape of brief arguments and, in some stubborn cases, summary ejection. The result was that the Opera House was crowded to the doors. It was peaceful, and it was solidly in favor of the passage of the President's bill.

Judge Cowan had evidenced some doubt about this procedure.

"The press," he argued, "may take it up as jeopardizing free speech."

"It is no such thing!" I insisted. "The purpose of the meeting was clearly stated in the invitations. Those who are *not* in favor of the President's bill have a perfect right to go somewhere else and hold a meeting if they want to, and keep *us* out. They can't come to *our* meeting and break it up!"

They did have a meeting of their own. But we sent a wire to the President saying that ours was the only one he need pay any attention to.

That was a sample of the kind of opposition which the proposed legislation encountered outside of Washington, and the opposition was equally acute in the Senate. The bill was finally approved in committee only by inducing all the Democratic members to vote for it.

"There's no chance in the world of passing your bill," Judge Cowan argued with them. They had a bill demanding virtually the same changes in the law, and were not anxious to support the administration bill. Judge Cowan had considerable trouble in convincing them.

But he did so. On his plea, the Democrats voted solidly with Senator Dolliver, and thus the bill was reported favorably in spite of the Republican majority against it. So incensed were the Republican members at this victory for the President that they appointed Senator Tillman, *a Democrat*, whose strained relations with Roosevelt were known to everybody, to sponsor the bill in the Senate! It was a mere bit of petty spite, but feeling was running high at the time, and it looked to me as if this move about put an end to our hopes of success. I called to see the President as soon as I heard the news.

"What's the matter?" he asked when he saw me. "You look as if you weren't feeling well."

"I am *not!*" I stated emphatically. "Have you heard what they have done with the bill?"

"You mean Tillman, of course!" Roosevelt replied. "Don't let that worry you. They have already accused me of being rather friendly with the Democrats, and now they are *forcing me to fight with them*. Tillman will get the credit for the bill. All right, let him! I don't care a rap about that. I'll be glad to go with him, or anybody else, just as long as he is going my way!"

Not long after this I was sitting in the lobby of my hotel. I saw our friend from New England leaving with his bags.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Are you going somewhere?"

"I'm going home," he replied. "You've won!"

It was true. With a minor amendment prepared by Attorney-General Moody, which in no way nullified the bill as prepared by Senator Dolliver and Judge Cowan, but which helped to win several votes that might otherwise have fallen on the other side of the fence, the bill was finally enacted in the Senate and duly became law.

In Brazil and Elsewhere

I OFTEN saw Roosevelt subsequently in other connections—in the West, at Washington, and in Brazil, where I was operating a ranch when he went on his expedition that resulted in the discovery of the River of Doubt.

He appointed me, in 1908, a member of the Commission on the Conservation of Natural Resources. In a letter dated June 8 of that year he wrote, in part:

> The work of the Commission should be conditioned upon keeping ever in mind the great fact that the life of the Nation depends absolutely on the material resources which have already made this Nation great. Our object is to conserve the foundations of our prosperity. We intend to use these resources; but to so use them as to conserve them. No effort should be made to limit the wise and proper development and application of these resources; every effort should be made to prevent destruction, to reduce waste, and to distribute the enjoyment of our natural wealth in such a way as to promote the greatest good of the greatest number for the longest time.
>
> The Commission must keep in mind the further fact that all the natural resources are so related that their use may be, and should be, coördinated. Thus, the development of water transportation, which requires less iron and less coal than rail transportation, will reduce the draft on mineral resources; the judicious development of forests will not only supply fuel and structural material but increase the navigability of streams, and so promote water transportation; and the control of streams will reduce soil erosion, and permit American farms to increase in fertility and productiveness, and so continue to feed the country and maintain a healthy and beneficial foreign commerce. The proper coördination of the use of our resources is a prime requisite for continued national prosperity.

I never saw Roosevelt under circumstances better calculated to bring out his qualities than during the fight for the Hepburn Rate Bill.

He was a real fighter. But his sincerity in everything he fought for was unparalleled and beyond question. His sense of justice was always dominant. He wanted but to know one thing: *what is right?* Once assured of that, argument persuasion, and force were alike powerless to move him from his efforts to attain it.

The Birth of Lincoln

As Told by the Grandson of Nancy Lincoln's Nurse

To Fred Lockley

Lincoln's birth-place on the Cave Spring Farm

DUNHAM WRIGHT, a relative of Abraham Lincoln, lives at Medical Springs, Oregon. He is eighty years old. While riding on horseback through eastern Oregon, I stopped overnight at his home, and he told me of his boyhood life of seventy-five years ago.

"I was born in Burlington, Vermont, March 13, 1842," said Mr. Wright. "My father, John D. Wright, was born in Virginia in 1807, and moved to Illinois just before he came of age.

"It was just about this time that the Hanks and Lincoln families also moved to Illinois. My father married Celia Hanks. She was the cousin of Abraham Lincoln, and like him was born in Kentucky. My father was a school-teacher as well as civil engineer. He brought with him to Illinois a small library of good books.

"My mother died when I was six years old, and I went to live with her mother and father, William and Elizabeth Hanks. My grandfather, William Hanks, was a Virginian by birth and had fought in the Revolutionary War.

"When I was about seven years old, my father married again, marrying Evaline Simmons. My father had four children by his first wife, Celia Hanks Wright, and six children by his second wife, my stepmother.

Lincoln's Hickory-Bark Reading Light

"ONE of the most vivid recollections of my boyhood days in Illinois is of hearing my father tell of how Abe, as they called President Lincoln in those days, used to bring in a great armful of hickory bark and throw it on the fireplace, so they would have plenty of light to read by. My father used to tell me how Abe, after they had eaten supper, would sit on the floor near the fireplace, with his back against the jamb and his legs extended before him, to read by the dancing flames of the hickory bark.

"One morning he was visiting my aunt, Nancy Hanks Miller. It was a cold morning, and my aunt noticed that Abe was shivering. She said: 'Why, Abe, you are nearly frozen.' 'Yes, it is pretty cold,' said Abe. 'No wonder you are cold; your breeches are nearly worn out,' said my aunt. Abe gave her a rather rueful smile and said, 'I know it, but I haven't any money to buy more.' 'I have enough jeans left to make a pair of pants,' said my aunt, 'and you can cut wood to pay for them.' 'That's a bargain,' said Abe; 'I will cut seven cords of wood if you will make me a pair of trousers.' He started out the next morning with a lunch my aunt put up for him, and walked six miles to the timber to cut wood, and my aunt made his jean trousers. He was very happy and proud of them.

Nancy's Baby Boy

"MY grandmother was a midwife. In those days the people on the frontier had to get along without doctors, and even if there had been doctors, a doctor was never called except when a person's life was despaired of.

"One time Thomas Lincoln came to my grandmother and told her that her services would be required before long. But the little chap put in appearance before he was expected. So, early in the

morning of February 12, 1809, Thomas Lincoln pulled the latch-string of my grandfather's cabin door and said to my grandmother, 'Elizabeth, Nancy has a boy baby; you had better come over to our house.' Grandmother was getting breakfast, so she hurried up the breakfast, put it on the table, and walked two miles to the Lincoln cabin on the hillside. Dennis, her oldest son, ran over there barefoot, not waiting for his breakfast.

"When grandmother got to Lincoln's cabin, she pulled the latch-string, entered the room, and saw Mrs. Lincoln lying in bed. 'How are you, Nancy?' she asked. 'I am comfortable,' said Mrs. Lincoln, and she turned the bed-covers back and showed my grandmother the new boy. Grandmother put a kettle of water on over the fireplace, stirring up the fire, and a few minutes later was giving the baby its first bath.

Lincoln's First Friend

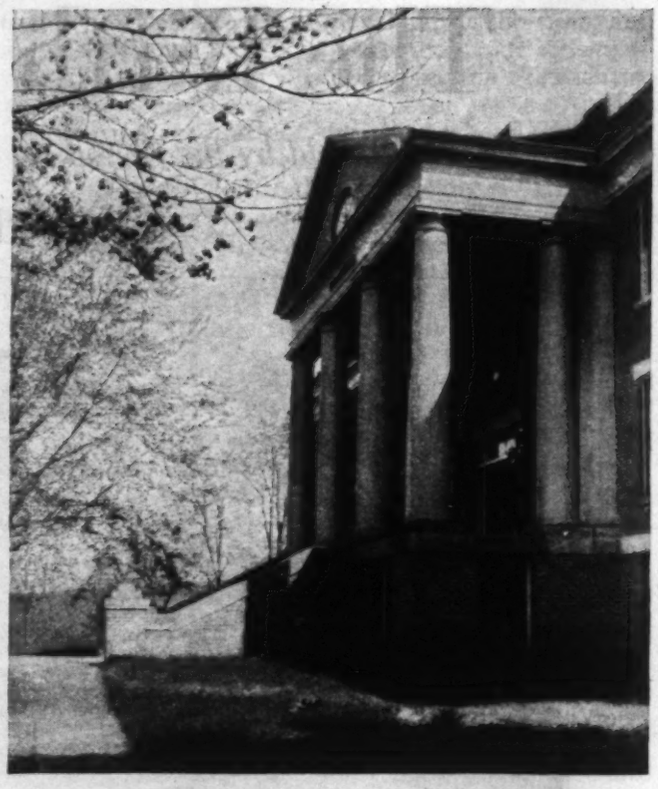
"I have often heard my grandmother tell how she dressed the newly arrived baby. She put a little slip on him, and outside of this she put on one made of hard-spun cloth, hand-woven. It was home dyed and light yellow in color.

"Dennis, the first one outside of the family to see the new baby, became a great pal of Abraham Lincoln.

"My grandmother loaned Abraham the Bible from which he took his first lessons. This Bible was given to me by my grandfather, and I still have it.

"Abe's mother did not live long. Her funeral sermon was preached by Parson Elkins.

"My uncle, John Hanks, and Abraham Lincoln used to split rails. They also worked together making flat-boats on which they would travel down the Mississippi to New Orleans with bacon and other produce raised by the neighbors. At New Orleans they would sell the boat and the produce, receiving Mexican silver dollars in exchange, then walk back to Illinois.



The entrance to one of the Lincoln Memorial University buildings at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee

"The making of a flat-boat in those days was quite an accomplishment. It usually took two men all winter to make one of these large wooden scows. The timbers were hewed with a broad-ax and pinned together with strong wooden pins.

Dunham Wright; his mother was Celia Hanks, a cousin of Abraham Lincoln

Lincoln's Great Strength

"One of the loads that my uncle, John Hanks, and Abraham Lincoln took down the river consisted of a number of live fat hogs. The hogs refused to be driven on the boat, so Lincoln solved the question by saying, 'If they won't go on their own will, I will carry them aboard.' And he proceeded to do so.

"As some of these hogs weighed nearly three hundred pounds and kicked and squealed and struggled, you may know Lincoln had great muscular strength.

"Years afterward it was some of these moss-covered hickory rails split by Uncle John Hanks and Abraham Lincoln that were carried into the Republican Convention and caused Abraham Lincoln to receive the name 'Rail-Splitter.' It was these same old moss-covered rails split by Abraham Lincoln and my uncle that caused a great demonstration for Lincoln when he was made Republican candidate for President."

NOTE:—After the death of Lincoln's mother in Indiana, and after the family had moved westward and had joined John Hanks, near Decatur in Illinois, John Dunham Wright was among their neighbors, the early settlers of the same region, according to the history of Macon County in the Illinois Historical Collections. The New England Genealogical Record tells us that he was a farmer in the West and married to Celia Hanks, Lincoln's cousin. From the Adjutant-General's muster-roll of the Black Hawk War we learn that John D. Wright was orderly sergeant in Captain Pugh's company from Decatur under the command of Colonel Johnson at the time when Lincoln was captain of his own company from Sangamon County. Onstots's history of Macon County says that later, in the '40's, John D. Wright lived at Petersburg and built the first bridge of the region over the Sangamon Rive.

Lincoln's Mother

How American Historians Regard Nancy Hanks

DUNHAM WRIGHT is the son of Abraham Lincoln's cousin, Celia Hanks Wright—Celia Hanks before her marriage to Mr. John D. Wright. Celia Hanks (Wright) was the niece of Nancy Hanks (Lincoln), Abraham Lincoln's mother.

According to the "Ancestry of Abraham Lincoln," by J. Henry Lea and J. R. Hutchinson, Nancy Hanks, born February 5, 1784, was left an orphan at her parents' death in 1793. She married on the 12th of June, 1804, Thomas Lincoln; and her uncle, Richard Berry, became surety on the marriage bond. She became the mother of Sarah Lincoln in 1807, of Abraham Lincoln in 1809, and of Thomas Lincoln, a younger child, who died in babyhood. He was buried in the old cemetery near the Cave Spring Farm, where Abraham Lincoln was born.

Dr. Christopher Graham, who attended the wedding of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, says, according to Miss Tarbell's history:

"I saw Nancy Hanks Lincoln at her wedding, a fresh-looking girl, I should say over twenty. I was at the infare, too, given by John H. Parrott, her guardian—and only girls with money had guardians appointed by the court. We had bear-meat, venison, wild turkey, and ducks' eggs, wild and tame, so common that you could buy them at two bits a bushel; maple sugar, swung on a string to bite off for coffee or whisky; syrup in big gourds; peach and honey; a sheep that the two families barbecued whole over coals of wood burned in a pit, and covered with green boughs to keep the juice in."

"Nancy Hanks," says Dr. Robert H. Browne, "was a healthy, pleasant-appearing, confiding, shapely fashioned, if not a handsome woman. She had more than an ordinary education and knowledge of affairs for her time."

"The home into which the child [Abraham Lincoln] was born," says Miss Tarbell, "was the ordinary one of the poorer Western pioneer, a one-roomed cabin with a huge outside chimney, a single window, and a rude door. The description of its squalor and wretchedness, which is so familiar, has been overdrawn. Dr. Graham, than whom there is no better authority on the life of that day, and who knew Thomas Lincoln well, declares energetically that "it is all stuff about Tom Lincoln keeping his wife in an open shed in the winter. The Lincolns had a cow and calf, milk and butter, a good feather bed—for I have slept on it. They had home-woven 'Kiverlids,' big and little pots, a loom and wheel. Tom Lincoln was a man and took care of his wife."

This farm where Abraham Lincoln was born was on some of the poorest farm-land in the section, according to Mr. J. Roger Gore's record of the memories of Austin Gollaher, a childhood friend of Abraham Lincoln's in the region of his birth. But Thomas Lincoln had been attracted to the place by its most striking possession—a spring in a cave, from which flowed a pure cold water. However, when Abraham Lincoln was four years old the family moved away from the Cave Spring Farm, near which the baby who had died was buried, to a farm on Knob Creek, about fifteen miles away.

When Abraham Lincoln was seven years old, his father again moved the family northwestward to Indiana. Austin Gollaher tells us that a few days before they left their Kentucky home at Knob Creek, he and his mother, Mrs. Gollaher, and Abraham Lincoln, then a little boy, and his sister Sarah, of nine years, went with Mrs. Lincoln to say good-by to the grave of her baby, near the Cave Spring Farm.

"We went in their old spring-wagon, pulled by Mr. Keith's mule and one of my father's. Mrs. Lincoln covered the grave with wild flowers and vines we had gathered along the way. Then we all kneeled down there on the hillside, and my mother prayed while Mrs. Lincoln said good-by to the little mound under the sheltering trees. On the way back, we stopped at the old Cave Spring to get a drink of that good water; and we climbed the hill to the cabin in which Abe was born, that his mother might look on it once again before she left."

It was the last time that Nancy Hanks Lincoln and Abraham Lincoln ever saw place where the boy was born.

"God bless my mother. All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to her."

Mothers

By Venita Seibert White

ON that strange day when underneath my heart
I felt the first faint stir, and all my soul
Mounted on shimmering wings, from pole to pole
Earth echoed with your voices, field and mart
Were peopled with your faces, and, apart,
I viewed you, mothers of the world, twice-crowned
With thorns and deathless roses, brows all bound
About with patience, love your greatest art.

I knew the meaning of your name at last.—
Of Greek Demeter's calm enfolding grace;
Of my own mother's eyes, closed now so fast
Of Hagar's woe out in the desert space;
Of that dim shrine where once I bowed and passed
The brooding mystery of Mary's face.

In this game of American versus Turk—

The Consul Plays His Ace

By Donald McGibeny

"BUT, Effendi, the Hawajah Consul is but now stepping into his bath. He lets nothing interfere with that."

Tommy Quinn, Irish-American, strode past Sadich into the open, tessellated court of the consulate. His face was flushed and excited as he turned on the servant.

"You tell him, from me, that his bath can wait and I can't. I've got to see him at once."

Sadich gazed in scared awe at the stocky, well built figure pacing up and down the court, touched fingers to breast, mouth, and forehead, and obeyed.

Tommy Quinn had reached Syria only two months before, but in that short time he had upset more conventions, stirred up more trouble, and become more beloved to natives and colonists alike than others who had lived there a life-time. It may have been the combination of blue eyes, freckles, and that tangled thatch of red curls which set every feminine heart in Alexandretta thumping; it was partly the enthusiastic joy in which he entered the social life and dominated it; but, most of all, it was because of his open warfare against Shuweifat Pasha, governor of the Province of Aleppo, and his degenerate son, Shewket Bey.

Before Tommy's arrival, Shuweifat had had everything his own way. Public men who incurred his displeasure were knifed in broad daylight, while Shuweifat leered at the widow from his carriage, took the daughters for his harem, and said his prayers to Mohammed daily.

There had been a horse race during the athletic carnival after Ramadan which Shewket Bey had entered. So had Tommy. Every one knew that Turkish etiquette demanded that the *Vali's* son be allowed to win—every one except Tommy. Tommy not only beat Shewket Bey in the horse race, but when that pampered youth lost his temper and slashed at the American's horse with his whip. Tommy had promptly pulled Shewket to the ground and, before the eyes of the astonished and delighted audience, had thrashed him to within an inch of his life. After that, Tommy's life became very cheap and very interesting. Small wonder Sadich took one look at Quinn's set jaw and hurried away in search of the consul.

DESPITE Tommy's insistence, wild yells from above showed that the consul was at his ablutions. After forty years in the Orient, life runs in a fixed groove that seldom varies. He soon appeared, dressed in a baggy linen suit, pink as a babe from his morning shower.

"Now, son, what is it? Excuse that noise. Wasn't me—it was that boy Sadich. He can't stand seeing all that clean cold water poured over me without yelling."

Tommy Quinn swung a leg over the consul's desk.

"They've taken Neville."

The consul's face puckered into a frown.

"Shuweifat?" Tommy nodded his head. "When?"

"Last night—two in the mornin', rather. Broke into his house and tore it to pieces. Holy saints, I wish you could see it. Dragged Elys out of bed—"

The thought drove him to his feet. He turned his back on the consul and walked over to the pool in the center of the court. His face was white when he rounded on the other man.

"That dir-rty little beast Shewket did it to get even with me."

"You've been up there?" the consul asked.

"Yes. Rode by there this marnin', and stopped to investigate when I saw a Turkish soldier guardin' the place. The scut wouldn't let me by at fir-rst. I convinced him, an' when I got inside I found Elys havin' a fine fit of hysterics."

"Wait a minute, son," the consul asked, with a frown. "Just how did you convince that Turkish soldier?"

"If ye want to know, sir," Tommy spoke up without hesitation, "I kicked him downstairs and told him if he'd bring Shewket around I'd treat him the same way."

HE slashed at his puttees with his riding-crop and went back to the pool. The consul hid a smile with his big hairy hand and shook his head.

"Son, I wish you'd go home. You're sure playing hob with international amity. Don't you know you're under Turkish law here?"

"Turkish law? There's no such thing," Tommy threw over his shoulder. "If there was, they'd hang that old buzzard Shuweifat higher than a kite. He makes his own laws and breaks them as he pleases."

"But you can't change that in a day. That's the way these people have been ruled since the year one."

"Well, let's take no more time discussin' that," Quinn said impatiently, coming back to the desk. "What are we goin' to do about Neville?"

"What are *we* going to do? I can't get mixed up in it."

"Shure, you're not goin' to let these high-binders get away with this thing, are ye?"

The consul rubbed his hand through his tousled gray hair perplexedly.

"Son, wait a minute! I'm the constituted authority of our government. Anything I do is official. Now, if Neville was an American it'd be different, but he's a Swiss."

"He's a white man an' he's human," Quinn argued, holding back his temper. Then, appealingly: "Listen. You haven't got this thing right, or else one of us is stupid. They broke into that house last night at two o'clock in the marnin' and simply tore it to pieces. They grabbed Neville before he was half dressed and threw him into prison; they pulled little Elys around the house in her night-dress, handlin' her and pinchin' her and laughin' at her—"

There was an ache in his throat as he spoke. For

a moment he stopped and ground one fist in the palm of his other hand.

"Now, listen, sir. I don't often get angry—but I'm that way now. Either you do somethin' or I'll be runnin' amuck before the day's through."

The consul's mouth was a straight line.

"Where's the girl now?"

"Up at the missionary college, where they can't get at her."

"Where's Neville?"

"Rotting in that stinkin' prison. They wouldn't let me see him, but they've got him in one of the basement cells with a cesspool runnin' through the middle of it, facin' the street. I was able to pass him some oranges through the gratin'. Holy saints, I wish ye could smell the place! It's enough to make your flesh crawl."

The consul pulled a pipe from his pocket, filled it, and pushed the tobacco down angrily with his thumb. He struck a match as if he would tear the head off it, and puffed the tobacco into a red glow.

"That man Neville"—*puff*—"ain't got the sense God gave a goose"—*puff, puff*. "He ought to have a nurse. When the Ottoman Bank busted"—*puff*—"I told him to get out of the country while he could"—*puff*—"but he would stay on, because he said it wouldn't look right for him to leave." *Puff, puff*. "Aren't there a lot of misguided idiots cluttering up the earth?"

"I wisht ye could see him," the boy added, "standin' there in the black ooze, dejected, like a wet pullet. They didn't give him time to get on anything but pants and an under-shirt, an' there he stands, as dignified as if he was on parade. Ye'd laugh if ye wasn't choked wit' pity, as I was. He thinks he's goin' to be killt. They wouldn't do that, d'ye think?"

The consul, frowning, put down his pipe and began to rummage in the drawer of his desk.

"Son, you've got a persuading way—I'm sorry you ever came out here. You've given me more trouble, but—there are no two ways about it—you get me to side with you whether I want to or not."

He pawed over a mass of letters and cards in the bottom of a drawer. Suddenly he stopped and picked a red, white, and blue card from the pile. On it was printed Republican National Convention—1892. He studied it a moment, grunted with amusement, and looked up at Tommy Quinn with twinkling eyes.

"There's an Italian steamer in the harbor, isn't there?"

Tommy nodded. The consul leaned back in his chair and once more studied the card in his hand.

"Well—that boat ought to leave port about ten o'clock to-night—and maybe—this here card'll get Mr. Neville out of jail and on that there boat."

AT eight o'clock that evening, Tommy Quinn paced up and down a narrow, sandy spit, trying to beat down his apprehensive impatience as he waited for the consul to bring Neville. Now that they were fairly launched on their wild plan of rescue, a thousand doubts assailed him; yet he could hardly have picked a better night or a safer place from which to start. The swift Oriental twilight had all but blotted out the landscape. Behind him the headland, a tumbled mass of broken rock, rose sharply to the roadway above; in front the Mediterranean lay, calmly dark to the horizon. Close to the water, the two native boatman who were to take them to the steamer crouched, in their tattered rags, beside a clumsy fishing-boat and bickered in guttural Arabic.

"Tommee!" a voice called softly in the darkness.

Tommy Quinn hurried over to a slight form huddled against the rocks.

"What is it, Elys?"

Usually the readiest of lovers, under the anxiety of the moment his manner was almost brusque.

"No-thing."

He heard her choke back a sob, and the sound brought him to his knees beside her.

"Forgive me, darlint," he whispered, patting her hand. "Sure, I'm as nervous as a bride on her weddin' night. Is it that you're afraid and all?"

She snuggled close to him.

"Not now—I was bifore. No one could be frighten' weeth you, Tommee."

Before he knew what she was doing, she lifted his hand to her warm cheek. Tommy blushed to the roots of his hair and jerked his hand away.

"Holy Jupiter! Stop it, now! You mustn't be doin' such things."

"W'y not?"

"Because—well—don't do it! It's not right. Ye'll have me forgettin' what we're here for. Besides, it's dangerous."

"Dangerous?"

"Have ye not noticed me hair is red?" he said, dropping into the brogue of his forebears. "Me ancestors made love to so many women, nature put this flamin' top-knot on them, to warn the sweet things the Quinns are susceptible to love-makin.' "

"Soos—soosceptible?" Elys cooed.

"Sure. It's the curse of the Quinns—love-makin'. It's made us what we are and what we ain't. It's made us powerful but lazy. Now, take yourself, for instance: when you look at me wit' your pretty, laughin' eyes, and pout your sweet lips—"

He suddenly rose to his feet and shook his head.

"An' that's no way for Tommy Quinn to be talkin' on a love night like this, wit' not a blessed priest within a thousand miles."

He heard muffled exclamations in French from the rocks above.

"Glory be, they've come at last," he sighed with relief, and climbed up toward the pair who were making a cautious descent into the cove.

Neville, seeing a figure spring out of the darkness close to him, bleated once and scrambled back up the rocks like a fat little goat. The consul grabbed him and half dragged, half pushed him down to the spit. His joy at finding his daughter was pitiful. He smothered her with kisses, tears, and polyglot French.

Tommy and the consul gave them a moment to themselves.

"You'd never guess, from that, the time I had getting him here. Half the time he was too darned dignified to move, and the rest of the time he was too scared to sit still."

"How did you get him out?"

"Got a picture of him from the girl, pasted it on that red, white, and blue ticket, presented it to the chief of police and said he was temporarily under the protection of the Emperor of Kalamazoo."

"And, faith, didn't they object to lettin' him go?"

"Oh, yes—considerable. And I expect they're going to do a lot more objecting when they find there is no Emperor of Kalamazoo. But it worked, and you'll have Neville and the little girl on board that steamer before they find out how they've been buncoed. Got everything fixed?"

"Yes. Two first-class passages to Alexandria and a boat to take us to the ship."

"Don't say *us!*" the consul snapped. "Right here's as far as I go."

"All right," Tommy chuckled. "We won't be needin' ye. I'll take them to the steamer meself. Go over an' break up the family par-rty. It's time we were startin' if we're goin' to make the boat before moonrise."

THE consul had separated Neville from his daughter and was guiding them toward the boat, when he heard Tommy say:

"What do you mean, ye won't row that boat? Get in there, ye dir-rty spalpeens, before I lose me temper completely."

Followed a shower of Arabic.

"What's the trouble?" the consul called.

"They won't take us, the dir-rty scuts."

"Wait, son! Let me talk to them."

He walked over to the tattered boatmen, who were standing sullenly by the boat. He argued with them quietly at first, in their own tongue, explaining how little they had to do and how much money they would receive. They shook their heads. Somehow, they knew the venture was dangerous, and fear of the police paralyzed them. The consul doubled his offer; still they shook their heads.

"Here, let me try," Tommy said, grabbing up the end of a rope. "Now, get into that boat!"

He lashed at one of them, who howled and ran away into the darkness. The other one fell to his knees and started to beat his breast, but a stinging lash of the rope sent him scampering after his fellow. Tommy turned to the consul.

"What'll we do now?"

The consul took off his battered straw hat and rubbed his head.

"Seeing you did so well just then, suppose you tell me."

The boy walked over to the clumsy fishing-boat.

"Can you row?"

"No, you don't," the big man insisted, starting toward the rocks. "I like you, son, but when it comes to trying to scull one of these Syrian mud-scows—"

"Do ye realize, sir, what it means if we don't get them on that boat?"

"I realize my figure won't stand oaring that boat around the sea for an hour."

From the road above came a shrill whistle and the clatter of horses' hoofs.

"What's that?" Tommy whispered.

"The police. Keep still!"

Tommy grabbed the consul's arm.

"Now ye've got to help me, sir. It's too late to tur-rn back. The only chanct is the boat. Ye can't mean you're goin' to let Shuweifat have that sweet child back there to put in one of his dir-rty harems! I'll see her dead and her soul in heaven before I'll let that happen."

"Darn your buttons!" the consul muttered. "Go get 'em quick!"

Tommy dashed over to where Neville was hiding, and dragged him, whimpering with fear, into the open and over to the boat. Catching the Swiss round the waist, he lifted him into it, and helped Elys in after. The consul on one side, Tommy on the other, they tried to shove off; but the heavy boat only rolled from side to side.

"Oh!" Elys gasped. "They are coming!"

One of the Arab boatmen, hearing them in his boat and emboldened by the presence of the police, rushed out of the darkness and grabbed Tommy's arm, chattering like a monkey. Tommy kicked his bare shins viciously, and that hindrance was gone.

"Stop!" a sharp call came from the rocks behind them.

"Now!" Tommy panted, heaving at the boat till his temples ached.

The boat moved. Another mighty shove and it slid into the water, with the consul and Tommy floundering in its wake.

"Get in first!" Tommy commanded.

A light flashed behind them as the consul tried to obey. With the boy boosting from the rear, he finally rolled into the bark, and lay, weakly gasping for breath. A quick lift took Tommy over the side. He grabbed an oar and shoved the boat farther out into the cove as two shadowy figures with flashlights rushed to the water's edge. He gave another shove with the oar, then felt himself pulled backward.

"Lie down! They're going to shoot," warned the consul.

Even as he spoke, there was a flash, and the angry whine of a bullet over their heads. Tommy laughed.

"Missed at twenty yards."

"You keep that red thatch of yours down, son, or they'll have something to shoot at."

There were two more pistol-shots; then excited questions in Arabic.

"That settles it," the consul groaned. "These precious boatmen of yours are telling the whole blamed story."

"Shure; that means we've got to hurry. Since you won't help me and Neville's useless, I'll just see what I can do meself."

Tommy began fitting one of the heavy oars to the wooden pegs that served as oar-locks. Behind him he could see the lights of the Turkish police wink and blink as they climbed to the road. A moment after, the staccato beat of horses' hoofs told him they were on their way back to rouse the port and cut off their chance of escape. He felt some one standing beside him, and turned to find the consul lugging the other oar.

"Move over," he grunted. "Oh, I'm going to help you to-night, but, by Godfrey, I'll bet I get you a passport home the first thing in the morning."

AT first the two men, unused to the heavy oars, thrashed at the water, while the boat drifted aimlessly in a circle; but, under the consul's tutelage, Tommy learned to manipulate the blade Arabic fashion, and they slowly crept from the cove into the open sea.

Although he was panting for breath from his unaccustomed exertion and his mind dwelt unpleasantly on the future, the consul felt a sweet satisfaction in the adventure. He seemed to have sloughed twenty years off his age. The waves flashed phosphorescence around the boat as the oars swirled the water into miniature whirlpools. The salty tang of the fish-nets in the bottom of the boat stung the nostrils, yet did not entirely obliterate the spicy, pungent smell of the land.

Five minutes of steady rowing brought them around the headland. The breeze was freshening, and already a few stars showed in the velvet canopy overhead. The lamp-lit sweep of Alexandretta slowly spread out before them like a panorama, backed by the mountains, whose ridgy peaks glowed with the moon's first pale beams. Close by, on the left, a dimly lit café-theater overhung the water, from which

came the nasal chant of a singer and the clash of cymbals.

"Go alongside the sea-wall where it's dark," the consul panted. "The moon's coming up."

They crept in toward the shore, the oars creaking in the locks, the waves slapping against the sides of the boat. The two men, their bodies soaked with perspiration, pulled grimly toward the shadowy breakwater. Tommy's strokes began to grow choppy.

"Steady there, son!" the consul grunted. "Don't try to get there all at once and we'll go faster."

THEY came, at last, into the shadow, and the consul, with a pull of the oar, sent the boat nuzzling against the slimy, moss-covered rocks. With occasional half-strokes, they slowly bumped along the wall toward the harbor entrance. He glanced at the boy, who had slumped down with his head in his arms.

"I reckon you're pretty tired. Well, a little more and we're through."

"What time is it?"

"About nine o'clock. We've got plenty of time if those guardians of the law don't get pestiferous. Wonder where they are?"

As if in answer to his question, there came the wail of a siren from inside the harbor. The consul muttered:

"The police-boat—I thought so."

Tommy Quinn threw off his fatigue as if casting aside an old garment.

"Shall we try to make the steamer?"

"Not a chance in the world. Best thing is to stay right here."

Again came the sharp blast of the siren, and a pencil of light cut the darkness at the entrance of the harbor. A speedy motor-boat, its engine throbbing at top speed, dashed through the opening not fifty feet away, and pointed down toward the cove, the light at its bow hunting the water like a ghostly finger.

"All right, Bud—now's our chance!" the consul whispered, as the boat left them behind. "They'll go clear down to the cove looking for us, and we've got to reach that steamer before they come back."

Tommy shoved the boat away from the wall, dropped his oar in the lock, and gave a mighty pull. In his eagerness, the oar skitted along the surface and splashed water into the stern.

"Steady, son! No hurry," the consul warned.

At what seemed a snail's pace they crept along the wall and, at last, turned into the harbor. Four hundred yards away, her hull pricked out of the darkness by the lighted port-holes, rode the Italian steamer. Figures were moving around her lighted decks, and somewhere on board a sailor sang.

"Four hundred yards," the consul panted.

Tommy answered with a groan. His hands were on fire. Every muscle felt torn loose. They were putting all their strength into the oars, yet they seemed to be standing still. He began to count strokes to keep his mind off the agony of his arms and shoulders. With teeth set, he forced his leaden muscles to respond.

From outside the harbor they heard the howl of the siren, like the sudden stabbing pain of an injured nerve. The next moment they were blinded by the search-light, full in their eyes. Tommy felt paralyzed. The light seemed to sap his strength. A sharp word from the consul made him put his whole soul into pulling his oar. They rounded the prow of the Italian ship.

"Look out for the anchor-chain!" the consul gasped.

Too late! Tommy felt his oar jerked from his hand. It slid over the side and drifted out of reach.

"What's the matter?"

"Oar's gone."

"Oh, hang!"

The consul could have cried. He ceased rowing and slumped forward, thoroughly exhausted and discouraged.

"Give me your oar!" Tommy said, getting to his feet.

"What are you going to do?"

"Try to use some of the brains me father gave me. Get Elys and her father on their feet. When I yell 'Jump!' see that Neville jumps if you have to push him overboard!"

He grabbed the long, heavy paddle from the hands of the consul and ran toward the stern, limned in the bright light from the police-boat.

"Go to the front of the boat, Elys, and take your father with you!" Tommy commanded.

Neville, who had been watching the oncoming light with his eyes popping from his head, suddenly rose to his feet and yelled:

"*Non, non! Je suis perdu—je suis mort—*"

He would have thrown himself overboard but for his daughter. She held him, screaming with fear, until the consul could drag him to the front of the boat. Tommy took a place in the stern, the oar balanced in his hand.

The police-boat was only a few yards away, its motor shut off, gliding straight for the row-boat. Tommy watched the prow and braced his feet for the shock. As it came within reach, he shoved his oar out and pushed with all his might. The momentum of the police-boat sent the row-boat crashing against the side of the steamer, not ten feet from the companion ladder.

"Jump, Elys!" Tommy yelled, and heard a splash that meant his orders had been obeyed.

He had no time to turn, for the police-craft was again alongside, and a Turkish gendarme was grappling with him for possession of the oar. Shewket Bey appeared at the prow of the other boat, drew a revolver, and took deliberate aim at the American; but Tommy side-stepped, jerked the oar, and with a push sent the gendarme, clinging to the other end, sprawling into Shewket's knees. The *Vali's* son stumbled sideways, clawed wildly for support, and fell backward into the water.

The rail of the Italian steamer was lined with faces. Tommy heard the consul call:

"That's the stuff, Tommy! Give it to 'em, boy!"

Then another voice called:

"Good-by, Tommee darlink."

"Good-by, Elys."

A shadowy arm reached for the stern of the boat, and Tommy brought the oar down on it. A howl, and a Turk disappeared in the oily black water. Before he could raise his oar again, some one dealt him a crashing blow behind the ear, and he crumpled into the fish-nets in the bottom of the boat. A half-naked Turkish gendarme, dripping wet, threw down the thole-pin he carried, bent over the unconscious American, and swiftly rifled his pockets.

A HALF-HOUR later, Tommy Quinn was pushed, stumbling and half blind from pain, into the office of the chief of gendarmes. His arms were bound to his sides, his wrists were tied behind his back with a thong. Behind a table, filling to overflowing a

wicker chair, sat Shuweifat Pasha, blinking through rolls of fat, his pock-marked yellow face creased in an evil smile. Beside him stood his son, Shewket, dapper in a fresh uniform. Two soldiers and a giant negro stood behind them.

Tommy, guarded by two policemen and an officer, faced Shuweifat, trying to appear unconcerned; but the stabbing pain in his head caused the lights in the room to swirl dizzily. The *Vali* puffed slowly on a cigarette while he regarded the youth before him, then nodded over his shoulder to his son. Shewket came forth gladly, with a smile of satisfaction on his lips. It was the moment he had long been waiting for. His enemy was delivered bound and helpless into his hands.

He spoke in stilted, broken English:

"American, I have not forget the horses race, nor have I forget what follow-ed, nor have I forget what happen to-night. For the horses race—*that!*"

He slapped the American hard, across the cheek, with his open hand. Tommy was gripped firmly by the policeman, so that his struggles were useless.

"I spit on you!"

Shewket suited his action to his words, while Shuweifat laughed with pleasure. Tommy, choked with humiliation and rage, glared at Shewket through misty eyes.

"Ye dir-rty scut, if I could only get me two hands on you!"

"For what happen after the horses race—*that* and *that!*"

Again Shewket slapped the American twice across the mouth.

"Again I spit on you!"

SHUWEIFAT'S huge paunch was shaking with merriment. His face was purpled with laughter, and tears rolled down his fat cheeks from his puffy eyes. Shewket showed his teeth in a smile.

"For what happen to-night there is differently. You have breaked the Turkish laws and will to be punish more heavy."

At a sign from the *Vali's* son, a policeman cut the thong that bound his arms to his sides, Rough hands tore off his shirt and under-shirt, so that he stood bare to the waist. The thong that had bound his arms was fastened around his legs below the knee, pinioning them tight. Shewket raised his hand, and the giant negro lifted a heavy five-lashed whip from the wall. Tommy saw it, guessed what was to happen, and said through clenched teeth.

"Shewket, did ye ever hear what the government in Washington does to whelps like you?"

Shewket's eyes narrowed as he stroked his small, pointed mustache.

"Washington is far away. You will disappear entirely. They will ask whereabouts you have goned. No man will know. If they find out something, we will be very, very sorry. Some one is punish and your government will be satisfy."

"Ye'll have a fine time gettin' the consul to swallow that."

"Where is your consul—yes?" exulted Shewket. "Why does he not come for help you? He has decide for mind his own concern. If he does not—very well—many consuls have die of strange sickness before in Turkey. He, also, may-be. But—we waste the time."

At a nod, the police whirled Tommy around with his back to the *Vali.*

"*La—la!*" Shuweifat protested in a squeeky falsetto. He had no intention of seeing only the black lash fall on the American's shoulders. He wanted, more, to see the agony on the American's face. Tommy was turned once again, facing the table and the bulky man behind it. The big negro took his place.

"To-night," Shewket promised in a silky voice, "you will receive but ten blows, To-morrow, fifteen. The next day, twenty—and the next day and the next day and the next day—if you last until that long."

"Oh, hell's-bells, quit your talkin' an' get the parrty over." Tommy spat. Inwardly he prayed: "Oh, Mother of Mary, give me the strength to go through this wit' a smile on me lips."

AS he raised his head proudly, his teeth clenched in anticipation of what was to come, but his lips twisted into a smile, there came a hurried knock on the door. Shuweifat's greasy face grew dark. He hated to be interrupted in his pleasures. Shewket strode to the door and opened it. Followed a hurried colloquy in Arabic in which Tommy caught the words: "Hawajah Consul Americaine." At that, his heart leaped in his breast and the fixed grin on his mouth broadened to a real one.

Shewket came back to the table and talked in low tones to his father, then gave a crisp order to the soldiers standing against the wall. They hurried to the American and dragged him, still bound, to the door at one side. One took his arms, the other his legs, and carried him down stone steps to a dark, smelly corridor, lighted only by a rush-light in an iron basket. They dropped him while they unlocked a cell door, then threw him, roughly, inside. He landed in a brackish pool, turned half over on his side.

Until the soldiers had gone, he didn't move; but with the slamming of the door and the sound of their retreating footsteps he rolled over on his back and gazed with lack-luster eyes at the shadowy walls of his prison. He was in the same cell that Neville had so lately quitted. The floor was covered with black slime and the walls oozed moisture. The stench from an open sewer that ran through the corner of the cell was terrific.

He sat up and tried to get his legs under him, to get to his feet; but the thong around his knees made him helpless. From a near-by cell a man sobbed brokenly and a baby wailed. Tommy saw a shadowy form pass the door of his cell; a rough voice shouted, "*Hoos!*" and the sobbing ceased. With infinite pains, Tommy hunched himself backward until he could lean against the wall. Five times he tried to lift himself to his feet, only to fall back into the slime. The sixth time, he was successful. He hopped to the small, grated window that looked out on the street, and stood on tiptoe, vainly trying to get a breath of the clean air outside. The stench of the cell stifled him. It was more than a smell. It penetrated the clothes and crawled on the skin. It festered the lungs. You could taste it—almost see it.

He hopped from the window as he heard the distant slam of a door and the sound of feet hurriedly descending the stairs, not knowing what to expect, deliverance or the whip. When Shewket appeared with a soldier, he feared the worst. But one look at Shewket's face told the story. The soldier quickly unlocked the cell door and cut the thongs that bound Tommy's wrists and knees; but, instead of rushing upstairs, Tommy walked smilingly to the door and faced the *Vali's* son.

"Oh, say, can you see, Shewket," he mocked, rubbing the circulation back into his limbs. "I think I hear the eagle screamin'."

"It—you understand—I did not—you will excuse—we did not know—" Shewket stuttered.

"Ye've got nothin' on me, but somethin's sure happened to make ye look sick."

He walked through door and up the flight of stairs.

Half way up they passed an open window, and Tommy stopped to drink in lungfuls of the cool night air.

"Holy saints, but that smells good!"

As he entered the office of the chief of police, he blinked in the unaccustomed light. Through a blur he saw the big form of the consul come toward him and felt himself gripped in a bear-like hug.

"What did ye do to 'em, sir?" Tommy asked, still bewildered by the kalaidoscopic change of events.

"Wait till we get outside, son," the consul answered. Then, turning to Shuweifat, who was crouched down in his wicker chair, he said sternly:

"Now, Shuweifat, let this be a lesson to you. The next time you get a notion about putting an American in prison, just remember what I told you!"

Shuweifat nodded and blinked through the rolls of fat, smiling his greasy, fawning smile. He took from his finger a heavy ring of beaten gold, set with an enormous ruby, and held it out to the young man.

"What does he want now?" Tommy asked.

"He wants you to take it."

"What for?"

"To forgive them for any little thing that happened to-night and in honor of your illustrious family."

Tommy took the ring and gazed a moment at the magnificent stone.

"Well, if he's givin' it to me in honor of the Quinns I can understand it, but what I don't understand is why he does it now. Faith, these people just seem to have found out who I am."

"That's it exactly, son. They have just found out who you are."

As they climbed into the consulate carriage and rattled through the deserted market-place, gray in the morning light, the consul lighted a cigar, flipped the burnt match at a mangy dog, and leaned back contentedly.

"You see, son, there's one pass-word I knew would work with these people when everything else failed. It was like one of these wishes the fairies give you—it could only be used once. When I saw them take you last night, I knew it was serious. They've been laying for you and they thought they had my hands tied. We'd broken their laws, and they figured if the government in Washington should hear about my mixing in something that was none of my business, I'd get a reprimand—even if it was to save that little Swiss girl from Shuweifat. They felt they had me."

He puffed grimly for a moment and gazed hard at the middle of the driver's back.

"Back in 1903 I had an assistant consul, name o' Peters. He hated old Shuweifat as bad as you, and altogether was a right likable youngster. While I was away, down at Alexandria on business, he was shot at by a gang of Turks, and he, being full of fight, cabled Teddy Roosevelt, in Washington, just what had happened. *There was a he-man.* The cable Teddy got read: 'Vice-consul shot at Alexandretta'—they having omitted the dash between the last two words. Roosevelt, acting *pronto*, according to his lights, asked what ships we had in the Mediterranian, and three days later Peters woke up to see a U. S. cruiser steam into the harbor. He didn't know what it

At Joyous Gard

By Mary Lanier Magruder

The Queen's maid speaks:

THE blue-eyed flax in all the fields is starred;
The little rapturous roses in the rain
Climb up to kiss my fingers through the pane;
And by the moat that circles Joyous Gard
A hundred springs have greened the velvet sward,
And white lambs revel in the fair demesne;
And yet some brooding shadow creeps again
Into the eyes of Lancelot my lord.

And does he dream then of the barren lands
With curlews flying where the Channel roars,
And froth of tumbling seas upon gray shores,
—Caerleon above the moaning sands—
And at the Table Round when twilight falls,
Those empty seats in Arthur's castle halls?

was there for, but, I being away, he went out to make his duty call on the captain."

The consul puffed his cigar into a glow.

"Well, sir, the captain he says: 'I want the body o' that vice-consul who was shot brought on board at once. Move all foreigners out of town and notify the governor that he has until ten o'clock this morning to make satisfactory reparation before we begin shelling the town.' Peters he laughed and says: 'The body of the vice-consul is already on board, sir. I'm him. But don't let any little thing like that stop your program. Fire away and I'll show you right where to shoot."

The consul chuckled with joyful reminiscence.

"Between the two of them, they gave old Shuweifat the best scare he's ever had before or since. He sent them out rugs and silks and money and a couple of camels along with an apology a foot long. Even sent them out a few girls, I believe, but of course they were returned."

"Sure, an' what has this to do with what happened to-night?" Tommy asked.

"Son, that word 'Roosevelt' meant business every time. When I was hurrying back from the boat last night, trying to figure what to do to save you, I wished almighty hard Teddy was where I could reach him. He's gone, but his name and influence still live, just as much with these people as with the folks at home. When I saw there was no other way out, I played my ace:

"I told old Shuweifat that Teddy Roosevelt was your uncle."

A Drowsy Winter's Day

By Edward E. Lysaght

(From "Irish Eclogues," courtesy of Brentano's)

SOMETIMES when on a drowsy winter's day
My hands refuse to work and I am filled
With a mad wish to give my senses play,
Or pen the words my fancy has distilled,
Then, as by chance, my steps will seek a path,
Shunning to meet a single shepherd's dog,
To some uncharted peaceful solitude.
For in this ancient country many a rath
And rolling mountain and forsaken bog
Offer to share with me my lonely mood.

Oh God! who made them, what a mastery
Of all the arts has your omnipotence,
To have created such a symphony
Of sound and color; my benumbèd sense
Dulls ere I find some words to tell of it.
Gone are the mists but now that cast a gloom
Over the land, and the belated sun
Shines palely, like a lamp in evening lit
While still some daylight strays into a room
Before the curtain's drawn and tea's begun.

Palely he shines, yet touching by his glow
The madder birch-tops with a tint of rose
And purple shadows, as with motion slow
The branches sway where'er the light wind blows,
Marking the hollies in their somber green
(Clothed 'midst the naked boughs of mightier trees)
Where they still keep the soft rain's glistening dew;
Or in the furze that bounds the old bohreen
Some bolder blossom than the rest he sees,
And lights this tiny speck of golden hue.

Why Farmers Want Ford to Have Muscle Shoals

By Gray Silver
Of the American Farm Bureau Federation

I THINK I can best show why American farmers insist upon the acceptance of the Ford proposal for the Muscle Shoals development by referring to some correspondence I have been having with Senator W. B. McKinley of Illinois. Several of these letters have found their way into the *Congressional Record.*

Senator McKinley, after lifelong association with the development of public utilities, finds it difficult to divorce himself from the idea that Muscle Shoals should be developed, not on the basis of furnishing cheap power for manufacturing and general distribution, but on a basis of obtaining for this power all that the public will pay. To quote his letter:

"This power, which will wholesale at $10,000,000 (if handled through a public-utility company), will retail for over $50,000,000, . . . would sell for $100,000,000 per year if sold at the price we are paying to-day for electric power in the city of Washington."

That is, Senator McKinley would have the public pay for current at the rate of $10,000,000 at the dam, $50,000,000 at the transformer, and $100,000,000 delivered in the consumers' homes.

Right here is where the farmers' idea—and, we believe, that of the general public as well—differs from the idea held by Senator McKinley and others of similar persuasion who are opposing the Ford proposal. Our position is that this and similar developments should be made on a basis that will permit our resources to serve all our people at the lowest possible cost.

Mr. Ford has proved that he too holds this idea, and his great business, built on the principle of producing at the least possible cost for the greatest possible number, is sufficient proof of the economic soundness of this principle.

We like the way Mr. Ford does business, and we like his attitude toward the consuming public. We were, therefore, particularly pleased when committees of the House and Senate reported that the best offer made in response to the Government's invitation to bidders came from Mr. Ford. Apparently the same reasons that furnished us gratification were the underlying cause of the most bitter attacks and denunciations on the part of those interests dedicated to the idea of restricting production and charging all the traffic will bear. The Muscle Shoals fight has not shown its full magnitude on the surface, but there has been nothing in Congress even approaching it in bitterness between the contending forces in the last quarter century—probably not since the Civil War.

Reducing the Cost of Fertilizers

WE farmers see in Muscle Shoals emancipation from high-priced fertilizers, not only nitrogen, but phosphorus and perhaps potash as well. Electrochemistry applied to this problem will accomplish astounding things. I speak thus confidently because I have been taken behind the scenes and know the exact processes that will be utilized. These processes involve no new and untried discoveries: they utilize well known chemical and physical principles, but on a scale and in ways never before commercially attempted. This is the field in which Mr. Ford has already shown himself such a master. We know that these things can be done successfully, and we know that Mr. Ford will do them if given the chance.

Then, we know, further, that through the Ford plan of development the full benefit arising from this natural resource will be retained by the public—not sequestered into private pockets. We have Mr. Ford's written guaranty of this, backed not only by his full investment at Muscle Shoals, but by his entire personal and corporate estate, binding also his heirs and assigns. He agrees to make, using the cheapest power available, an amount of nitrogen—40,000 tons—equal to our present total importations from Chile, and the necessary phosphorus to go with it, and sell it all at a profit not to exceed 8 per cent.

Opposition of Big Interests Explained

HEREIN lies the second big reason why many of the larger commercial and financial interests are opposing us so vigorously. They don't like that idea of limitation of profits. It's against all their inborn principles.

Then, there is a third feature of the proposal that we like, but which strikes terror to the heart of the money manipulator. Eighty per cent of the cost of hydro-electric power arises from the interest charge on the money required to build the dam and instal the machinery. Why should we go on paying 8 to 10 per cent for this money and thus doubling the necessary cost of electric power? The people can borrow money or float special bonds at 4 per cent or even less. Why shouldn't the public employ its own borrowing power to build a dam for itself at the least possible cost? It isn't Mr. Ford's dam. He never gets title to it. He pays the interest charges throughout the hundred-year period, maintains the dams and machinery in good repair, operates the navigation locks created, guarantees the government an instant supply of nitrates for explosives in time of war, pays the government a sum annually which, if invested in 5 per cent farm-loan bonds, would amortize more than the entire cost of the dam and installation, and then, finally, at the end of the period he steps out and gives the entire water-power development, free of encumbrance, back to the government. Thenceforth the people would have as nearly free power as can well be conceived. The cost would be reduced to mere maintenance and operating charges—a cost that competent engineers place at $3.50 per horse-power, or not more than $6 at the outside figure.

Contrast this with the $40 per horse-power that Senator McKinley and his public-utility friends say they could get from the public.

Our contention is that it is much more advan-

tageous to the public as a whole, and to the farmer in his effort to produce food crops to meet the demands of the whole population, to have the cost of power cut in two at the start and eventually reduced to a maximum of $6 per horse-power, and to have cheap fertilizers made at Muscle Shoals, than it is to turn this development over to interests that would force the people to pay forever $40 or more per horse-power—a price that would absolutely preclude the possibility of cheap fertilizers and lowered food costs.

In the general application of this principle of cheap water-power development we farmers see the solution of some of the ills that are driving our sons and daughters away from the farm. With cheap electric current we can have household conveniences that will lighten the labor burden. Automatic electric stoves, electric vacuum cleaners, electric washing-machines, and other labor-saving devices and comfort-making equipment would help a lot in making life more livable for the farm family. It would not only make farm labor lighter, but it would enable the farm housewife to get the necessary time to visit her neighbors, take part in neighborhood social affairs, or go into the near-by town to attend church or other community gatherings. Possibly the urban dweller also would appreciate a 50 per cent reduction in electric current rates. Certainly he would appreciate the cheaper freight and passenger rates that should follow the cheapening of electric power to electrify our railways.

We attach no importance to the propaganda statements put out to the effect that Mr. Ford would get for some $5,000,000 a property that cost the government around $100,000,000 in war-time. The best answer to this argument is the fact that, although bids were invited by the government in June, 1921, and the field is still open, to date the only worthwhile offer is that made by Mr. Ford. Before Mr. Ford entered the field, large numbers of congressmen and business men were openly advocating that the entire works be scrapped and the partially completed dam abandoned. People must get the idea out of their heads that we are giving Mr. Ford anything. The only thing he asks is a chance to go to work. He is the one who is assuming the burden and taking all the risk.

This is not a mere fight for a water-power site. It is far more than simply a fight for cheaper fertilizers. It is a revolution—an economic revolution against unnecessarily high cost factors. It is a stand of those who believe in so developing our resources and our industries as to bring the greatest possible benefit to the greatest possible number, as against those advocates of the outworn monarchistic idea that the people are to be exploited for all they will stand, and production and money facilities so regulated as to bring about that result.

Ford hopes to show how the various cost factors that stifle and repress full enjoyment of the wonders of this age for so many millions of our people may be removed or materially reduced by the application of modern progressive business principles. This would be a contribution to the advancement of mankind probably never before equaled by any individual.

Henry Ford and Muscle Shoals as Viewed by Senator Capper and J. R. Howard

I AM for the Ford proposition unreservedly, because Henry Ford is the best man in the United States to handle the Muscle Shoals job. When I make a personal business deal for any man's services, I select the best man I can find, regardless of his political views. In the same way, I am for Ford and his proposition without reservations. Furthermore, Ford's proposition is the only private proposal having enough merit in it to entitle it to any consideration whatever. On this point even the committee was unanimous. The proposal of the Alabama Power Company and the other two private proposals were rejected as being wholly lacking in merit.

Ford is in fact the man who breathed the breath of life into Muscle Shoals. Until he interested himself in the project it was dead; it had been about decided by the War Department to abandon it and charge the enormous amount invested there off the books as one of the regrettable but inevitable losses of the war. Then Ford and Thomas A. Edison looked the project over and Ford decided he could complete the project and develop a plant that would produce at minimum cost not only an enormous amount of hydro-electric power, but also great quantities of fertilizer at a cost so low that it would free the farmers of the United States from the grip of the Fertilizer Trust.

The Senators who are backing the Ford proposition as the only really practical proposal for the development of Muscle Shoals for service in time of war and to furnish the farmers of the country with cheap fertilizers in time of peace, have a big fight on their hands and are in that fight for a finish. As I see it, it is Ford and the people on one side, and the Fertilizer Trust and the private water-power interests on the other. In the end Ford and the people will win.

ARTHUR CAPPER.

WE are on definite record for the developing and not the junking of the great work already largely completed at Muscle Shoals, Alabama.

We believe the millions already invested there should be conserved to the greatest possible extent.

We believe that potential water-power to be developed and the opening of the Tennessee River for transportation important to thousands of farmers.

We believe the work already done at this plant in development of the air fixation of nitrogen will be of material assistance in solving the fertilizer problem.

We believe this and similar undeveloped natural resources would be better developed by private rather than governmental operation, but that in no case must the way be opened for private exploitation and in every case must the ultimate title be vested in all the people.

We are not for the Ford offer because of Henry Ford. We stand firm, however, for the acceptance of his proposal because it is the only one made after long-continued waiting that is at all acceptable. If anything better were in sight we would forget Ford and be for it. But there isn't.

J. R. HOWARD

President American Farm Bureau Federation

Photocraft Studio

She brings the "Martha Pink" of her fancy, crackers and water, and listens to her talk

The Too-Imaginative Child

Who Plays with Companions Beyond the Ken of Her Elders

By Ruth Danenhower Wilson

PARENTS' misunderstanding of their child's imagination may cause psychic wounds with severe after-effects throughout life. A child's imaginative play that starts with some visible object is easily understood by grown-ups. But frequently a young child's imagination takes a turn that to the parents is uncanny and distressing because they can not understand it without the aid of modern research in psychology.

Take examples of the two kinds of play.

What would little Paul do without that well-worn rocking-chair in the living-room? Sometimes it's a fighting airplane, sometimes a camel rolling majestically over the desert. This rainy afternoon it's a big ship, and Paul is the captain.

"Mother, where shall I sail to?"

Mother can play while she sews. "Let's go to Spain," she suggests.

The good ship sets sail on a storm-tossed sea. She springs a leak, and narrowly avoids rocks and icebergs before she anchors in the Bay of Biscay.

Father comes home, and suggests sailing back with a cargo of lemons and olive oil. But before the return voyage is finished supper is ready. To Paul's disgust, his mother lifts him from the rocking-chair in mid-voyage.

"Oh, mother," he cries, lifting his feet gingerly from the rug. "You've put me down in the ocean and got me all wet!"

In imaginative plays such as this, with a visible starting-point from which the rest of the game grows, grown-ups know how to enter, though the water may not feel so wet to them as it does to Paul.

Take the other type of play.

Four-year-old Dora sits in the window-seat and waves her hand.

"Whom do you see out there?" asks her mother.

"Martha Pink."

Mother looks out—at an empty street.

"Why do you say you see Martha Pink? Who is she?"

"I do see her. She's a little girl I play with. Oh, there she is now!"

Dora runs to the front door and lets in nobody-at-

all, whom she pretends to lead by the hand to a chair. She brings this unseen Martha Pink crackers and water. She talks aloud to her, and apparently hears Martha Pink's answers. After a while Martha tells Dora she has to go home, so Dora helps her on with her coat and bids her good-by, affectionately kissing thin air. Every day Martha returns for further play. Dora becomes so intimate with her that she knows all about Martha's family, the names and ages of her brothers and sisters, what Martha likes to eat, even the names of her pets.

All this starts from nothing at all, as far as any member of Dora's family can discover. Naturally, Dora's mother becomes worried. When she says there is no such person as Martha Pink, Dora cries and insists her little friend is there, sitting on the sofa and playing with a big doll.

Parents would be amazed if they could know what a large part such imaginary companions play in their children's lives, frequently without being mentioned to the families.

Dr. Kirkpatrick, of the State Normal School at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, says that "a careful study of the matter will probably show that not only do a few lonely and highly imaginative children have these companions, but nearly all children have them in some form or for a greater or less period of time."

At Leland Stanford University, Miss Clara Vostrovsky made an investigation of forty-six imaginary playmates, and concluded that few grown-ups realize how very common they are or how large a part, for good or evil, they can play in a child's life. Dr. Nathan A. Harvey, of the State Normal School at Ypsilanti, Michigan, after investigating five hundred cases, estimated that six grown-ups out of every hundred asked gave distinct accounts of such imaginary companions. He thinks that, as children, many more had them for a few months or years and forgot them.

What their existence involves is so little understood that many grown people who remember having had such playmates are reluctant to speak freely of them to an investigator. One of the fullest accounts on record, that of a teacher who calls herself Miss X., was given to a psychologist only on condition that the identity of the writer should be kept secret.

Parents' Attitude Should Be Sympathetic

HOW should we meet the problem of imaginary companions? With a view to finding answers to the educational questions involved, psychologists have thoroughly investigated the nature of these unseen playmates and the cause of their coming. A comparison of the cases studied by Professor Earl Barnes and Miss Clara Vostrovsky at Leland Stanford University, and of a separate investigation made by Dr. Harvey, shows certain characteristics common to the majority of imaginary companions. A knowledge of these will help a mother to know whether her child's case is a typical one.

In the first place, the way the imaginary companion first appears is usually indefinite and not well remembered. It generally appears to children of three or four years.

The imaginary companion is as vivid as a living child, and is both seen and heard. But it is not a hallucination, since the child gradually realizes that it is different from living, objective children. The unseen playmate is about the same age as the child to whom it appears. In rare instances a grown person or an animal is the imaginary companion. One little boy had an elephant who "drew all the funeral processions in the world."

The imaginary companion is almost always a welcome playmate whose society is enjoyed. There is a rare instance of a child whose imaginary companion, Susie, was distasteful to her. An imaginary older person would frequently leave Susie with her to be minded. This would make the child unhappy because Susie was so "hateful."

The unseen playmate is either known by some common child's name or else by an outlandish name of the child's invention. Examples of the latter are Mrs. Rice-bone, Alice Ribbons, Hulla and his brother Bulla, Soggy and Boggy, and Maganeezia Slippety I.

The child generally makes the imaginary companion a frequent subject of conversation, describing it fully, unless the first mention of the strange visitor is laughed at or misunderstood. If these creatures of fancy are not sympathetically met, the child keeps them entirely to himself.

Boys Less Imaginative than Girls

MOST imaginary playmates live near by; a few dwell far away or in heaven. Many are great, beautiful, and rich; some are peculiar, such as that companion of a little boy who was "only about three feet tall, and who seemed to him as if he could not speak nor hear." Many are only children, and a few go in pairs, and are opposite types—one rich, the other poor; one sympathetic, the other annoying.

Most imaginary companions bring others in their train, such as their mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters. There are few cases where family and pets do not belong to the imaginary children.

Their activities are replicas of the child's own daily experiences, varied with unusual happenings such as trips to the moon, meeting dead people who talk, taking wonderful rides in sleighs "drawn by hundreds of snow-white dogs."

Boys have imaginary companions less frequently than girls, or at least they outgrow them more quickly; for fewer men than women can recall them.

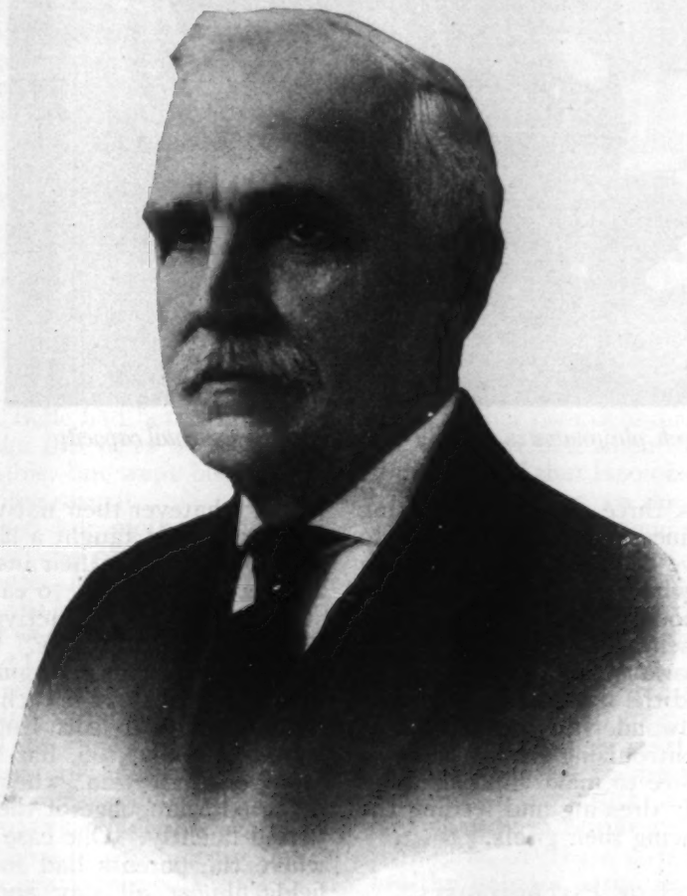
Why should children in different parts of the world, living under widely varying conditions, create imaginary companions who turn out to resemble each other closely? What is the common cause back of all the typical cases? There are three different theories.

Many parents believe that these unseen playmates come from the spirit world. The child, so lately come from the great unknown, is supposed to have retained communication with it. For example, a little boy whose twin brother had died in infancy had an imaginary boy companion for whom he always set a place at table. He played constantly with this unseen child, generously sharing all his toys with him. The parents were sure he was visited by the spirit of his dead brother, whose existence in the flesh he could not remember.

Another instance, which was used as the nucleus of a charmingly fanciful short story, was of a little girl named Margery who was taken to a house in the country for the summer. She soon began to play constantly with an imaginary little girl whom she would describe consistently in every detail. One day a lady came to the house, and asked if she might go through it, as she used to live there and would like to revisit the room where her little girl had died. Her description of her dead child coincided in every particular with Margery's talk of her unseen play-

mate. Both mothers were convinced that the dead child's spirit still dwelt in the house, visible and audible only to the other little girl.

The second theory is that such fancies are the result of a defective or diseased brain. The child who has them is considered abnormal or insane. Dr. Harvey gives a pathetic instance of this. One of his students told her mother that "Imaginary Companions" had been announced as the subject of the next lecture in her psychology course. This mother went to Dr. Harvey and told him she had had such a playmate during her childhood. Her family had regarded it as an abnormal thing, to be stamped out and concealed. They had made her feel intense shame over it. All her life she had supposed that as a child she had been temporarily insane. She had always worried lest the condition should come back; yet her mortification was so great that she had never mentioned her experience to any one, and had not dreamed that many other children had imaginary companions until her daughter spoke of the lecture subject. Her relief at hearing Dr. Harvey's explanation of the phenomenon was pathetic.



Professor Earl Barnes, who made at Leland Stanford University a study of unseen companionship

This brings us to the third theory—that of modern psychology, which holds that such playmates are a manifestation of normal, healthy childhood, and perhaps even a sign of superior brain power.

To make clear why these fancies arise, Professor Earl Barnes takes this inventory of the mental furnishings of the child of three or four:

"You (as a child) have had many sensations, hurrying, crowding one another; you are constantly meeting things unknown before. So you are hardly surprised at anything that happens. To one who has not seen horses a blue horse is no more remarkable than a black one, a salt tree is no more improbable than a pepper tree. To one who has not been brought face to face with the problems of birth and death, but who has seen people coming into and leaving his little circle from day to day, quite ignorant of the places whence they come or whither they go, there is nothing remarkable in the creation of a new being.

"Nor is it remarkable that a child associated from day to day with intelligences so superior to his own that he looks up to them as unfailing oracles, asking them gravely who God is and why flowers grow, . . . should long for another intelligence like his own. . . . He longs for the companionship of children like himself. If he has not these companions, he creates them.

"The child accepts these self-created imaginary companions so positively, and they are so opposed to our own wide experience of what really is, that they seem mysterious and occult. . . . To one, however, who will try to put himself in the position of the new and inexperienced child, the imaginary child is no more marvelous than an Uncle John with whom the family are in constant communication by letter, though they do not see him."

The craving for sympathetic understanding which creates imaginary companions is akin to the same craving that makes virtually all children love pets, though by no means all grown-ups do so. The child needs some one who is neither exacting and correcting like a grown-up, nor a rival like another child who wants the same toys at the same time he does. Pets are more passive, and the child frequently reads into them a sympathy they do not possess. "Kitty loves me very much," a little girl says of a meek old cat that submits to over-affectionate maulings but always seizes the first opportunity to run away and hide.

It is almost always the child with few playmates who creates imaginary ones. In all the cases studied, only one was of a child who had brothers and sisters to play with but preferred her unseen companion. Possibly that child was of a different type from her brothers and sisters and felt lonely and little understood with them.

Not Always an Indication of Unhappiness

BY inquiring the occasion of their disappearance Miss Vostrovsky throws light on the cause of imaginary companions. She found that one girl of fifteen "dropped them because we moved into town, and many of my playmates came to see me, and I went to see them." Miss X's long, painstaking account of her imaginary companions says they came to her whenever she was unoccupied, quiet, or alone. In reviewing Miss X's article, Miss Vostrovsky makes this interesting comment: "The fact that the writer's childhood was a happy one does not interfere with the inference that the fancies arose from that craving for sympathetic understanding which the slightest disappointment often brings to a child." So a mother need not conclude that the creation of an imaginary playmate means that her child is unhappy.

The child who has unseen playmates is usually above the average mental capacity

Miss Vostrovsky gives three other contributing causes in addition to loneliness. One is the desire to relive experiences that have been enjoyed by creating an imaginary companion who "goes to picnics every day and eats all the chocolate cake she wants." Similarly, a desire for self-aggrandizement is involved, like that of barbarians, and shown by the child imagining himself and the self-created playmate clad in silk and jewels and wonderfully brilliant, or in the opportunity given for patronizing others. Mingled with this is the child's desire to make himself useful by helping others, carefully dressing and feeding the imaginary visitors and solacing their griefs.

Interesting Theories of Psychologists

NOW that we understand a little why children create imaginary playmates, there comes the question whether any light can be thrown upon the machinery that manufactures them. What is going on in the brain and eyes and ears of the child who so mysteriously sees and hears the non-existent?

Dr. Harvey explains it by the theory of the projected image. He says that the same processes take place in the brain that occur when an actual child is seen and heard. That is, the nerves of the eye and the optic nerve connecting them with the center of sight in the brain are involved. In seeing a real child, nervous excitation travels into the brain-center from the outside, from the nerves of the eyes to the center of sight. In seeing a projected image of an imaginary child, the nervous impulse goes the opposite way, starting at the brain-center and traveling along the optic nerve outward to the eyes, there causing the same nervous disturbance in the retinas as would be caused if the light-waves from a real child entered the eyes. In short, a projected image is a visual idea that becomes as vivid as an actual perception. It is like thinking about a thing until you can see it. The same theory explains the projected sound of the voices of imaginary companions. Dr. Harvey thinks the great amount of nervous energy generated by children may be the reason their projected images are so much more like reality than those of grown-ups.

There is also a scientific explanation for the strange names children invent for these companions—a manifestation that often leads parents to the theory of influence from the spirit world.

"Our child never heard such outlandish names from any of us," they say anxiously.

Psychologists consider such inventions merely manifestations of the child's speech instinct. Unlike animals, man is born with a speech-center located in the left side of the brain. Children are not taught to speak—they speak by instinct. They are merely taught French or English or whatever their native language happens to be. If they are not taught a language, they speak one of their own, as it is their instinct to communicate just as it is their instinct to eat. Well authenticated instances of such instinctive language have been recorded by Horatio Hale. One is a case of twins who talked together in a language of their own and were so well satisfied with each other's conversation that they were slow to learn English.

Dr. Harvey, too, has tabulated cases of two or more children who, when left alone a great deal, invented a language of their own in which they conversed fluently. One case was of children on a farm where the parents had to be away working in the fields almost all day and were taciturn when at home. From their gibbering talk the children were at first supposed to be idiots; but when placed in school they soon learned English and proved to be very bright. Another case was of the children of deaf-mutes, who invented a language of their own till outsiders taught them English. A child usually learns the names of everything from grown-ups. When he has a companion whom only he sees and hears, it is not unnatural that he should call on his own powers of inventive speech to give the imaginary playmate a name.

Educational Problems Involved

LET us now look into the type of child who creates imaginary companions, and so form some conclusions as to how to meet the educational problems they bring with them.

Professor Earl Barnes says the experience comes to perfectly normal, healthy children, but usually to those described as of a nervous temperament. That is such an elastic term that no two people mean exactly the same thing by it. A leading specialist in nervous diseases told Professor Barnes that he should expect to find abnormal nervous conditions accompanying extreme cases, and that if such a belief is carried on for months or years it must leave the mind especially susceptible to hallucinations and supersti-

tions in later life. That there are exceptions to this is proved by the case of the teacher, Miss X., who at the age of thirty was still visited by an imaginary companion. Yet all who knew Miss X. described her as of a placid disposition, well balanced and not at all nervous.

As to the brightness or dullness of the child who has imaginary playmates, Dr. Harvey concludes from his study of five hundred cases that "no stupid child ever had an imaginary companion." He considers that a large amount of nervous energy and strong impulses starting at the brain-centers are conditions for mental capacity. "Hence it is that we find nearly all cases of imaginary companions manifested in children who are distinctly above the average capacity for children of their own age. . . . The experience is an indication of unusual mental capacity."

Finally, how shall we treat these unseen comrades of our children? First of all, let us not repress them. Remember the cases of galling mortification, with resulting unhappiness for months. One little girl had an unseen playmate named Belle. One day, when her mother had invited in three little girls, the child immediately went to the place where she imagined Belle lived, and invited her. When she told her mother, she was told that Belle had better not come. The child reluctantly broke this news to Belle in as delicate a manner as possible, but wept bitterly and was unhappy for a long time over it.

Another little girl asked her mother not to sit down in a certain chair, because May, her imaginary playmate, was sitting there. The mother laughed and, not seeing any one in the chair, sat down on May and killed her. The child wept and brooded over the tragedy, but nothing could bring May back to her.

Such unsympathetic repressions not only cause deep temporary unhappiness, but they may also leave dangerous results in the child's later life. The child loses faith in his elders and keeps his fancies to himself. Often a distinct repression into the subconscious mind results—a very dangerous thing, believed by the Freudian school of psychologists to be the major cause of many grave mental disorders in adult life.

So a mother should meet these amazing childish confidences sympathetically and enter into them as far as she can, realizing that the play of imagination and fancy is one of mankind's greatest blessings. As Professor Barnes says, "we do not want our children to become prosaic, unlovely fact-hunters."

On the other hand, a mother should recognize the danger of encouraging a child too much in such fancies, so that he is led away from the real life of the world in which she is trying to teach him to take his place. He must be guided as soon as possible to distinguish the real from the fanciful. He must be assisted in the construction of a real world.

Professor Earl Barnes gives this interesting advice: "Let parents once admit, even passively, the existence of the stranger child, and it must ever afterwards be treated with respect. The child's world is a chaos: it will take a life-time to bring order and law into it. The mother represents to the child infinite wisdom and law. Thus the mother must be consistent. But if this non-existent and irresponsible being is once accepted, it may become a disturbing element in the ethical training of the child."

The Wise Middle Course

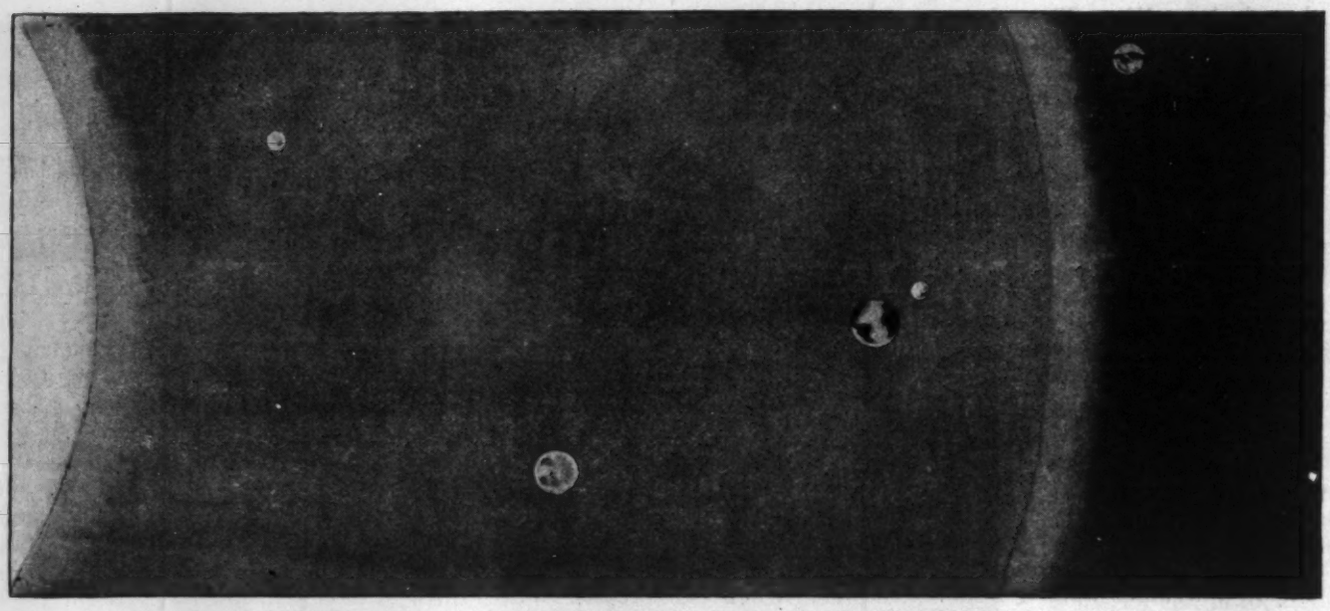
HE gives an example of a little girl who, when questioned as to the whereabouts of her mother's lost tooth-brush, said it had been taken by Olla, her imaginary playmate, to brush her dolly's hair. Professor Barnes draws the conclusion that "if the child had really played Olla took the tooth-brush, she told the simple truth and was blameless. But how long before she would be tempted to use such a convenient cloak for her own delinquencies?"

Another child, when told by her mother to go upstairs, replied that Hoolanus (her imaginary daughter) had told her not to do so. Hoolanus' commands would soon have become most convenient if she had not been taught at once that she must take orders from her parents alone.

The wise middle course recognizes both ways of treating imaginary companions, encouraging them and discouraging them. The mother can recognize the good of these unseen visitors in taking the place of real playmates to children who are much alone and in calling into play inventive powers; but, lest the child be tempted to dream too long and lose touch with reality and truth, she can take a hint from the fact that boys outgrow these fancies more quickly than girls. Perhaps girls are shielded too much from healthy outdoor activities.

Little Jimmy outgrows his imaginary playmates through playing baseball or absorbedly constructing a shack with other boys. Little Dora plays on with her dream children while she is learning to sew or mechanically practising scales on the piano. So she is apt to keep away from real children and to be satisfied with those of her imagination.

Happy is the child whose parents accept the unseen companions naturally, yet who do not allow them to absorb the child's attention too much.



The giant star Betelgeuse, 240,000,000 miles in diameter, would almost envelop the entire solar system, its arc cutting across the right hand of the diagram between the Earth and Mars at a point 120,000,000 miles from the Sun. The Earth is 92,900,000 miles from the Sun

The Sun—Our Star and Power Source

How Solar Heat May Be Used to Replace the Earth's Vanishing Energy

By Charles Greeley Abbot, D. Sc.

Dr. Abbot, Director of the Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution, has devoted a large part of his life to the study of the Sun and the possibility of using its heat directly for mechanical power. He has recently returned from South America, where he was engaged in making a new determination of the solar constant. He is the author of that very popular book, "The Sun." In the present article he describes the "solar cooker" with which he did his cooking without fuel on Mount Wilson.—The Editor.

TWO hundred and fifty years ago, when Cromwell's brief protectorship was not long over in England, when Milton had just completed "Paradise Lost," and when the last of the generation of the Pilgrims in New England had hardly passed away, the bright red star α Orionis, named by the Arabs "Betelgeuse," was 240,000,000 miles in diameter. Recently Michelson and Pease announced the successful measurement of this star's diameter, the first such measurement ever made; but the light they used, traveling 186,000 miles a second, took two and a half centuries to come from Betelgeuse. This wonderful piece of work shows how worthily the Nobel Prize in Physics was bestowed in 1907 on Professor Michelson, the only American who has received this prize.

Our Sun is a star too. It looks so many times bigger than Betelgeuse merely because it is 16,000,000 times nearer. But the Sun is really like a pin-head to a bicycle wheel compared in diameter to the star. It would take 27,000,000 suns to fill the same volume as Betelgeuse. If our Sun were surrounded by this giant star, the inner planets, Mercury, Venus, and the Earth, would all be engulfed too, and Mars would lie just on the outer surface of it.

The diagram above represents only the distances of the various planets from the Sun and their relative sizes. The Earth, for instance, is 92,900,000 miles from the Sun; Mars, 141,500,000 miles. As the Earth is only 7,700 miles in diameter, 12,055 earths would have to be placed side by side to reach the Sun. The diagram would have to be enlarged eight hundred times in order to show that.

An idea of the comparative size of the Sun and the other planets is given, however, in the diagram. Only a small arc of the Sun is shown, but the opposite side of the Sun would touch a point about twenty-eight inches beyond the left side of the diagram, for the Sun's diameter is one hundred and twelve times that of the Earth.

The size of Betelgeuse is almost impossible of conception, but the diagram can be made to give a faint

idea. Betelgeuse's diameter of 240,000,000 miles is two hundred and seventy-seven times that of the Sun.

Imagine its center placed in the center of the diagram. Then it would stretch more than a city block, of one hundred yards, in all directions. But, for all that, our Sun probably weighs at least a tenth as much as Betelgeuse. There is not a very great difference between the Sun and the other stars in weight, although the disparities in volume are so enormous. While the Sun is probably wholly gaseous, it has become so compressed by its own enormous gravitation as to be denser than water. Betelgeuse, on the contrary, is a gas much rarer than our atmosphere—as rare, in fact, as the gas in the bell-jar of an old-fashioned so-called vacuum-pump working at its best. If the Sun was once as rare as this, it extended 20,000,000 miles beyond the orbit of the Earth. Even the Earth, if it was also in the same condition, would have extended more than twice as far out as the orbit of the Moon.

The Evolution of the Stars

HERE we touch one of the great discoveries of modern times. It is the discovery of the march of the evolution of the stars. Many astronomers, physicists, chemists, and mathematicians have contributed to it, but the credit not only of producing much of the evidence but of putting it together and bringing out the conclusion rests with Professor Henry Norris Russell of Princeton University.

In short, astronomers now fully believe that every star is at first red, and is then a rare gas, like Betelgeuse. Growing older, it condenses, becomes hotter, and changes color to a lighter red, like Arcturus. Still older, the condensation and temperature advance, and the color becomes yellow like Capella. If the star is a massive one, the process goes on to the stage of the nearly white star Procyon, then to that of the white star Sirius, and reaches the pinnacle of temperature with the blue stars like Spica. But now the condensation has gone too far to continue. The gas has become perhaps as dense as water, and the heat can no longer be supplied by the falling in of the star by gravitation. Cooling off, the star again becomes white, yellow, reddish, and deep red, and finally cold like our Earth. On the ascending youthful stage, the stars are giants in volume. As they cool they become more and more dwarfed. Our sun is past its zenith; it is a cooling dwarf.

In these discoveries the spectroscope has been indispensable. Many years ago, at Harvard College Observatory, the late Director E. C. Pickering began a complete examination of the spectra of all the brighter stars. It was soon found that the dark lines of the spectra, those hieroglyphics that reveal to the initiated chemical compositions, fell in several special types. Without any hypothesis as to the order of evolution they might indicate, Professor Pickering assigned to these type spectra the letters of the alphabet. But later on some classes were eliminated, and the class B was seen to be out of its natural order, so that what survived finally was the irregular sequence B, A, F, G, K, M for the main spectrum groups among the stars. The table on page 93 shows the relation of these types to the life history of a star as now accepted by astronomers.

Russell first pointed out that, as shown in the table, in each of the classes M, K, and G there are two types of stars, one very dense like our Sun, the other very rare like Betelgeuse. These he called the dwarfs and the giants. In presenting to him the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society, last year, President Fowler said:

"The essential feature of the theory is that the order of stellar evolution is the order of increasing density. The earliest phase in the history of a star as a star must, therefore, be represented by the giant red stars of class M, which are the least dense and most diffuse. Through the increase of temperature accompanying contraction, in accordance with Lane's law, the star will pass successively through the giant states represented by Classes K, G, F, A to Class B, when it will reach the maximum temperature. During these changes the superficial area will be diminishing, but the surface brightness will be increasing, and the total luminosity of the star will vary but little. The color of the star, however, will pass from red to white, and there will be modifications in the spectral lines in correspondence with change of temperature. On arriving at the B state, the density will have increased to such an extent that the laws of perfect gases cease to hold, and the temperature will fall. With increasing density, decreasing volume, and diminishing surface brightness, the luminosity of the star will rapidly fall, and it will pass successively through the dwarf phases represented by the spectral Classes A, F, G, K, M. The two series of giant and dwarf stars are thus united into a single sequence of gradually increasing density with the hottest stars in the middle."

It would be curious to know how long ago mankind first recognized the existence of gases. Invisible, tasteless, and odorless, the air manifests itself to the savage only by moving the leaves and the dust, and by the blowing of the wind upon his body. He attributes these appearances to some mysterious force, but never considers them to be of the same nature as the blows of a club, as they really are. For what is the wind but a flow of gas whose molecules hit us, one by one? It requires a notable exercise of the scientific reason, which has a spice of faith, for primitive man to lay firm hold on the conviction that matter is just as real and heavy in the formless, non-resisting invisible gas as in the obvious solid.

Hardly a century has passed since the study of gases reached the mathematical stage called the science of thermodynamics. A fearsome giant it is in the path of the engineering student, with its array of "specific heats," "entropy," that elusive property that defies definition, "Carnot's cycle," the "perfect gas," and Kelvin's "absolute scale"!

Every Star Red at First

OUT of the science of thermodynamics came the American discovery of "Lane's law," which is at the foundation of Russell's theory of stellar evolution. As cited by the late Professor Simon Newcomb and by Lord Kelvin, Lane's memoir on the "Physical Constitution of the Sun" proved that a great globe of "perfect gas"—a gas the pressure of which increases directly in proportion as its volume diminishes—such a globe, held in equilibrium by the mutual gravitation of its parts, grows hotter in temperature through radiating heat. The heat gained by the resulting contraction more than counterbalances that lost by radiation. Thus Lane's law is the backbone of Russell's giant and dwarf star theory.

Astronomers now fully believe that, as Professor Fowler states, every star is at first red. In this condition it is a rare gas, very much rarer than our

atmosphere, and is comparatively cool. Chemical elements show in its spectrum largely as combinations. Gradually the combinations fall apart as the star condenses and grows hotter in accordance with Lane's law, till as it reaches the yellow state no compounds remain. But now comes the marvel, which only the latest researches of physicists give any hint of solving. Growing hotter still, *the elements disappear from the spectrum* until hydrogen and helium alone remain. How suggestive it is that nowadays several of the chemical elements are being found to break up, and the end-product of their decomposition is helium. Are we to suppose that at the tremendous temperatures of the blue stars all chemical elements turn into helium?

Our Sun Has Passed Middle Age

BE this as it may, having reached this climacteric as blue stars of Class B, the density has become so great that Lane's process no longer can go on. The star cools and again becomes yellow, and finally red, before ending dark and cold like the Earth. In the cooling stage the spectrum lines return as before.

In this progress our Sun has passed middle age. He is on the downward path of temperature. We do not know how long deferred, but sooner or later he will become red, and finally dark. Ages ago he was expanded in a gaseous form, perhaps as diffuse as Betelgeuse is now. If Laplace had known of this he would certainly have seized upon it as a striking corroboration of his famous nebular hypothesis. Nevertheless, modern researches have disclosed great difficulties in the Laplace point of view, and it is by no means universally accepted.

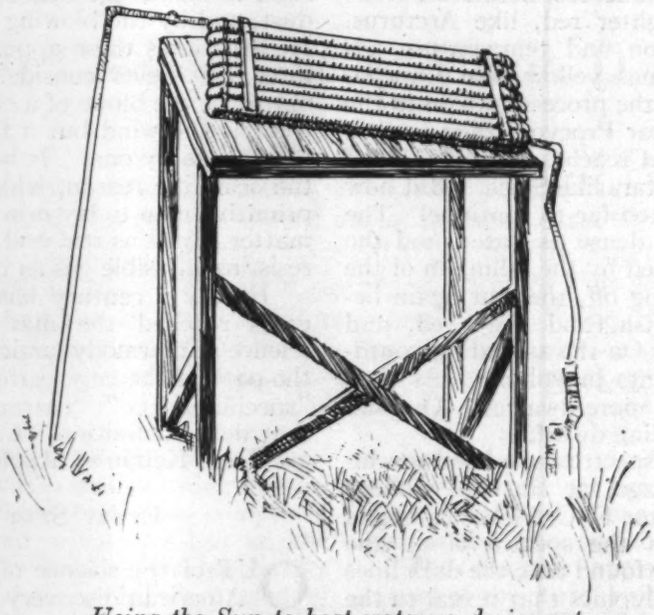
If, as just suggested, the chemicals composing giant stars all turn to helium at highest temperature, and return again to their diversity as the temperature declines, the former process, as is well known at least for radium, involves the evolution of heat. Will not this elemental heat greatly lengthen the duration of the stars as giants? But, on the contrary, will not the rebuilding of the complex atoms of the heavier elements as stars cool, reabsorb much heat and so accelerate their decline after they become dwarfs? If these conjectures should be confirmed, their important bearing on the life story of our earth is plain. Its past history is long, but its future may be in comparison short. If, as geologists think, the Earth's past as an abode of life may have been thousands of millions of years, the future of life here may close in a few millions.

It would be very interesting to know how the enlarged diameter of the Sun which prevailed in the remote past corresponded in time with the various geological periods. For if the Sun, instead of occupying only one hundred thousandth of the sky, as it does now, was expanded to fill the greater part or all of it, at some former epoch when the Earth was already an abode fit for life, there must have existed a greater uniformity of climates the world over than at present, and this condition should have been shown by fossil fauna and flora. Possibly the well known geniality of the polar regions in the early geological periods may be attributable to this consideration.

Northern Temperatures Changing

SUCH reflections lead us to the inquiry whether there is any evidence of change in the Sun's heat within historic times. Unfortunately, the ancients, as far as we know, had no means of measuring the intensity of solar radiation. It is only since the series of solar observations inaugurated by the Smithsonian Institution in 1902 yielded results accurate to about 1 per cent that any basis existed for making comparisons of the Sun's heat from day to day and from year to year. These measurements, with the aid of Langley's bolometer,—that marvelous instrument reading easily the millionth of a degree change of temperature,—have now been continued for more than twenty years. They have disclosed the variability of the Sun.

Begun at Washington in 1902, early in the spring of 1903 the measurement seemed to indicate a notable change, a fall of 10 per cent, in the values of the Sun's heat. Coincidentally, the temperatures of the whole northern hemisphere, as reported by the various weather bureaus of the world, also changed correspondingly. We can not be certain, even now, that these observations represented cause and effect, but they induced the Smithsonian Institution to set up an observatory on Mount Wilson in California in 1905 for the study of the supposed solar variation. At this comparatively cloudless station the work was carried on in the best observing months of each year until 1920, when the instruments were removed to a still more cloudless site on Mount Harqua Hala in the desert of Arizona.



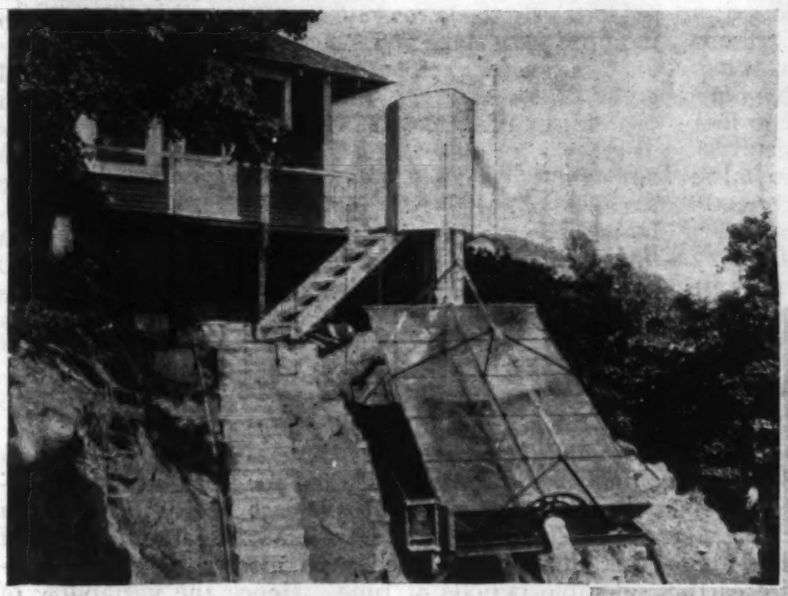
Using the Sun to heat water: a device not uncommon in the Southwest

In the meanwhile, expeditions had been sent by the institution to Mount Whitney, the highest of the Californian Sierra Nevadas, to Bassour in Algeria, and to Calama in the nitrate desert of Chile. All of these expeditions confirmed the accuracy of the Mount Wilson observations and the variability of the Sun's heat. It appears that the Sun is hotter when sun-spots are more numerous. Also there is, usually, an irregular change going on in the solar heat, sometimes toward increase, again the opposite, and running over its range of from 2 to 5 or even sometimes 10 per cent within a few days or weeks.

Since the temperature of the Earth depends almost entirely on the heat of the Sun, we should expect that these irregular fluctuations of solar radiation would produce changes in the weather. According to the

weather bureaus of Argentine and Brazil, this is in fact the case. Since 1918 the Smithsonian Institution has sent daily telegrams from its solar station near Calama, Chile, for use at Buenos Aires for weather forecasting. It is reported that these reports of solar variation have added materially to the accuracy of the Argentine weather forecasts. Predictions are made there eight days in advance.

The Smithsonian Institution proposes to maintain its two solar radiation stations in Arizona and Chile for several years. Separated by 56° in latitude and 45° in longitude, local influences can hardly affect the results alike. Hence a close agreement of the



A solar cooker that was used successfully by Smithsonian observers on Mount Wilson; all kinds of food may be prepared in it

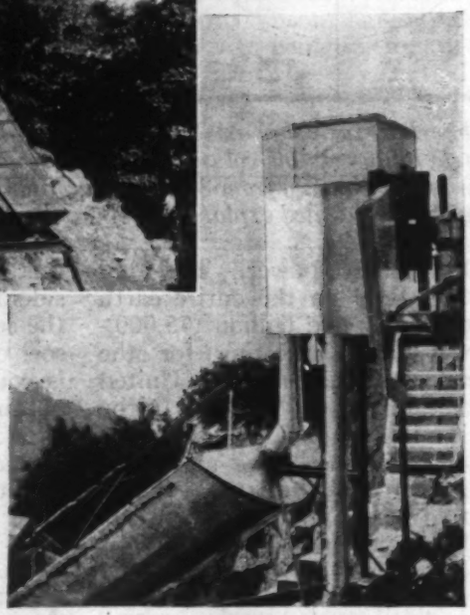
results of the daily observations at the two stations must be very convincing testimony of the state of the Sun's heat. Thus a firm basis will be laid, we hope, for a test of the influence of the Sun's variations on weather conditions the world over. Moreover, the scientific man of the distant future can refer back to these observations of the Sun's heat and determine whether the decay of the solar radiation, which appears now to be inevitable, is proceeding at an appreciable rate. Possibly ten thousand years hence, if such an observer shall then have access to the Smithsonian results, he will be able to discern a real change in that direction and predict the end of the world as an abode fit for life.

Turning Sun-Power into Horse-Power

ACCORDING to the Smithsonian values, the average intensity of the Sun's heat outside the atmosphere is 1.94 calories per square centimeter per minute. This means that if a cube of water one centimeter on edge, or about as large as dice used in backgammon, should be blackened so as to totally absorb the solar radiation, and should be prevented from cooling to the surroundings, then the Sun's rays, shining at right angles on one of its surfaces, would raise its temperature 1.94° Centigrade (3.5° Fahrenheit) in one minute. Much of the solar heat is lost in passing through our atmosphere, being absorbed by clouds, dust, and water vapor, or reflected out to space. But on a fine day at noon, even at sea-level, as much as 1.4 calories remains.

What does this mean in horse-power? It means that by fully collecting the Sun-rays at sea-level on a surface at right angles to the beam, during daylight the average surface required per horse-power between 20° and 45° north latitude in cloudless weather is only eleven square feet. If 100 per cent efficiency could be maintained in utilizing this source of power, the problems of the future would no longer depend on coal, oil, or hydro-electric power sources. Of course, this is a dream. Losses in collection diminish the available solar heat by half. Clouds cut into the remainder. Finally, no heat-engines suitable to the purpose will give more than 10 or at most 15 per cent of the boiler energy in mechanical work. Thus the efficiency of utilization falls below 5 per cent, and the corresponding area per horse-power spreads to more than 200 square feet.

Just before the war, an English company developed a 50 horse-power sun plant in Egypt. It employed long cylindrical mirrors of parabolic curvature. These were tilted to face the Sun all day long, and reflected its beams upon a special boiler-tube at the center. This appears to have been the nearest approach to a successful commercial proposition, but nothing has lately been heard from it.



A side view of the cooker shown above

The partnership of nature and man—man being distinctly the junior partner—hitherto has made the only large development of solar power. Wood, coal, and oil store up in chemical form a very small fraction of the solar energy of the present and former ages. As far as coal and oil are concerned, the junior partner, man, is expending at a tremendous and growing rate the capital of the firm. It can not go on forever so.

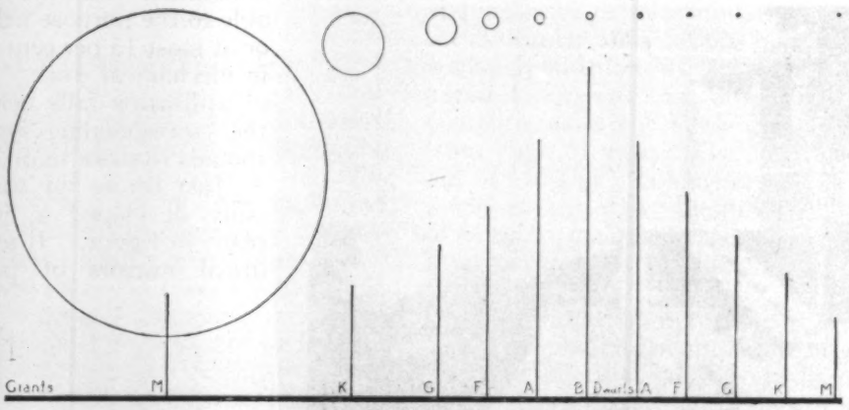
It is an interesting question how large a percentage of efficiency for power purposes may come from vegetable growth. Professor Brown, an eminent English botanist, made careful studies of the efficiency of the leaves of the sunflower. From his work it appears that approximately three quarters of 1 per cent of the energy of solar radiation received is chemically stored by the plant-leaves. Recently experiments with fields of corn have been conducted by Professor Transeau of the Ohio State University. He finds that 1.34 per cent of the total available solar energy is stored in the whole plant at the end of the season, of which 0.84 per cent is in the leaves, stalk, and roots, and the remainder, 0.50 per cent, in the grain.

As corn thus appears to be more efficient than the sunflower as a conserver of solar energy, it is not impossible that other plants may be still more so, perhaps even to the extent of storing 5 per cent of the

total energy of solar radiation, if the conditions are very favorable.

It should not be concluded from these figures that vegetation is nearly as efficient as special heat-collectors for the utilization of solar radiation for power purposes. If from 1 to 5 per cent of the energy of solar radiation is permanently stored chemically in vegetable products, this is still subject to the inefficiencies of heat-engines before it can produce mechanical work. Thus the final result comes out that only from one to five *tenths* of 1 per cent of the solar energy may be indirectly turned into mechanical work through the growth of vegetation. But it is true that, as in the case of corn, the vegetation may, at the same time, furnish other products of even greater value than power.

It has been computed by Dr. Steinmetz, of the General Electric Company, that the sum total of the maximum hydro-electric power of the United States derivable from its rivers is 230,000,000 kilowatts, or about 300,000,000 horse-power. The total solar energy falling at sea-level on the entire earth may be put roughly at seventy-five trillion (75,000,000,000,000) horse-power, after allowing for the losses in the atmosphere. Assuming that the United States, which has a little more than 5 per cent of the land area of the world, is a fair sample country for the development of hydro-electric power, we may then say that a corresponding percentage of the available solar energy just stated can be assigned as its quota, or in all four trillion (4,000,000,000,000) horse-power.



This chart furnishes an illustration of the life history of a star; the large circle represents the volume of Betelgeuse and the vertical lines the temperatures, ranging from 3,000° *Centigrade for Betelgeuse to* 12,000° *for Spica; the detailed explanation of the chart is shown on the opposite page*

Of this, less than one hundredth of 1 per cent is available for hydro-electric power purposes, according to Steinmetz's figures.

Such a computation is, of course, only a very rough indication of the efficiency of combined evaporation and precipitation as a means of utilizing solar radiation for power; but at least it gives us some indication of how trifling a part of the Sun's heat we are using, or are likely to use, for power purposes unless some special means are devised more successful than those developed hitherto.

Dr. Steinmetz has the following very significant observation concerning his estimates of the coal and hydraulic sources of power:

"It is interesting to note that the maximum possible hydraulic energy of 230,000,000 kilowatts is little more than the total energy which we now produce from coal, and is about equal to the present total energy consumption of the country, including all forms of energy.

"This was rather startling to me. It means that the hope that when coal once begins to fail we may use the water powers of the country as the source of energy is and must remain a dream, because, if all the potential water powers of the country were now developed, and every raindrop used, it would not supply our present energy demand."*

In another field some preliminary experiments have been made to utilize the Sun's rays. I refer to the evaporation of liquids, warming of water for domestic purposes, and the cooking of food. The gardener's hot-bed is also a familiar example.

In Southern California it is not very uncommon to find a house equipped with blackened water-pipes under glass in the roof. In this way, warm water is at hand without expense or delay, for bathing and other domestic purposes.

In the use of solar heat for cooking purposes, it is only necessary to attain a certain suitable temperature and maintain it for a considerable length of time in order to do the desired work. While it is a difficult thing to retain heat as compared with the difficulty of retaining electricity, yet by cheap insulating materials applied in sufficient quantity the heat of a large reservoir of fluid may be retained with moderate loss for considerable periods of time. Hence the variability of the solar radiation may be counteracted on the same sort of principle as the variability of certain engines is counteracted by fly-wheels. That is, if the heat obtained from the Sun in the favorable times is stored in a large well protected reservoir, it may be conserved to cover those unfavorable periods which are sure to occur.

The Sun Did the Cooking

In 1920 successful solar cooking experiments were made by Smithsonian observers at Mount Wilson. Two ovens at different temperatures were kept hot by oil circulation maintained by focusing the Sun's rays on a heater-tube by means of a cylindrical mirror of seventy square feet surface. The reservoir of oil surrounding the ovens was so large, and the protection of it from cooling so efficient, that the ovens were maintained at cooking temperatures continuously both night and day, except during prolonged cloudy weather.

The maximum oven temperatures observed on days when, as usual, the ovens were in constant use for baking, stewing, warming of water, canning of fruit, or the like, ranged from 149° to 155°, or about 128° Centigrade above the surroundings. Corresponding figures are approximately 300°, 310°, and 260° of the Fahrenheit scale. If the shade of the trees had not interfered, higher temperatures would have been attained.

The tests of the ovens in actual cooking operations were carried out exclusively by Mrs. Abbot,

* Charles P. Steinmetz, "America's Energy Supply." Transactions of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, Vol. XXXVII, pp. 985-1014, 1918.

though watched with interest and envy by other women. All varieties of baking were highly successfully done, though requiring somewhat longer time than ordinary, owing to the rather low oven temperature. Cooking of meats and vegetables was exceedingly satisfactory. The preparation of cereals for breakfast dishes required no attention after the start, as the dishes would be hot and smoothly cooked at breakfast time. The canning of fruit and vegetables was very easy. Pared fruit with syrup would be placed in cans and set into the cooler oven overnight. In the morning it required only to clamp the covers of the cans.

Since the apparatus was just outside the door of the kitchen, all the oppressive heat of summer cooking was avoided, although but a few steps were required to go out with the dishes.

New Experiments in Cooking Planned

FURTHER experiments are planned in which the conservation of the solar heat will, it is believed, be far better, and the oven temperatures may be raised much above those employed in 1920. For certain kinds of baking, this increased temperature will be a great advantage, though, as is less well known than it should be, slow cooking at low temperatures brings out a fine flavor and tenderness in meats, eggs, vegetables, and even in bread, which is oftentimes lost under ordinary cooking procedures. With the improvements planned, the duration of high temperatures in the oil reservoir may be greatly prolonged so as to bridge over the cloudy periods better.

For deserts like the Atacama Desert of northern Chile, where the world's supply of nitrates is obtained, and where copper is mined in large quantities, a solar heating apparatus of some such type as above described promises to be well worth developing. Dwellers in the United States can hardly appreciate the continuity of sunlight in the desert behind Iquique, the principal nitrate port of Chile, where for the last twenty years rain has fallen on but six days, and has produced in total less than half an inch of rainfall during all that time. Drinking water is piped from Bolivia, a distance of more than one hundred miles, to camps and towns in that region.

Problem—How to Collect Sunlight

IT seems worth serious consideration for such countries whether the solar rays can not be employed profitably on a large scale for heating and evaporating water for cooking and similar purposes. In such a country the inventive mind has its problem ready to hand, and the Chilean who succeeds in collecting sunlight efficiently for power and heating will deserve well of his country.

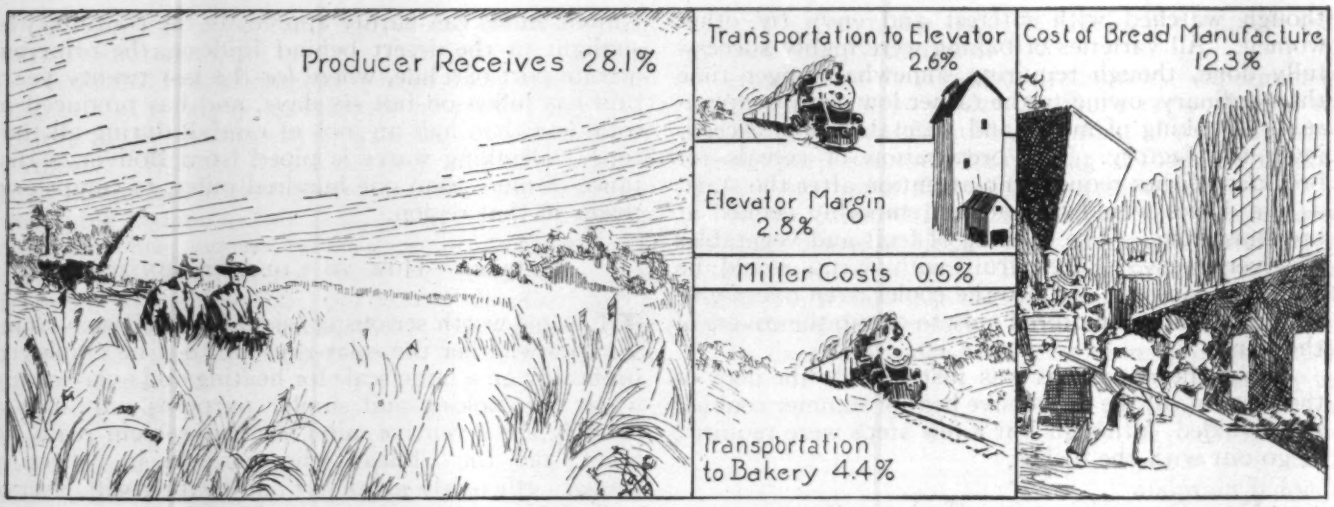
Such schemes for cloudless countries must stand or fall on considerations of the relative first cost of sun apparatus with the interest on the investment, as compared with the much smaller first cost of ordinary stoves taken together with the continuous expenditure for their fuel. Naturally, the solar cooker used on Mount Wilson, having been constructed specially to order, and being the first of the kind, is an expensive luxury. The expense of it reached approximately five hundred dollars. Considering the developments of other complex arts like dynamo machinery, radiotelephones, phonographs, and automobiles, it is not improbable that, if made at wholesale, the solar cooker's first cost could be reduced to one half or one third of the figure named.

At least, enough of success has already been reached in experimental sun plants for cooking and power purposes to encourage us to go further on these problems.

LIFE HISTORY OF A STAR

CONDITION	AS A GIANT STAR						AS A DWARF STAR					LATER STAGE
Harvard Spectrum Class	M	K	G	F	A	B	A	F	G	K	M	.....
Color	Deep red	Light red	Yellow	Light yellow	White	Bluish white	White	Light yellow	Yellow	Light red	Deep red	Dark
Prevailing chemical elements of spectrum	Carbon compounds	Metals; their oxides prominent	Many metals; no compounds	Metals faint; hydrogen	Hydrogen	Hydrogen; helium predominates	Hydrogen	Metals faint; hydrogen	Many metals; no compounds	Metals; their oxides prominent	Carbon compounds	Water; carbon-dioxide
Typical star	Betelgeuse	Arcturus	Capella	Canopus	Vega	Spica	Sirius	Procyon	Sun	Groombridge, 1618	Barnard's "runaway" star	Earth
Temperature	3,000° C	4,000° C	5,500° C	7,000° C	9,500° C	12,000° C	9,500° C	7,500° C	6,000° C	4,500° C	3,000° C	20° C
Density compared to water	0.0000005	0.0001	0.001	0.01	0.05	0.1	0.3	0.8	1.4	2.0	4.0	5.5

NOTE.—These data are not to be taken too rigidly, but rather to give a general picture of stellar evolution.



Why Do Things Cost So Much?

An Explanation of What Becomes of the Consumer's Dollar

By O. M. Kile

Illustrations by Norman Borchardt

In ten years the number of retail stores in the United States increased until there was one store for every ten urban families. Meantime the price of bread rose until it cost fifty cents to get a dollar's worth from the bakery to the consumer.

These and other interesting facts were discovered by the Joint Congressional Commission of Agricultural Inquiry, which worked many months, employing hundreds of experts, to get in touch with every industry in the country, in an effort to learn why the producer receives so little and why the consumer pays so heavily.

The Commission's conclusions, with some trenchant suggestions about remedying the situation, are given in the following article.

WHY does it cost twice as much to get a box of rolled oats to your kitchen door as it does to grow the oats and manufacture them into breakfast food?

Why does it cost fifty-five cents to deliver loaves of bread that cost only forty-five cents to produce?

Why does the purchaser pay twice as much for a suit of clothes as the cost to produce it, including the cost of the wool, the manufacture of the cloth, and the wages of the tailor?

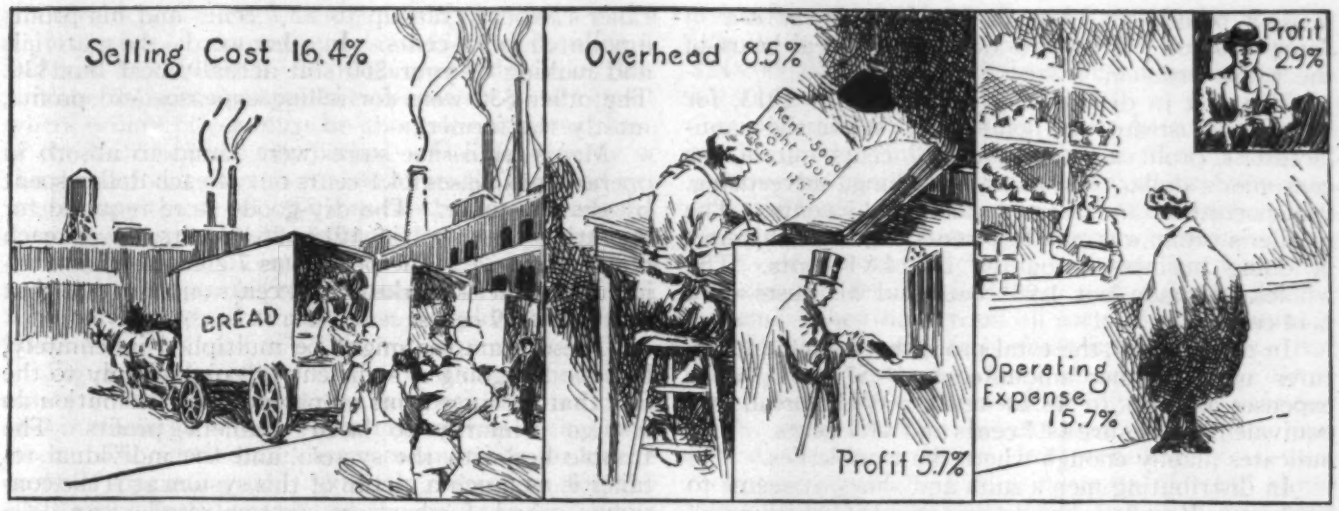
Do you realize that you are the one who pays all these excessive costs of distribution? In the careful study of the foregoing questions we have the key to the solution of one of the biggest problems of the present day.

If only ten cents could be cut from the distribution costs of each dollar's worth of goods sold, the savings to the consumers of the United States in a single year would amount to at least $2,500,000,000—virtually equivalent to the entire receipts of our national government from income taxes, corporation taxes, customs duties, internal revenue, and all other sources.

Until recently we usually dismissed this subject by laying the blame on the "profiteering" middleman. But lately an earnest effort has been made to learn just what does become of the consumer's dollar when it passes over the storekeeper's counter.

A joint commission of senators and representatives, assisted by a staff of economists, undertook to trail down the elusive dimes and pennies of that dollar and see just where they finally rested. It was not an easy task. In all some fourteen million questions were asked by the commission and answered by storekeepers, brokers, railway men, manufacturers, bankers, advertising men, storage men, truckers, and dozens of other groups that have a hand in passing goods along to the consumer. Three thousand of the leaders in the various lines were placed on committees totaling nearly two hundred, and charged with the responsibility of helping to get at the facts in their respective industries.

One industry—the dry-goods people—rented a floor in a New York office building, employed thirty extra girls to type and tabulate statistics, and put in six weeks securing the data which, in its final form in the report of the congressional commission, made up but a single table an inch or so long. Other industries dug up figures for their particular lines in similar fashion. It was expensive, tiresome work, and it went against the grain in many instances to give out data on costs and profits which many business men think it good policy to keep secret. But, when the full scope and purpose of the investigation was finally realized, leaders in the various lines turned in with



This and the adjoining picture show what becomes of a dollar spent for bread. The production costs, as shown in the left-hand diagram, are 50.8 per cent. The distribution costs, as shown above, are 49.2 per cent, the baker's profit being 5.7 per cent and the retailer's 2.9 per cent

something of the war-time spirit of unselfish service, and placed everything they had at the disposal of the commission.

When the figures had all been collected, threshed over, and analyzed, some very interesting discoveries were made. Consider bread, for instance. According to the commission, it takes approximately fifty cents of the consumer's dollar merely to get the loaves of bread from the bakery to the consumer. The original grower of the wheat got 29.6 cents out of the dollar for his share. Transportation, grinding into flour, and all expenses of getting it to the baker amounted to 8.43 cents. The average portion of the dollar going into the making of the bread is 10.16 cents.

Thus we see that it costs nearly five times as much to sell and deliver bread as it does to make it.

Some Interesting Figures

WITH products like rolled oats the case looks worse, from the consumer's standpoint. It cost 66.16 cents to distribute rolled oats that cost only 33.84 cents to produce. Over an average of several years it required 63 cents out of the consumer's dollar to distribute 37 cents' worth of corn-flakes.

Figures collected from other official sources in 1912 give the following mark-ups on perishables *between the New York railroad terminal and the final consumer:*

	Per Cent
Creamery butter	16.9
Whole-milk cheese	28.13
Western eggs	19.47
Fancy White Leghorn eggs	43.43
Fresh milk	71.5
Vegetables	
Potatoes, Maine	57.81
Potatoes, imported	92.0
Lettuce	87.5
White onions	85.0
Fresh beans	106.2
Fresh peas	91.8
Cabbage	100.0
Celery	150.0
Tomatoes	60.0
Baldwin apples	116.0
California oranges	54.6
Lemons	122.2
Live fowls	25.0
Codfish	180.0

Distribution costs in New York City on all foods amounted to 46 per cent of the gross retail price, according to the Osborn legislative investigation made in 1912, and things are worse now. Half the consumer's dollar never gets out of town!

Here is a little picture showing how a one-dollar bushel of potatoes in Wisconsin becomes a three-dollar bushel in New York or Philadelphia or Boston. The figures were submitted by a large Wisconsin shipper in 1920.

The Joy Ride to Market

	Per Bu.
Price received by producer	$1.00
Local buyer's profit	.05
Shipping expense to near-by wholesale shipper	.06
Expense of wholesale shipper (as per Wisconsin statement)	.367
Total cost to shipper	$1.477
Shipper's profit—variable, average 10	.10
Freight from Central Wisconsin to Cleveland	.198
Broker's commission, at Cleveland	.05
Total cost to wholesaler at terminal market	$1.825
Wholesaler's expenses and profit—variable, average 15 per cent on sales	.316
Total cost to retailer	$2.141
Retailer's expenses and profit—variable, average 35 per cent on cost	.749
Total cost to consumer	$2.89

To quote the rather conservative language of the commission, "This disproportionate distribution of the consumer's dollar reflects the importance of giving consideration to more economic and scientific distribution of the essential commodities."

But the point that surprises most is the fact that it is not profits that make these high costs. It seems that a good share of our barking has been up the wrong tree. We can not solve our distribution problem by jailing profiteers. And when you stop to think it over, just how many corner grocers, druggists, and hardware men do you know who are getting rich rapidly? The chances are, you can't think of many. On the contrary, you can probably mention several who have gone broke. The rapid turnover of proprietorship in these lines is notorious.

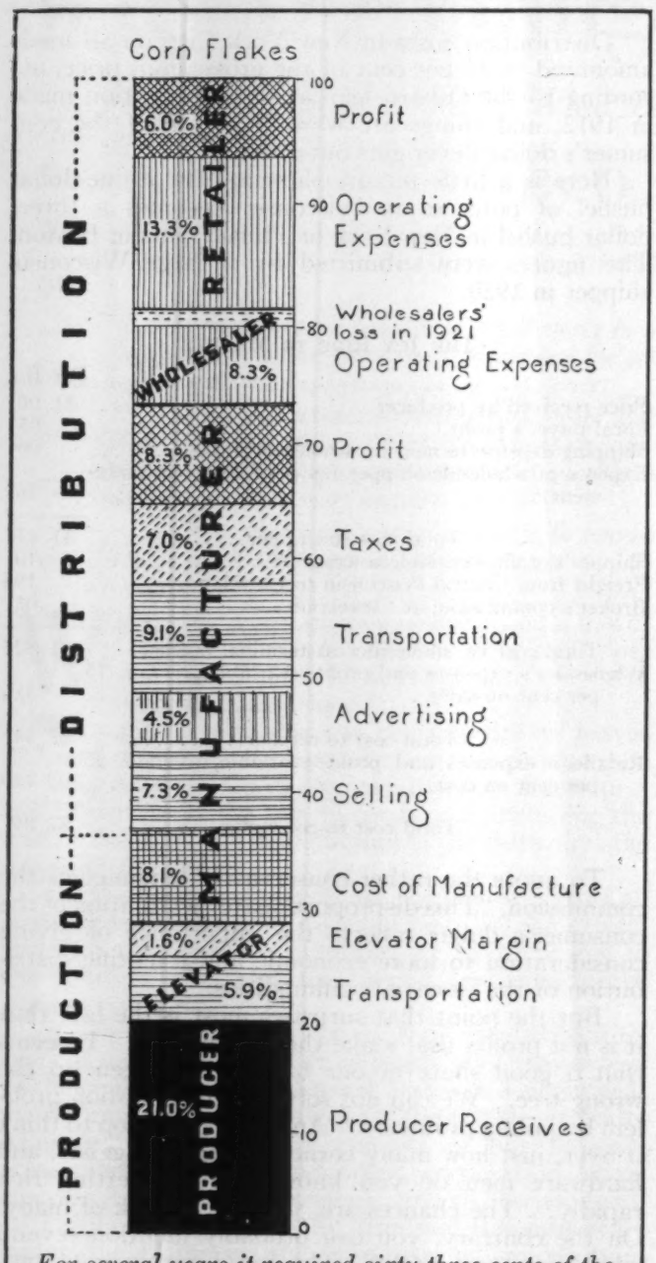
There must be something besides profits represented in these high percentages quoted. The com-

mission points out that the big item is *the cost of doing business*. That gets down to the real heart of the whole problem.

The cost in distributing rolled oats in 1913, for instance, illustrates the point well. While the manufacturer's profit amounted to 8.2 cents out of the consumer's dollar, his costs of selling, advertising, transportation, and taxes totaled 27.15 cents. The retailer's profit was only 8.39 cents, while his expenses of doing business amounted to 14.84 cents. The wholesaler made but 1.98 cents and his costs were 6.44 cents.

In other words, the total profits between manufacturer and consumer amounted to 18.57 cents, while expenses ran up to 48.43 cents. With bread the equivalent figures are 14.7 cents and 41.7 cents. This indicates plainly enough where the trouble lies.

In distributing men's suits and shoes, it seems to be the retailer who is chiefly responsible for high costs. In men's suits the wholesale selling expense was, in 1913, 12.8 cents and the profit 5 cents. But the retailer's expense ran up to 22.7 cents and his profits amounted to 9.6 cents. In other words, the materials and making of your $60 suit actually cost but $30. The other $30 went for selling expenses and profits, mostly the former.



For several years it required sixty-three cents of the consumer's dollar to distribute thirty-seven cents' worth of corn-flakes

Men's retail shoe stores were found to absorb in operating expenses 24.1 cents out of each dollar spent by the consumer. The dry-goods store required for operating expenses, in 1913, 26.9 cents out of each dollar taken in. The profit was 7.2 cents, thus making the retailer's mark-up 34.1 cents on an article that cost him 65.9 cents.

These examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but the foregoing is sufficient to point plainly to the fact that the huge sums we pay out for distribution do not go primarily to swell retailers' profits. The trouble lies with the system, and the individual retailer is as much a victim of this system as is the consumer. And, furthermore, no one retailer can do a great deal toward cutting down distributive costs. This is one of the most discouraging features of the situation. If he develops an efficient staff and store and begins to make money, very shortly a competitor opens up across the street, the trade is split up between the two, each offers new and expensive services and attractions—and both lose money. Eventually one or the other goes broke—unless the community grows rapidly enough in the meantime to support both—and several more years of lost effort must be charged up and paid for by society.

Problems of the Grocer

THE average grocery store in the United States changes hands every seven years. This indicates the frequency with which this costly and tragic contest is being enacted throughout the land.

"Of the men who enter the grocery business, 5 per cent are successful, 15 per cent stagger along on the ragged edge, and 80 per cent go out of business within seven years," says F. E. Kamper, president of the National Retail Grocers' Association and head of one of the largest retail grocery stores in the South. One cause for this condition was suggested by Mr. Kamper in the following comments before the commission:

"A man who has accumulated a little money, say a few hundred dollars, in another kind of work, or a retired farmer, or a man who has become crippled and received a little money from an insurance company, comes to town and opens up a little grocery store. Up until 1914 it was possible in Atlanta for a man who could get together $300, either borrowed or his own money, to open up a little store, and in six months he could owe the jobbers $5000."

This is no doubt an extreme illustration, but it readily suggests why we have such a multiplicity of grocery stores to-day.

Various types of stores and plans of merchandising have been devised in an effort to beat these exceedingly high costs of distribution. The department-store was one of the earlier developments. The thought was that, by grouping several kinds of stores under one roof and one management, material savings in overhead would result, and at the same time large-volume purchases would command lower wholesale prices from manufacturers.

Some success has been attained along both these lines. Ordinarily the department-store can buy from 15 to 20 per cent more cheaply than can the usual neighborhood store. The bigger volume of business permits the employment of high-grade managers who

understand up-to-date merchandising methods, and a higher rate of turnover of capital is secured. But it has been found that there are compensating costs that run the department-store's expenses up to the point where selling prices must be about the same as those of the local neighborhood store. The big expense of the department-store is to overcome distance and get people into the store. This means heavy advertising, attractive but expensive window displays and fittings, and numerous elaborate services. Delivery wagons sent out twenty miles to deliver a spool of thread and a couple of yards of muslin must be paid for by somebody.

Figures collected by an association of manufacturers in 1914 show that the expenses of doing business in the large store are much more than in the small store. The small stores are economical as far as the costs of operation go. Operating expenses for the small stores in 1913 averaged about 15 per cent, while in the big stores the expense was 26 per cent.

In the country and smaller towns the mail-order houses have built up a big business, based on the idea of rendering the least possible unnecessary service and selling at the lowest possible price. The quarter-billion-dollar business done annually by the largest American mail-order house testifies to the extent to which this merchandising effort is appreciated. But it has its limitations. Many people can not order satisfactorily from a catalog; they must see or handle the goods in order to be satisfied; orders must be placed quite a while in advance; and, obviously, there are many kinds of goods of a seasonal or perishable nature that can not be handled through this system. Mail-order houses have never been able to make much progress in selling to the city trade.

The chain store is a more recent development. Instead of gathering many stores under one roof, as the department-store has done, it endeavors to extend the same store under many roofs. Uniformity of management and advertising, and large-scale purchasing, are relied upon to effect economies that will permit of lower selling prices and still return a moderate profit. Manufacturers in certain lines, notably shoes and hats, established chain stores to handle their lines exclusively, while chain groceries, drug stores, and tobacco stores have become common. All of these seem to have had some success in cutting down merchandising costs, but in each instance there have been compensating expenses or lack of services that tended to make their prices not far different from those of the ordinary old-style retailer.

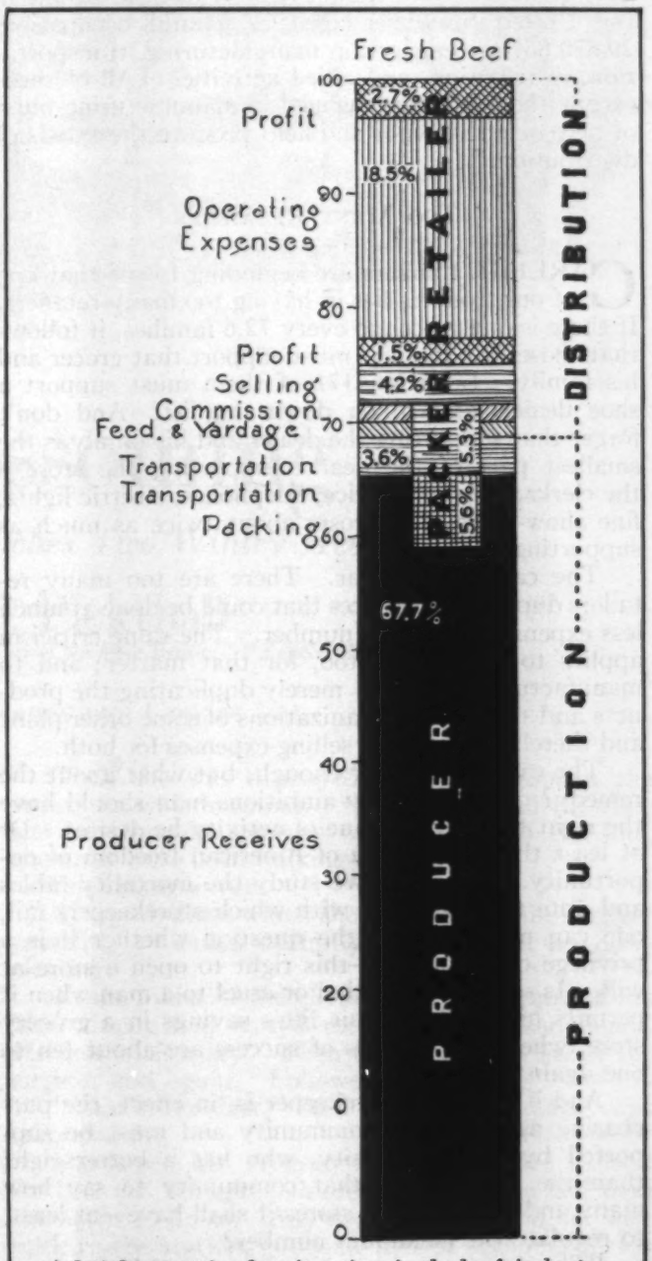
Self-Service and Coöperative Stores

SELF-SERVICE and cash-and-carry groceries, which have become a feature of our retail system, are conducted on the theory that a considerable portion of the people are themselves willing to perform some of the functions of the merchant and do without some of the services usually rendered, provided this is definitely reflected in a lower price. Investigations conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture indicates that the savings to the customers of self-service stores range from 5 to 10 per cent on the selling price.

Coöperative stores carry this idea a step further. The customers furnish the capital and share in the profits. In England and continental Europe this method of distribution has attained great prominence during the past decade. Great Britain is said to purchase nearly half its staple supplies through coöperative societies of this kind, and in 1919 the Scottish Wholesale Cooperative Society did a business of $248,000,000, in a country of only four million inhabitants.

Coöperative stores have never been much of a success in the United States, but in the agricultural sections coöperative purchasing of staple farm supplies, such as feed, fertilizers, seed, coal, lumber, wire fence, etc., is again assuming large proportions.

Evidently manufacturers and retailers have recognized the terrible inefficiency of our distributing system. They have tried all sorts of experiments in an effort to get away from these excessive costs. But not much progress has been made. In fact, distribution costs have increased rapidly in the past few years. This was to be expected during the war period, but even before 1914 retailing costs were mounting steadily. Operating costs of retail stores virtually doubled between 1890 and 1913. In 1890 the big store did business at a cost of 15 per cent, while in 1913 the cost was 26 per cent. The small



A bright spot in the situation is the beef industry. Beef is produced for about 68 per cent and distributed for 32 per cent

store's costs in 1890 were 7 per cent and by 1913 they had jumped to 15 per cent.

Following a survey made in New York in 1912, the Osborn Commission reported that the number as well as the expense of retailers was increasing rapidly. The report said:

> During the past ten years the number of our retail stores has increased 41 per cent, now giving us one retail store for every ten urban families; their operating expense has increased 112 per cent; their delivery and package cost 126 per cent; and the population—the buyers—only 21 per cent.

Now look at the 1920 census figures, showing the number of retailers in the five leading lines:

	Number of Retailers	Number of families per Dealer
Groceries	334,212	72.6
Men's Furnishings	40,399	602.7
Boots and Shoes	141,867	171.6
Dry Goods	35,207	691.5
Hardware	37,032	657.5

Further, we find that, out of 41,614,248 people in the United States engaged in gainful occupation, 29,570,867 are engaged in manufacturing, transportation, distribution, and allied activities. All of these except those directly engaged in manufacturing must of necessity live off of and help produce the "costs of distribution."

Too Many Retailers

CAREFUL thinkers are beginning to see that one of our troubles lies in having too many retailers. If there is one grocer to every 72.6 families, it follows that those 72.6 families must support that grocer and his family. Likewise, 171 of them must support a shoe dealer, and so on down the list. And don't forget that supporting the dealer and his family is the smallest part of the deal. Supporting the store—the clerks, delivery service, telephones, electric lights, fine show-cases, etc.—costs about twice as much as supporting the dealer.

The case seems clear. There are too many retailers duplicating services that could be done at much less expense by a fewer number. The same criticism applies to wholesalers too, for that matter; and to manufacturers who are merely duplicating the products and the selling organizations of some other plant and thereby running up selling expenses for both.

The case seems clear enough; but what about the remedy? Certainly any ambitious man should have the right to enter any line of activity he desires. Or at least that is our idea of American freedom of opportunity. But when we study the mortality tables and note the regularity with which storekeepers fail, one can not but raise the question whether it is a privilege or a liability—this right to open a store at will. Is society being kind or cruel to a man when it permits him to invest his life's savings in a grocery store, where the chances of success are about ten to one against him?

And if the local storekeeper is, in effect, the purchasing agent of the community and must be supported by the community, who has a better right than the members of that community to say how many and what kind of stores it shall have—at least, to regulate the maximum number?

"The day is coming when a man will be no more permitted to set up in the profession of distributing goods without first demonstrating to society his qualifications than the druggist is now permitted to dispense drugs, the doctor to practise medicine, the lawyer to practise law, or the engineer to put M. E. after his name." This is the deliberate conclusion of William H. Ingersoll, based on an extended study of this entire subject of distribution.

While it is apparent that the biggest chance for savings in the cost of distribution comes after the goods have reached the wholesaler, it must not be assumed that all possible savings are to be made beyond that point. In its report the congressional committee takes occasion to point out other big economies that can be effected. Manufacturers are accused of forcing distribution too extensively—and too expensively; frequent changes in style and useless multiplicity of designs differing only in slight details are pointed out as causes of excessive selling costs; agricultural producers are told to standardize their products, secure a more even flow to market through erection of more warehouses, creation of better credit facilities, and utilization of coöperative selling methods; the transportation system comes in for its share of criticism; some useless middlemen are referred to, and the consumer is told that it is up to him to help cut distribution expenses "by assuming a great responsibility in securing the commodities they require, instead of depending upon retailers to display a great variety of goods with superlative convenience, and spacious display rooms with extravagant furnishings, fixtures, and facilities."

There is an idea firmly fixed in the minds of many city dwellers that the way to eliminate the excessive cost of food is through municipal markets. Here the producer and consumer may meet on common ground and each appropriate to himself part of the cost of operation and the profits of the middlemen. Furthermore (so the theory holds), the retail stores, in competition directly with the producers of food, would have to reduce their costs, also.

This idea has been given a thorough trial over many years in many cities, and almost invariably it is a failure. A joint State and city investigation of New York's food resources was made in 1917, and the final report said this of city markets:

> A careful investigation shows that if all the tillable land available for farming purposes, located near enough to New York City to be reached by the farmer with his vehicle, were under intensive cultivation, it would produce, under the most favorable circumstances, less than 5 per cent of the entire amount of food-stuffs consumed in New York City.
>
> A careful investigation also shows that the city people demand service; that a vast amount of food consumed in the city is ordered by telephone and delivery required at all hours of the day.
>
> We believe, therefore, that before any experiment in public retail markets is undertaken (as a war-time measure) on a large scale at public expense, an earnest, intelligent attempt should be made to improve our terminal facilities, so that producers from up-State and other parts of the country can get their food into New York City and get it delivered promptly and economically. In this connection terminal wholesale markets would help materially.

This need for better food distribution facilities in New York has been repeatedly pointed out; but, as in most other American communities, nothing has been done about it. New York, being the largest city and cramped for market space because of its peculiar geographic location, provides the horrible example for the whole country in this respect.

In all, here is a problem worthy of close thought, not only by economists and those engaged directly in the production and distribution of essential commodities, but by the consumer as well.

"If you could get me out of this—back to the station!" she said

The Blossoming

In Which Springtime Touches Two Wintry Hearts

By M. L. C. Pickthall

Author of "The Woman of the Shrine," "Hordisa of the Fair Braids," "Angels' Shoes," etc.

Illustrations by Genevieve Cowles

THE telegram to Cavan was in Anna's pocket. Her cousin, Mrs. Aymery, knew it was there—knew, too, that it consisted of the single word "Yes." In Mrs. Aymery's mind, it could have consisted of nothing else; yet she was relieved.

Perhaps it was in contradiction to this florid relief that Anna had not despatched her telegram from the little station where the train was to stop for an unaccountable half-hour. She left it to do so; but instead walked down the platform, crossed a road, and followed a path into the woods.

Just a few minutes more; just a few minutes of silence and coolness, and—yes—a thrush singing; just a few moments yet in which to feel herself her own!

In ten minutes she turned to go back—and found herself hopelessly lost.

She was not disturbed. There was plenty of time. She must have turned in the wrong direction by the stream. She returned to the stream and chose her line anew, expecting each moment to reach the road.

Instead, far away, she heard the whistle of the locomotive. They were whistling for her.

Then she was dismayed. Coming through the trees, the whistle sounded very distant; all the time she had thought she was walking toward the line, she must have been walking away from it.

She began to run.

The path down which she ran seemed familiar; yet presently it ended abruptly, died out in a grassy clearing.

In the midst of the clearing she stood motionless. Her coming had scared the thrush she had heard. He flew with a cry. Then once more she heard the engine; and again. Followed silence.

"That's the last," said Anna aloud. She was left behind.

She hoped Mr. Aymery had not stopped to look for her; she thought it more likely that he had paid the agent to do so. Anyway, she must find her way back to the station, get some sort of accommodation for the night, and follow next day on the through train. There was nothing to worry about.

But in an hour she knew something had gone wrong with the safe routine of her life.

She looked at the woods. They were as implacable as stone walls. Panic shook her. On all sides she was inclosed by silence and the budding trees, and felt herself so inclosed for miles. Each tree, in the first fugitive stirring of spring, looked as soft and delicate as her own flesh; yet—

Her expensive conventional traveling gear was stained and slashed as if in mockery. Her shoes were cut, her hands bleeding. The trees would not let her go.

Not even a mistaken sense of direction was now hers. She went blindly on, driven by that ancient forest-fear which would drive her until she fell.

She was near falling when, with the dusk adding itself to the silence and the trees, she came to a river running strongly between wooded banks. She was glad of it, because it reflected clear sky, a sky colored like a hyacinth, and a sickle-moon of spring.

SHE stumbled along the bank of the river a short way—and stopped, trembling.

A fence barred her advance. On the fence a man was sitting, with his back to her, watching the moon.

The relief was a convulsion. The distorted world swung back into shape. Anna Aymery said like a child, "I'm lost!" stumbled forward, rested her arms on the fence and her head on her arms, and broke into wild tears.

Even as she wept, the thought stirred in her that this was the quietest man she had ever met; he was as quiet as the woods—for he did not speak or move. Only when she raised her head, he said gently, "Got through with it?"

"Yes. Oh, yes."

"That's right. There's nothing in the world worth while being so scared about, you know."

"I'm *lost*."

"Not now."

Anna looked at him. In a moment she repeated like a child, "No—not now."

Her trained conventional sense was at work unconsciously all the time, probing him, trying to "place" him. Her life led her to ask, not "Who is he?" but "What is he?" She could see no more than a shabby flannel shirt and a dark thin face, of which the eyes were luminous and the features ugly. With the simplicity that had fallen on her after her terror, she said, "What are you doing *here?*"

"Waiting for my trees to blossom."

He spoke gravely. In a moment he added, "I'm afraid I'll have to wait another year or two yet."

Then she saw that on the other side of the fence an orchard of young fruit trees swept gently upward to a shadow of woods and a more solid darkness that might be a small house. On the edge of the woods, over the house, something took the moonlight like a cloud, or an anchored shower of snow.

Anna said, "They're just baby trees."

"Yes," agreed the man gravely. "I had to buy them baby, you see, because I couldn't afford to stock my place with big ones. Besides, it's much more fun to watch them grow. I almost thought some of the apples might flower this year. I've been waiting now for three. But there isn't a bud!"

"There's a tree in blossom in the shadow there."

"That's a wild-apple tree."

Anna moved with a sigh. He had been watching her, for all his quietness. Now he said quickly, "My name's Woodin. What can I do for you?"

"If you could get me out of this—back to the station! I left the train for a few minutes at Milbrook, foolishly walked into the woods, and was lost. I heard the train go on without me."

"Milbrook? You've come eight miles through the woods. I don't think you could go back that way to-night."

"I'm sure I couldn't. But isn't there a road—a wagon?"

He shook his head. "My road's the river. It's the road by which I shall take my fruit to market at Milbrook when I have any. But it's a long way against the stream, and there's no place for you to stop when you get there." He swung off the fence and stood beside her, and she saw that he was tall. "Hadn't you better stop here till the morning?" he said.

"*Here?*"

His eyes were on hers; she thought they held a curious look of expectancy.

"Why not? I'm all alone here, but my sister used to stay with me a good deal at first. Her room's as she left it, and her things— You can have the whole house to yourself, if you like."

Anna was silent. Then again fear rose in her—not of him, but of something intangible, inevitable, that seemed to be closing in on her, as a little while ago the trees had done. She felt that she must escape, get away, or she would lose herself—that shaken self she huddled into an armor of reserve, of habit.

She heard herself say in a conventional voice: "That's very good of you, but I couldn't think of—of disturbing you so much. If you could put me on my way—"

Her voice shook a little, and broke. He came quite close to her, looked down at her with eyes that held nothing now but a strange pity.

"Poor little girl," he said under his breath, "poor little girl—afraid of all the wrong things!"

Anna was dumb, though that appeal cried in her. It was years since any one had called her a little girl.

HE did not attempt to alter her decision. He said: "Well, if you prefer not to stay here, there is only one thing to be done. I must take you, not up the river to Milbrook, but down the river to Port Cedar. There's a summer hotel there. They'd take you in until to-morrow, and the train stops at the junction, two miles on." He looked at her almost with mockery. "You're not afraid?"

"Of what?" Anna's voice was cold.

"Of the river. There are rapids below here. It is a hazardous journey at night."

"I am not afraid." Then her pride broke before that queer terror, not of the woods only: of something greater than the woods. "Mr. Woodin," she said desperately, "I think I'll *die* if you don't get me out."

"I'll get you out if I can." The compassion was in his tone again. "But, at least, you'll stay long enough to let me make you some coffee?"

"I'd rather not stop for *anything*."

"As you please. You need not stop. My canoe is right here."

He led her to a little landing-stage at the foot of the orchard where a canoe was moored. While he was bringing paddle and cushions from a shed, Anna stood watching the young moon trembling in the quick current; it seemed forever passing away, yet was always there. The large evening was clear and chill, a few stars showing. She could smell the aromatic leaf-buds of the little orchard trees.

Without a word, he made the canoe ready and held it for her; without a word, she stepped in. He thrust off. The current took them. In a clear hollow of the woods she saw the new orchard, the dark house, and the moonlit snow of the wild-apple tree swing aside, recede, and vanish.

She glanced back at him once. He was gazing above and beyond her. Now and then he dipped the paddle lightly. The current bore them on silently; she was amazed at the power of the quiet stream to which she had surrendered herself.

The woods went past in a stream of shadow. Once he worked the canoe close inshore. She saw rocks in midstream. A wild vine stretched its tendrils across the bows. Anna leaned forward and thrust the green stuff away; it was warm to the touch—it was as if the forest tried to hold her back.

Then again they were out in full water, stars wimpling alongside, the forest passing like a shadow. Woodin did not speak; he seemed to have forgotten Anna. The slender moon was nearly set.

It sank at last behind the concealing forest. Then the man suddenly backed the canoe, held it against the current; she saw the paddle quiver with the strain. He said quickly, "There's still time to go back. Are you sure you want to go on?"

"Quite sure, thank you."

"The bad water's just ahead. Are you sure you don't mind? You're not afraid?"

"I'm not afraid," said Anna again, proudly.

He held the canoe a moment yet, looking at her. "You'll trust me for *this*," he said softly, "not for the other. Poor little girl!"

The paddle flashed. A stroke or two, and Anna felt the canoe caught in a grip like that of a great hand. Round a sudden bend of the channel, a great music came to her. She saw something glimmering in the young night like the wild-apple tree, white as snow.

She had never been in danger in her life, any more than she had ever been in solitude, or great fear, or love. Only pride now kept her motionless.

The rapids were still some distance off; but all the waters in the world seemed pressing behind them, thrusting the canoe toward that thunderous blossoming of the foam.

"Sit still."

Instinctively, at the tone of command, she glanced back at Woodin. And at the instant she saw it happen.

The paddle snapped in his hands.

It seemed to her to snap soundlessly. The canoe swung broadside to the current. At the same moment Woodin rose in his place and held out his arms. His face was white; his eyes shone on her.

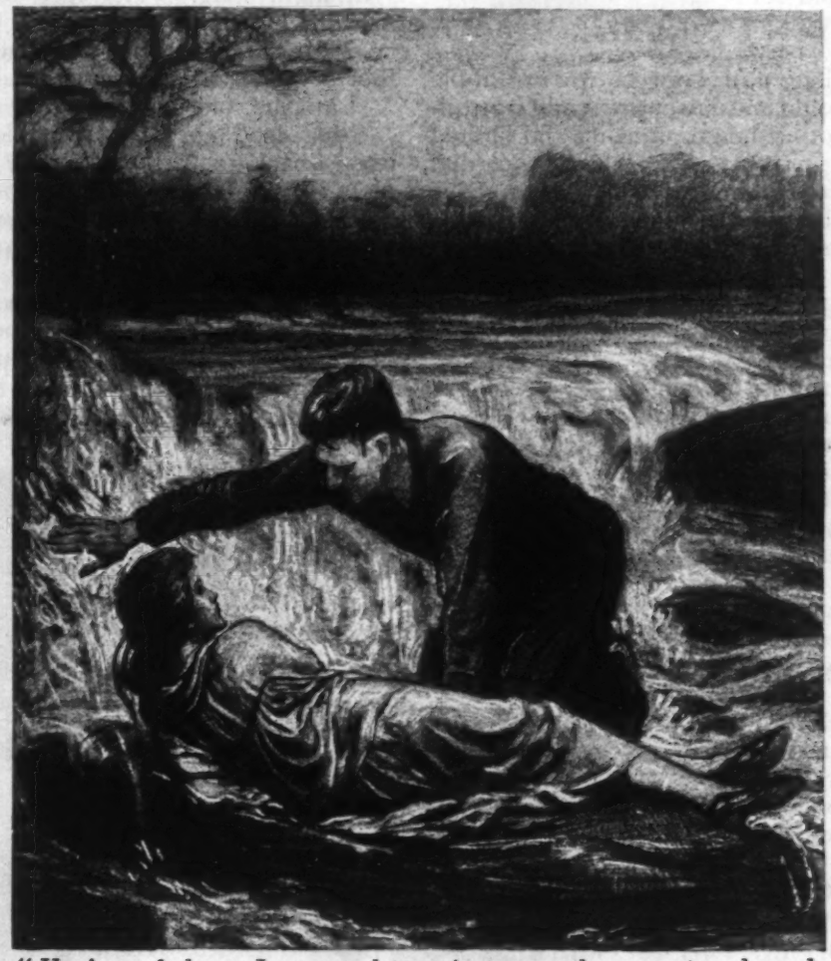
"Trust me," he said clearly. "*Trust* me."

She rose also. As he caught her to him, she yielded. They leaped from the canoe together.

Yielding to him and to the river, Anna knew a sensation of extraordinary peace, a cessation of all fear. She knew then that, though she died, she would not be afraid.

Then the water took them.

She had time for one thought—that the weight upon her was not of water, but of iron, crushing her; then no thought at all. But she was conscious that Woodin held her fast.



"You're safe here; I managed to swim across the current and reach this rock"

When life and thought returned to her, she was lying on something hard which vibrated in a continuous thunder of sound. She raised her head dizzily, and something as white as flower-petals floated in her face. She was lying on a rock at the head of the rapids; Wooding was kneeling over her, sheltering her from the spray.

FOR a minute neither spoke. Then the man said slowly: "I thought you were—lost. I thought I'd lost you as soon as I'd found you."

"No. No, I'm—not lost."

In a minute he said: "You're safe here. I managed to swim a little across the current and reach this rock. It's one of many. When you're ready, I can carry you ashore."

With that strange and lovely simplicity which was like the opening of a flower, Anna raised her hands and said: "I'm ready; take me."

Through the drift and thunder of the rapids, stepping from rock to rock, he carried her to the shore.

"Now I can walk," said Anna. He set her down.

So the girl and the man began to walk up the bank of the river toward his house. He held her hand in his, leading her, directing her in the darkness. When she faltered, he put his arm around her. She rested on his strength. The mystery of the woods inclosed her. Cool leaves touched her; branches would have held her. She was not afraid. She saw the ranked trees of the young orchard, the wild-apple tree like a cloud against the stars, before it seemed possible. She said dreamily: "Are we back already?"

In a minute he told her:

"You have been walking two hours."

HE led her up a long path between rows of apple saplings that would one day be great and fruitful. He opened the door of his house, went in, and lighted a lamp. The place sprang to her sight in a cordial glow: walls of red cedar, shelves, books, rugs. She entered after him. He pointed to an inner door.

"My sister's room," he said. "You'll find everything there—towels, blankets, clothes. And a lamp. Here are matches. While you change I'll get into some dry things, light the stove, and when you're ready we'll have something to eat."

Anna said doubtfully: "Your sister—she won't mind if I use her things?"

He looked at her with his strange, still eyes before he said: "My sister died last year. I keep her things ready for her, just the same. I like to. I thought—perhaps she liked it, too."

Anna bent her head. She went softly into the inner room, looking back at him with eyes as grave and clear as a child's, and shut the door.

He had the stove lighted and food prepared when she came out, wearing clothes too large for her, and carrying her own wet ones, which she dropped by the stove. He said: "I'm afraid they're spoiled."

"It doesn't matter," answered Anna vaguely; "they're not my clothes."

She meant that they were Mrs. Aymery's clothes. Mrs. Aymery had clothed her and housed her for three years, that she might make a good match at the end. And Cavan was the match. Suddenly Anna laughed, stirring the wet garments with her foot.

Woodin made her eat and drink. She obeyed him, smiling like a child through a drowsiness so deep it was like a mist, now of foam, now of blown apple-petals. He talked to her sometimes, sometimes was silent, watching her. Soon he said, "Now go and sleep."

Again she went softly to the inner room. "Good night," she said. But he did not reply. He was looking from the window at his orchard, as if he thought the little trees must suddenly have bloomed.

Lying on the dead girl's cot, Anna sank at once into a fathomless security of sleep.

When she awoke it was morning. Birds sang. In youngest sunlight the woods spread beyond the orchard like a sea. From the window she stretched her hands to them. "Lovely," she said, "lovely!"

She came out to Woodin, wearing his sister's clothes. He had made a fire in the stove and prepared breakfast. Her dried clothes were on a chair before the fire.

He asked her, "You slept well?" She told him, "All night long." Her face confirmed it, and the morning in her eyes.

They sat down and ate together. The shadows shortened on the cedar floor.

Later he told her: "It's time to go."

She stood up, ready to follow him through the woods back to Milbrook. She glanced around the room slowly. He said: "You'll see this place again."

When they went out, the hour's promise lay on the orchard. Each twig was tipped with the green flame of spring. But half way down the long path, Anna stopped. She said to Woodin, "Look." Raising a little apple-bough, she showed him the flower buds, the first, nested in the living green.

He had the stove lighted and food prepared when she came out, wearing his sister's clothes

"The first blossom," he said in a low voice,"—and yours."

His hand went out to break the spray for her, but she put it aside. "No," she said; "leave them. Let them bear you fruit."

They went into the woods together. They were silent. It seemed to Anna that the trees and the grass spoke for her.

IT was nearly noon when they stood on the edge of the road she had crossed only the day before. The roof of the small freight-shed showed through the trees. Woodin said, "You're safe now."

She lifted her eyes to his. "I'm always safe now."

"The train will be signaled in a little while."

"Then I must go."

"But you'll come back." He smiled at her.

"Yes," assented Anna gently; "I'll come back."

"When my trees blossom," repeated Woodin with assurance, "you'll come back and marry me."

"If you'll have me," answered Anna Aymery, "I'll come back and marry you next spring."

"Then hadn't you better tell me your name and address?"

They laughed helplessly, like children. She felt in her pocket and found a folded telegram. Woodin discovered a pencil. She scored the written message through—the "Yes" to Cavan—and on the back of the form she wrote her name and address and gave it to Woodin. They were grave now.

Then, with his hands on her shoulders, he drew her toward him. "I love you," he said.

"I—love—you." Her words were the tenderest echo of his own.

"This," he said, "for remembrance." He drew her nearer and kissed her trembling lips. Then he pushed her gently away, and she knew, for that time, it was farewell.

She walked quickly up the road to the railway. She was crying a little.

"He's poor, I suppose," she said to herself; "that's why he can't do with me yet. And goodness knows I'm poor. I wonder what his sister was like. "I'll be good to him, my dear," she whispered; "I'll be good to him. And he'll write and explain things. There'll be plenty of explaining to do. I'll have to explain to Philip Cavan; but I don't think he'll mind very much. And to Cousin Julia. I—I'll have to find some work. I can't wear her clothes after wearing *yours*. But then—it's only to wait until the trees blossom."

Far in the distance, a train whistled. She began to run, still weeping softly. As she ran she held one hand closed to her bosom—closed on a handful of petals from a wild-apple tree. They rained behind her like snow.

These also were for remembrance.

In Next Month's Issue

The "Dawn Man" is what scientists call our earliest human ancestor. Science has reconstructed a very interesting picture of how he looked and how he lived. The March McCLURE'S will contain—

THE DAWN MAN

An Interview with Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn

President of the American Museum of Natural History

Millions of persons are alive in Russia to-day because America sent them food. How a hopeless people regained their courage and how they may yet repay their debt will be vividly told to McCLURE'S readers by a member of the American Relief Expedition to Russia. Let those who think that the United States has abandoned suffering Europe read—

SAVING A NATION'S SOUL AND BODY

By Nellie E. Gardner

There will be another fascinating story of the operations of our military Secret Service in the war area of France during the world conflict—a sequel, this, to "The Algerian Murderers," which appeared in the November McCLURE'S. The title of this new story is—

THE STOLEN PASSPORTS

By Major C. E. Russell

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE considered itself fortunate in securing a number of unusual stories by a talented woman writer who was just receiving full recognition for her work when she died early in 1922. A number of these have been appearing in recent issues; next month read—

THE DOOR ON THE PAST

By M. L. C. Pickthall

The Woman Accused

A Novel of Mystery and Intrigue—Coming Now to a Tense Climax

By Roy Vickers

Illustrations by O. J. Gatter

THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

JOSEPH BLENKIRON, wealthy, is found shot dead in his house in Rubington. The night before he was in conference with Geoffrey Buckram, whose wife, Aileen, was Blenkiron's secretary before her marriage. Blenkiron had wanted her to marry his son Quentin—had even placed her in a compromising position and obtained a photograph of her breakfasting with Quentin. At the time of her wedding, it is rumored, Quentin committed suicide. But on the night of the murder he comes to Aileen and tells her he has killed his father and fastened the crime on her husband. Aileen drives to Blenkiron's house, finds Blenkiron dead and her husband unconscious. She gets Geoffrey home, bringing also the contents of the safe, hoping to establish a false clue of burglary.

Geoffrey, who was ill, thinks he killed Blenkiron after seeing the incriminating photograph. Aileen tells him she did it. A will is found, leaving Blenkiron's possessions to Aileen. In Brazier, the lawyer who comes to take her written refusal of the legacy, Aileen recognizes Quentin; this she dares not tell Geoffrey. To recover a possible new will, she goes on the river, where she has sunk the contents of the safe. While she is grappling for the box, a tramp appears on the shore, and tells her he has fished it up. Aileen makes a bargain for the papers and gives him the box with the jewelry.

She rents a room in Staines, where she examines the papers and discovers the missing will. It is made in favor of Mrs. Fairclough, the woman who aided Blenkiron in the attempt on her reputation. Leaving the bag, Aileen secretes the will on her person and goes home.

There she finds the superintendent of police, and learns that the police, unable to find any record of Quentin Blenkiron's suicide, suspect he is alive and committed the murder, rifling the safe for the will, in order to destroy it and make himself the heir.

Aileen tells her husband she could not recover the box. When Brazier calls with a newspaper clipping about the arrest of a tramp found in possession of valuable jewels, which he says he received from a lady who fished them out of a river, and who kept the papers, Geoffrey realizes that his wife is not laying all her cards on the table.

After the lawyer leaves, Aileen refuses to tell Geoffrey where the will is. Realizing that she has lost her husband's confidence and love, while trying to shield him she resolves to leave him.

CHAPTER 22

AILEEN was haunted by the thought of the will. On the pretense of feeling ill, but without defining her malady, she had ordered her dinner to be brought to her room.

Power of acute feeling seemed to have left her. Her brain was numb, unable even to torture her with the problems of her position. She knew that she was exhausted.

She sat for an hour, listless, trying to eat the food that had been brought to her. Then she placed the tray outside the door and undressed.

She went to her basket, and presently was making a little bag and a girdle of ribbon, so that she might attach the will to her person at night. Her eyes were burning with unshed tears, her hands heavy and cold. As soon as her work was finished, she lurched into bed and fell into a deep, dream-harassed sleep.

The extension was NOT *out of order; she heard Brazier's voice: "Is that the Marlefield Detective Agency?"*

It was broad daylight when she awoke. She glanced at her wrist-watch and rang the bell. It was a quarter before ten.

She was still dazed, but, in the minutes that intervened before the bell was answered, realization came to her. Before her emotional being was fully awake, her clear brain had taken command of the situation.

She must think, but she must not feel. She must not let herself feel!

She must make immediate plans for her departure—and she would have to do something about the deed-box. That would depend upon the latest development.

There was a knock on the door.

The maid entered with the breakfast-tray, and expressed a hope that her mistress was better.

She ran out of Brazier's office, hurried across the street, and hailed a taxicab. "Euston, please," she said

"Mr. Buckram said you were not to be disturbed, madam, so he left this note."

"Thank you," said Aileen. "I'm very late and I have a lot to do. Will you run my bath, please—and bring the paper? I can read it while I'm dressing."

"Very good, madam."

A note from Geoffrey! Her heart leaped. He was not going to let her go without opposition! She tore the flap.

Dear Aileen [she read]: If you are still of the same mind as regards leaving this house, you will need money, and I trust you will not refuse the inclosed check for five hundred pounds. When you require more, please let me know.

GEOFFREY.

She returned the note and the check to the envelope.

That was a generous action of Geoffrey's, not in the narrow sense of a generous giving of money, but in the broader, deeper sense of generosity of spirit. He had parted from her in bitterness and disillusionment; yet he wished not to hurt her, but to smooth her path.

She could not take the money, of course, she told herself. Somehow, she had not thought of money. There was a trifling annuity of some seventy pounds a year which she had inherited from an aunt when she was a child. Seventy pounds yearly would not be of very much use. She knew little of money matters, but she had a vague idea that one could sell an annuity. She would go to the bank as soon as she was dressed.

WHILE she made her toilet she turned to the paper, half expecting to find the story of the tramp the main feature of the news. In point of fact, it was some time before she could find it at all, and then it was a couple of short paragraphs that told no more than the evening papers.

The account, too, was written in a humorous vein. The humorous note would disappear, she reasoned,

as soon as Quentin Blenkiron, who called himself Brazier, had communicated his information to the police. How soon would that be? This morning, probably.

She must act quickly—while there was yet time.

Before leaving her room she packed a light dressing-case with necessaries for a single night. She was determined to leave no traces. She went rapidly over her jewelry. Most of it had been given to her by Geoffrey: that she would leave behind. There was a diamond buckle and a gemmed miniature that had been her mother's: those she would take with her.

Downstairs, in hat and walking-dress, she sat at her desk and wrote a short note to Geoffrey:

Aileen ripped open the lining of her coat and stuffed into it the Blenkiron papers

Dear Geoffrey: Thanks very much for the check, but I shall not need it, so I am returning it.

AILEEN.

That was all. She must say no more. She must not *feel*.

That was all, indeed! There was nothing else to wait for. She must be quick or she would think of things to wait for. Quick and businesslike. There was the telephone. She rang up the bank manager and asked for an immediate appointment. Then, with her light dressing-case, she left the house. She gave one long look back as she closed the gate behind her. She had loved her home!

THE bank manager was inclined to be paternal and to deplore the selling of stock. She agreed, but told him that her husband badly needed the money in his business. What did an odd fib matter? She did not want paternal advice from the bank manager—she wanted money.

"How much will my annuity—my stock—bring me in cash?" she asked.

The bank manager figured on his blotting-pad.

"A little over thirteen hundred pounds," he told her.

"Oh!" said Aileen. It was a pleasant surprise. "And how long will it be before I can have the money?"

"If you wish to assign the stock to us here and now," said the manager, "I shall be very glad to let you draw up to, say, a thousand this morning."

A quarter of an hour later Aileen left the building with one hundred pounds in currency and nine hundred pounds in bank-notes. In a sense, it was an advantage that people treated her delicately and protectively, like fine porcelain. They were of greater use to her that way. Aileen's soft lips were grimly set. It was degrading to exploit one's beauty so.

She took a taxicab to Kingston, and in Kingston hired a motor-car and drove to Staines. On the way she reasoned that it would be no use trying to beat about the bush in Staines. If suspicion had already fastened itself upon her and her bag, no amount of caution on her part would avail anything.

In Staines the fates again played into her hands. The landlady was wholly unsuspicious when Aileen gave a facile explanation of her removal of the bag, concerned vaguely with clothes and punting. The driver put it in the car for her and drove her back to Kingston, where she took the train for London.

She sank back on the cushions of the railway carriage, strangely elated with her success. She had sprung in and snatched away the kit-bag and the deed-box before the forces of the law had had time to intervene. Probably—almost certainly—there would soon be a hue and cry that would reach the sleepy boat-house-man's ears, and he would supply information that would direct the search for herself. She must cover her tracks. She had money to spare.

The money itself was an embarrassment. She could not well carry about with her close upon a thousand pounds. She could not walk into a bank and open an account under another name, for the bank would require references, which she could not give. The money was only one of the many material difficulties in her path.

By three o'clock Aileen had installed herself in an up-to-date but not luxurious hotel in Bloomsbury. She had registered as Mrs. Westall, giving an imaginary address in Manchester.

In her room she unfastened the kit-bag and took out the deed-box. There were many things for her to do before she could begin a leisurely examination of Blenkiron's papers,—she had to buy clothing, for one thing,—but the deed-box fascinated her. She unlocked it, intending to do no more than sort the papers for a more thorough examination later.

A BEWILDERING mass of papers fell out—leases, contracts, memoranda. She was appalled at the thought of the chaos that must be caused to the executors of the estate for lack of these papers. Her eye was caught by a sealed envelope on which were penciled the initials *C. B.* in Blenkiron's handwriting.

C. B.! Her curiosity was aroused. A moment later she slit the envelope.

Inside was a bundle of cleared checks pinned together.

"*Pay Charles Brazier two thousand pounds.*"

[*Continued on page 108*]

for Economical Transportation

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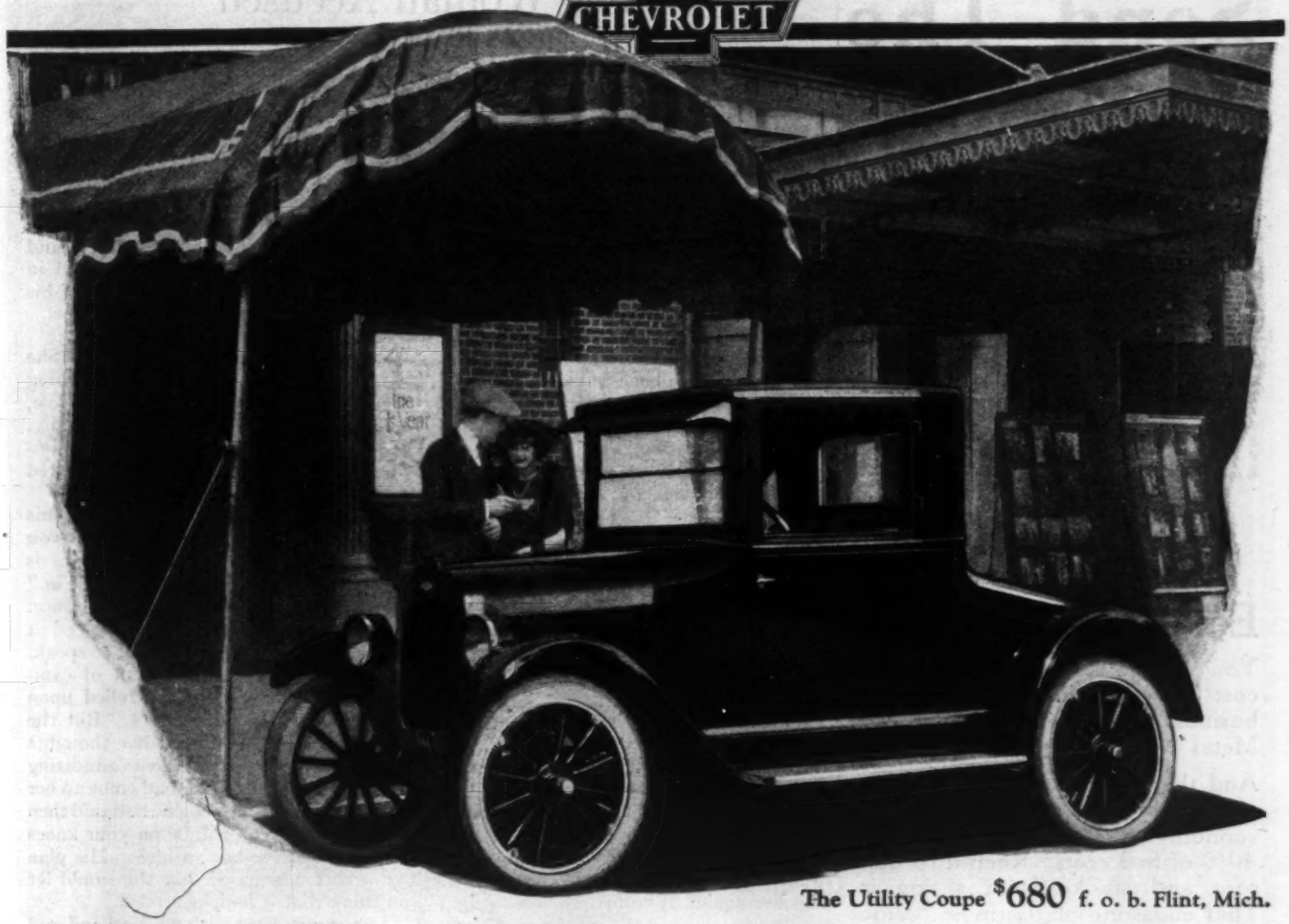

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The Woman Accused

[*Continued from page 106*]

A big fee for a solicitor, thought Aileen, and turned to the next check:

"Pay Charles Brazier five thousand pounds."

She began to turn over the wad rapidly. They were all checks for large amounts to Charles Brazier. She began to add them up.

Twenty three thousand pounds paid by Joseph Blenkiron to Charles Brazier in something less than two years! Here was an astounding discovery. Her imagination leaped, to be pulled up by her reason.

"He may have been buying stocks and shares and things for Mr. Blenkiron," Aileen told herself. "But why should all the cleared checks be placed in an envelope?" She ripped open the other three sealed envelopes. None of them contained checks.

She studied again the dates on the checks. The last one had been drawn some eight months previously. The first one had been drawn on April 15 two years ago. Aileen gasped.

The date of the first check to Charles Brazier was the date of her marriage to Geoffrey Buckram.

Coincidence—a glaring coincidence and nothing more—urged cool reason. But all the rest of her that was not cold reason cried out that it was not coincidence.

It was the kind of problem that Geoffrey could handle so easily, if only he were there to help her. But he was not there to help her. He would never be there to help her again. She had chosen to fight her own battle, and she must not shirk.

SHE tried to arrange her thoughts in logical order.

"Blenkiron and Quentin both want me to marry Quentin. Quentin manages to assume the identity of another man called Brazier. On my wedding-day Blenkiron begins to pay Brazier a huge sum of money. And Brazier is his own son—and Blenkiron pretends his son is dead. Then Quentin kills his father."

A puzzle that bristled with absurdities and blind alleys through which she could not force her way! The one thought that loomed clear in her brain was that she had at least discovered a solid and incontrovertible fact about Brazier. Brazier had extorted sums of money from Blenkiron. That much she knew about Brazier. How much did Brazier know about her?

In those short years that had elapsed since she had known him as a wild and dissolute youth, he had done much to change his nature. He was a subtle, resourceful man. Last night, when he had been talking about the fateful tramp and his jewelry, he had certainly guessed that she was the woman in the tramp's story. How had it affected him, beneath his malicious enjoyment of her discomfort? And how had he explained to himself the fact that, in spite of his own ingenuity, no suspicion had fallen upon Geoffrey? Did he realize that it was she—Aileen—who had thrown herself into the breach?

The fates had decreed that she must match her wits against his. She would not shirk the contest. She would use his own weapon against him. He had come to her to try to discover whether she had been the woman in the punt. She would go to him and by the same method would try to trick him concerning his extortion of money from his father.

It was barely half-past three. He would not have left his office. She found the address in a telephone-book, and in ten minutes was in the outer office of his chambers in Bedford Row.

THE outer office was empty. She waited a few seconds, and as nothing happened she tapped a typewriting-table, waited, and tapped again more loudly. An inner door opened and Brazier himself appeared. She thought he started on seeing her.

"Mrs. Buckram!" he exclaimed. "This is a pleasant surprise. I hope you haven't been kept waiting. My typist is ill and has deserted me. Please come in."

She followed him into the inner office. Brazier closed the door and placed a chair for her. He waited for her to speak.

Aileen had no clear-cut plan of campaign. Womanlike, she had relied upon the inspiration of the moment. But the sight of Brazier had forced her thoughts back again to the night when, admitting himself to be Quentin, he had come to her drawing-room. Something he had said then—"To-morrow you will be on your knees before me"—gave her an idea. His plan had in part miscarried, but she would let him think that it had succeeded.

"I have quarreled with my husband and left him, Mr. Brazier," she said suddenly.

She could have sworn that she saw an instant gleam of triumph in his eyes, though his voice, as he spoke, was the very essence of conventionality:

"Indeed, I am very sorry to hear that—very sorry indeed, Mrs. Buckram. You are doing me the honor of consulting me professionally?"

"In a way—yes," answered Aileen. "It occurred to me that all the solicitors poor Mr. Blenkiron employed will have a great deal of trouble in clearing up his estate. I was his secretary at one time, you know, and handled a great part of his affairs. So—I thought possibly I might be of assistance."

"That is very kind of you, I'm sure," said Brazier. His eyes were searchingly upon her, but at least she had driven the mockery from them. They were keen and cold and intensely alive.

"Are you offering your services professionally?" he added.

Aileen hesitated. Then—

"I think I am competent to do so," she answered. "I have had a good secretarial training and a fairly wide experience. Even after my marriage I used frequently to help Mr. Blenkiron when he became entangled. He had a great deal of—of private business, as it were—many payments to make to various individuals—and he found himself lost without me." The whole statement was pure invention, but she brought it out without a tremor. "It sounds rather vain, I'm afraid," she smiled.

"Not at all," said Brazier; "I've no

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doubt that you know a very great deal about his affairs, Mrs. Buckram. Now, I don't know whether you will resent the proposition, but—I suggest that you become my secretary."

Aileen caught her breath. A clever, resourceful man—and a very daring man, too. It was a challenge, she knew, and she must not refuse it.

"Thank you very much," she said, as if the matter were settled. "That will solve my problem of earning a living. When may I start work?"

"To-morrow morning, if you are willing," said Brazier. "We—er—haven't arranged your salary, but shall we say six pounds a week to begin with?"

It was an absurdly high salary, and they both knew it.

"That will be quite satisfactory," she said formally.

Brazier picked up a pencil.

"I think you had better give me your address, if you don't mind," he said.

Aileen was prepared for that.

"I really haven't one at the moment," she said. I have put up at a very inadequate hotel in—Victoria; but I am changing, probably to-night. I will tell you to-morrow."

"Right," said Brazier." "Now, if you will excuse me, I will just telephone at once to the agency I had asked for another girl." He glanced at the telephone on his desk. "This extension isn't working properly," he said; "I shall have to speak from the outer office."

He left the room, closing the door behind him.

For no reason that she could state to herself, Aileen's attention was held by his reference to the telephone extension. No doubt it *was* out of order; and yet—

As if she had no say in the matter, her hand went out to the instrument, lifted the transmitter from the hook, and raised it to her ear.

A low hum—the restless sound of active wires—came to her.

The extension was *not* out of order. If it were she would hear nothing at all. Brazier was waiting for his number. Ah, listen!

"Yes? This is Chancery 7124."

"Is that the Markfield Detective Agency? . . . Brazier speaking. I want Mr. Rason. . . . That you, Rason? Come right along, and follow the lady who will leave my office in a few minutes. As soon as you find her address, 'phone me. I'll wait in the office. Right! Good-by."

Chapter 23

AILEEN replaced the receiver. Strangely enough, the knowledge that Brazier had just telephoned to put a private detective upon her track, so far from dismaying her, brought her a sudden elation. It dismissed her last shred of doubt.

For she had doubted. In Brazier's presence the complete balance with which he sustained his pose—the magnetic power of his impersonation—had worked on her subconsciousness. The very fact of his refusing to abandon the pose when they were alone together without witnesses had had its effect upon her.

But now she knew definitely that Brazier and Quentin Blenkiron were one. If Brazier had been merely Brazier, why should he employ a detective to track her?

He had employed the detective to track her because he knew that she was in possession of the contents of Blenkiron's safe.

Aileen was as quick mentally as physically. Her thoughts whirled her to her feet, to the door of the room. She had opened it and was through it in a matter of seconds, and standing smiling at Brazier's side.

"We have finished our formal business, haven't we?" she murmured. "I mustn't detain you longer. Thank you so much for your offer."

She slipped lightly past him. The door of the outer office was ajar, as she had left it. She wondered how he would try to detain her. He couldn't use force.

"But, Mrs. Buckram, I'd hoped for a lot more information about Mr. Blenkiron. Please spare me a moment or two." Brazier had recovered speech and movement. In one stride he had put himself between her and the door. Aileen's smile did not waver.

"To-morrow my time will be yours to command," she said prettily, "but now I have an appointment with a hair-dresser which I simply must keep." She looked past him down the corridor to the street outside. "Oh, there is a taxi! How lucky! Till to-morrow, then, Mr. Brazier."

INVOLUNTARILY Brazier stepped aside, and she brushed past him. On the opposite side of the street a cab had just deposited a fare. Aileen hurried across and hailed the driver.

"Euston, please," she said.

She did not glance out of the window as she settled herself inside. Brazier might take a note of the number, for all she cared. She had proved his match in this first trifling encounter, and the blood danced in her veins. Then she sobered once more. In that moment in which she had left his office against his will, she had seen his self-control slip from him; for a second—no more—it was Quentin Blenkiron who glared at her, baffled and brooding. The realization brought ugly memories crowding around her.

She shook them off and looked out. The cab was running up Southampton Row. She put her head out of the window.

"Did I say Euston? I'm so sorry—I meant King's Cross."

The man nodded as if he were used to that sort of thing from lady fares, and altered his course.

At King's Cross she took the Tube to Russell Square and walked to the hotel.

"I've dodged the detective once," mused Aileen. "It won't be so easy a second time. There must be no second time. By this time to-morrow I must be rid of the deed-box and all it contains. By this time to-morrow he will have tried to steal it from me. He is positive I have it—I feel that. Only, if he is so sure, why doesn't he inform the police?"

Again it was the kind of problem that Geoffrey could have tackled. She wrestled with it herself. If Superintendent Morris had been right, Brazier would have tried to steal the deed-box in order to suppress the will. But that, she knew, was nonsense. He could have taken the will on the night of the murder.

If he wished to secure the deed-box at all, he could have formed the wish only since the murder. Therefore it could not be anything to do with the will. It might be to do with the cleared checks, but Aileen doubted it. Except that they totaled the amount of twenty-three thousand pounds in two years, they were of little interest to any one, and therefore no menace to him. Besides, if he wanted them he could have taken them on the night of the murder.

That applied equally to every one of Blenkiron's papers; there could be nothing among them that Brazier especially wanted, or he would have taken it on the night of the murder. Yet he had put a private detective on her track and not the official police. Why, why, *why*?

Her cheeks burned as the obvious answer suggested itself. If the official police were allowed to make the discovery, she would undoubtedly be arrested. And Brazier did not want her arrested. He wanted—her.

She knew a moment of instinctive fear. In Quentin Blenkiron of earlier days she had feared nothing but his brawn—and that very little. In the new Quentin Blenkiron who called himself Brazier there was a sinister suggestion of power—an ability to play a waiting game without fretting. He was wholly unafraid of her. He knew that she was, above all else, anxious to pry into his secret, and he had invited her to instal herself in his office!

AILEEN realized now what had aroused her to such terror of him on that night when he had come to her and said that he had killed his father. It was that in those few minutes she had seen in him two men—Quentin Blenkiron, passionate and drunk with an insane revenge, and Charles Brazier, cunning and resourceful, infinitely cruel.

If he were to find Blenkiron's papers in her possession—how then could she save herself from him?

That, clearly, was his object. To obtain as great a hold over her as possible—to play cat-and-mouse with her for her husband's life against the sanctity of her wifehood.

She entered the hotel, dined quickly and sparingly, and went to her room. If it were to take her the whole night, she must complete her examination of the Blenkiron papers—for this would be her last chance.

She locked the door and spread the sheets of a newspaper over the bed. Then she took out the deed-box and began a systematic examination.

The first document she picked up was a lease—the second a patent contract. Blenkiron as a financier had evidently handled a large number of widely different commodities. She read the lease through, and then the contract. She was impatient with herself for being unable to grasp the contract, and passed on to the third document. Another contract!

At the end of an hour she had abandoned this method as hopeless. She had waded through a dozen or more documents that had been almost wholly unintelligible to her. How would this help her to prove that Brazier was Quentin Blenkiron? she asked herself bitterly.

She chose another method—that of

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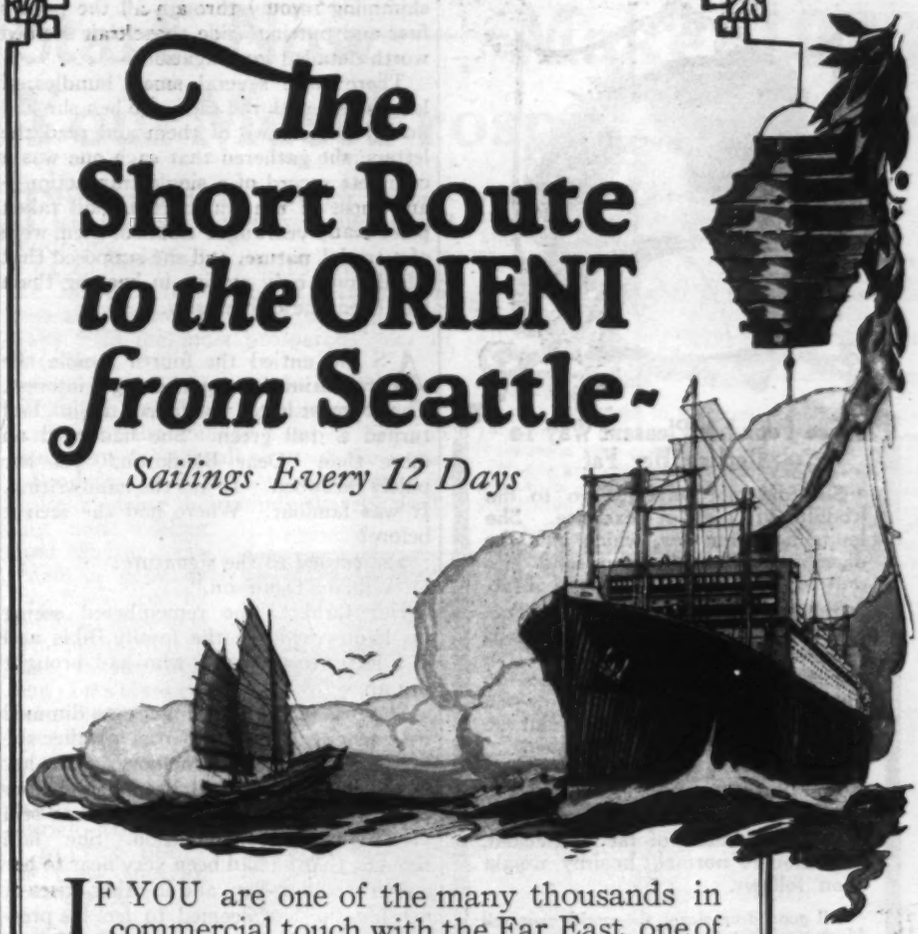

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skimming rapidly through all the papers first and putting aside those that seemed worth detailed investigation.

There were several small bundles of letters tied with red tape. When she had untied one or two of them and read the letters, she gathered that each one was a complete record of a single transaction—and most of the transactions had taken place many years ago. Some of them were of a trivial nature, and she supposed that Blenkiron's only motive in keeping them had been one of curiosity.

As she untied the fourth bundle she felt an intuitive quickening of interest. The topmost letter was faded, the ink had turned a dull green. She had read no more than "Dear Blenkiron," yet her pulses throbbed. It was the handwriting. It was familiar. Where had she seen it before?

She turned to the signature:

"William Dennison."

Her father! She remembered seeing his handwriting in the family Bible and in a letter to the aunt who had brought her up.

She rose from the bed, her eyes dimmed with tears. Of her father as a father she had but the vaguest memory. But her father as an ideal had been held before her throughout her youth and was still vivid in her imagination. She had thought that he had been very near to her on her wedding-day, and in other crises of her life she had seemed to feel his presence. That his handwriting should leap up at her when she was furtively examining a dead man's papers—papers she had stolen—momentarily unnerved her.

She stood staring down at the letter, then steadied herself.

"If he knew all, he would approve," she murmured. "Even so, I must not think of him now; I must think of nothing but the work."

With the new hardness that had come to her, she took up the letter.

Dear Blenkiron [she read]: Dr. Carmoddle is very fussy. I apologize for his officiousness in not letting me see you when you were good enough to call to-day. I am compelled to write, therefore, to express my heartfelt thanks to you for consenting to undertake what is notoriously an ungrateful task. I will not say more. I think you will know how I feel.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM DENNISON.

The letter told Aileen little. Blenkiron had apparently done her father some favor—that was all. It was an unpleasant thought. She turned to the next letter.

This was very short and contained a comment on some business company that she could not understand. There were two more letters, apparently on the same theme. There was another short one, saying that he knew his end was near. Then another long one:

My dear Blenkiron: While Mrs. Fairclough, whom you were good enough to suggest, is in every way an excellent lady, I have decided to leave Aileen in charge of my sister Honoria, who will be very kind to her and will bring her up on the best of the old-fashioned lines. I have not said anything to my sister about my financial position, as she has, of course, had no business training and would scarcely comprehend it. As promised last Tuesday, I send you a complete list. All the bonds are at my bank. All the title deeds are with my solicitor, Harold Brazier. I think the real property is all pretty sound and is about equal in value to my holdings in stock.

Aileen turned the page. On the next were a dozen or so items. The first six were apparently the names of different stocks and shares, and against the names were the respective amounts. Then there was a line and another list of what looked like the names of houses.

Aileen read the letter again.

"My solicitor, Harold Brazier"!

She looked at the date of the letter. Twenty years ago—when she was a little girl of six. "My solicitor, Harold Brazier"! Brazier, as he called himself, could not be more than thirty at the outside. Besides, the Christian name he had assumed was Charles, not Harold.

Aileen turned again to the list of investments. Unconsciously she added up the figures opposite the stock.

Twenty-three thousand pounds!

Precisely the amount that Joseph Blenkiron had paid to *Charles* Brazier! Aileen searched for and found the bundle of cleared checks made out to Charles Brazier, and added them up again: twenty-three thousand pounds.

She frowned over the names. Harold Brazier had been known to her father twenty years ago: he apparently had been himself and no one else. Had there been a Charles Brazier—his son, perhaps—whose identity it had been possible for Quentin Blenkiron to steal?

Aileen put a hand to her aching head. Her father had left twenty-three thousand pounds? And all she had inherited of it was that annuity of seventy pounds a year! She went back to the letter:

"I have not said anything to my sister about my financial position . . . she would scarcely comprehend it . . . "

Was this the first glimmer of the dawn?

CHAPTER 24

FOR Geoffrey Buckram the day had passed as a day of mourning.

Professional duties claimed his conscious attention while the inner core of him was numbed. Not until he returned home to a solitary dinner—not until he had read the brief note that returned his check—was he able to realize the full extent of the calamity that had befallen him.

The habit of systematic thought had become second nature to him. Relentlessly he summed up his position, not sparing himself the reflection that he suffered most not from the moral horror of it all but from the outrage to his love.

He arrayed the facts against Aileen. On her own confession, she had nerved herself to slay a fellow creature in order to guard a guilty secret. Even so, he had stood by her side; but she had again turned from him, first trying to trick him with a lie, and then wholly defying his counsel and rejecting his comradeship. It was as if she had deliberately added to her injury a cruel insult.

In that house, which had once held her glad laughter and was now stilled with an almost tangible loneliness, his man's need of his mate cried out for her.

Yet the cool, reasoning part of his brain pointed out that it was wrong to cry out for her. Reason complained that he had tried to do all that was possible to help her—that they had parted as honorably as was possible to them in those tainted circumstances. And love cried out that it was not enough—that he must go on seeking her in defiance of all that he had been taught of human conduct. Love urged him to sweep aside reason and all the forces of tradition and to go on believing in her.

HE dined, and went into the little morning-room. He wondered what his life would be, now that she had gone. He would have to tell the servants something—discharge them, probably. They might believe for a few days that she had paid a sudden visit to a relative, but they would not go on believing it.

The maid entered.

"Superintendent Morris is at the door, sir. He asked for Mrs. Buckram."

Geoffrey stiffened.

"Have you told him Mrs. Buckram is away?"

"Yes, sir; and he said he would be obliged if you would spare him a minute."

"Oh, very well! Ask him in," said Geoffrey.

Geoffrey pulled himself down to earth. He was in the midst of portentous difficulties, and he had been absorbed in his own especial grief. What did the police want with Aileen? It was too late now to speculate and make plans.

"Good evening, Superintendent. Sit down, will you? Have a cigarette?"

"Thank you, Mr. Buckram," said the superintendent. "I really came to see Mrs. Buckram, but your maid tells me she's away. I thought I'd like to see you, to ask if you'd mind giving me her address; that is, unless she'll be back to-morrow of course."

"I'm afraid she won't be back to-morrow," said Geoffrey. "She—had to leave suddenly—to look after an aunt of hers who was taken ill."

"In that case," said the superintendent, producing a note-book, "perhaps you'd be good enough to give me her address?"

"Well, really, superintendent," said Geoffrey, with a deprecatory laugh, "you're putting me in a rather awkward position, you know. I don't think you realize that a visit from the police is very alarming for some people. If I were the means of that unfortunate aunt receiving a—er—dangerous shock— Isn't it possible for me to help you? Unless it's a private matter, of course."

The superintendent hesitated. "Well, you can't call it private, exactly," he said. "In fact, in a way it's public already."

There was another pause, in which Geoffrey realized what was coming.

"Perhaps you read that account in the papers about a tramp who was run in at Staines with jewelry on his person, Mr. Buckram?"

"Yes," said Geoffrey, as casually as he could. "My wife and I were discussing it with Mr. Brazier the other evening. What has it to do with her?"

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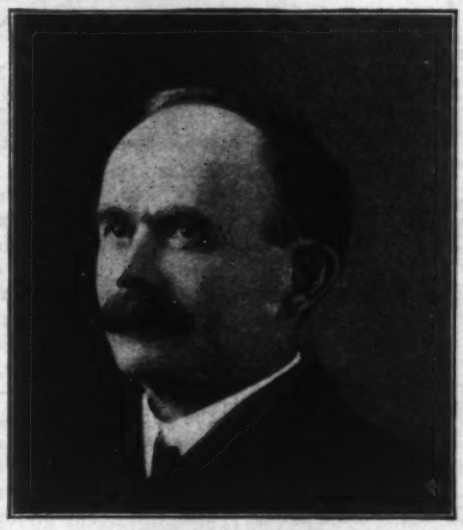
If they did they would have most of their competitors standing still.

For the majority of the people today are troubled with all kinds of inertias, which are keeping them down below the level to which their natural abilities would otherwise carry them.

As Dr. Arthur Hadfield, of the Neurological Hospital, has said: "We are living far below the limits of our possible selves and there are open to us resources of power which will free us for a life of energy and strength."

In order to become successful we must free our energies from these clogging inertias, open up the reservoirs of power which exist in every brain, and make our minds keen and efficient.

Readers have at their service a method which will enable them to do this. And the best time to begin is now.



Judge Ben B. Lindsey, founder of the famous Juvenile Court system, says:

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4. Are you a logical reasoner?
5. Do you remain calm and unflurried when faced with a crisis?
6. Can you master difficult subjects easily?
7. Have you a Strong Personality?
8. Have you a Strong Will?
9. Are you a persuasive talker?
10. Can you sell goods or services?
11. Can you convince people who are doubtful or even hostile?
12. Do you decide quickly and correctly?
13. Can you solve knotty problems easily?
14. Have you an accurate and ready memory?
15. Can you remember dates, statistics, faces, telephone numbers, and long lists of facts?
16. Can you remember details as well as main principles.
17. Can you concentrate your mind on one thing for a long time?
18. Can you work hard without suffering from brain fag?
19. Are you ready to take responsibility?
20. Are you earning a larger income than you were a year ago?

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Amongst the defects which keep so many men and women back are:

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Brain-Fag
Inertia
Weakness of Will
Lack of Ideas
Indefiniteness
Timidity
Mind Wandering
Indecision
Shyness
Lack of System
Procrastination
Slowness
Mental Confusion

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—Observation	—Organizing-Power	—Self-Control
—Perception	—Forcefulness	—Tact
—Judgment	—Personality	—Reliability
—Initiative	—Enthusiasm	—Salesmanship
—Will-Power	—Self-Confidence	—Originality
—Decision		—Memory

These are the qualities which make the difference between a leader and a follower, between one who dares and does and one who weakly drifts through life, between Success and Failure. And these are the qualities you can develop by means of Pelmanism.

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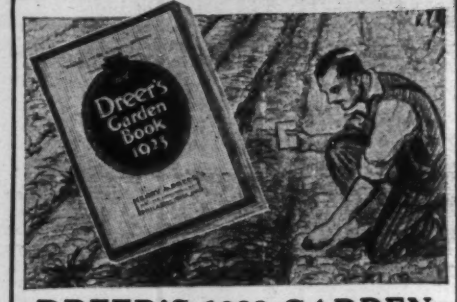

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"I'm not saying that it has anything to do with her, Mr. Buckram," said the superintendent hastily. "Please don't think that. I had a chat with Mrs. Buckram the other evening, as I dare say you know."

Geoffrey had not known, but he did not admit it. He was learning to feel his way where once he would have walked boldly, without a care.

"Oh, yes; she did tell me—let me see, when was it? The night before last?"

"*Last* night," corrected the superintendent.

"Oh, yes, of course," said Geoffrey, still groping. "She told me about your conversation; but I've rather lost the thread—I've had a busy day."

"Well, we got talking about"—the superintendent lowered his voice cautiously—"about Mr. Blenkiron's will. Of course, it was in confidence," he added; "but then, a wife's confidence includes her husband, don't it? Nothing wrong in that. But I hope you understand, Mr. Buckram, what I said to Mrs. Buckram wasn't to be talked about."

"Oh, quite!" muttered Geoffrey.

HIS brain was doing a lightning calculation. Aileen had told him that she had decided only a few minutes before he had come in not to confide in him about the will—and a few minutes before he had come in, apparently, she had been talking to the superintendent of police about it!

"I remember now," Geoffrey stumbled on. "She said you—er—seemed to regard the will as of paramount importance."

It was a step entirely in the dark, and Geoffrey watched its effect.

"Well, Mr. Buckram, you're a solicitor and can form an opinion as to that as easily as I can," said the superintendent. "But there, I mustn't take up your time talking about that. If Mrs. Buckram—"

"Oh, I'm sure you're not in a hurry, Superintendent," said Geoffrey, with the double object of side-tracking the man and of learning, if possible, what had taken place in the conversation to drive Aileen to the critical step. "I'm very interested in that will theory. I think there may be a lot in it. How soon do you expect developments?"

That, thought Geoffrey, committed him to nothing.

"I shouldn't be surprised if his little plan is to wait a year or more!" said the superintendent. "And then he'll let himself be discovered in Africa or somewhere—unless we discover him first." The superintendent chuckled.

"Ah!" said Geoffrey, and chuckled too. Who was this man who would wait a year or more unless the police discovered him? "Have a whisky, superintendent?"

"Thank you, sir, I don't mind if I do."

Geoffrey poured out the whisky.

"He's got his wits about him, that chap, I should think," he remarked.

"Well, he has, and he hasn't," said the superintendent. "Here's your very good health, sir. If he's been counting on that faked suicide to pull him through—well, he must have known we would look in Somerset House the first time there was any kind of trouble. If his father had looked here—"

There was a crash of broken glass as Geoffrey dropped his tumbler.

"*T-t!* How very careless of me! My nerves have been roughened these last few days, Superintendent. I'll ring for another." He pressed the bell-push. "I've interrupted you. About the faked suicide—you were saying?"

"I've said enough about the faked suicide, Mr. Buckram—a bit too much for the good of my position, as you might say. And, with your permission, I'd rather not discuss it any more than I have. I shouldn't have said as much to Mrs. Buckram; only, somehow, it seemed to come out."

Geoffrey was standing very still.

"Where do you think—Quentin Blenkiron—is now?" he asked.

"If I knew that, sir, I wouldn't be here; I'd be arresting him," said the superintendent.

Muffled drums were beating in Geoffrey's brain. Aileen had said that Quentin Blenkiron was alive—that he had been in the house that night—

"To come back to the main point, sir," said the superintendent, "you keep a punt at Staines. The boat-house-man told our people that Mrs. Buckram was on the water on the afternoon in question—and on the previous afternoon. Both times she had a kit-bag with her. She took a room locally—the bag was there too, and she only fetched it away this morning. Well, now, as you're a gentleman of the law, you'll know that it's absolutely necessary for us to see Mrs. Buckram at once and hear her explanation. So perhaps now, sir, you won't mind telling me her address."

"I can't tell you her address, because I don't know it."

"You don't know it, Mr. Buckram!"

"My wife left me this morning, Superintendent. I don't know where she has gone. You were bound to find out, so there is no harm in telling you."

The superintendent rose, staring. Geoffrey guessed that he was remembering all the information he had given away to Aileen — remembering and regretting. Probably he did not believe that Geoffrey was ignorant of his wife's whereabouts.

"I am to understand that you don't know where Mrs. Buckram has gone, sir?"

"I do not."

"Thank you, Mr. Buckram. Good evening."

THE superintendent was still staring as he left the room. Decidedly, he did not believe Geoffrey's statement.

That, at the moment, mattered nothing to Geoffrey. He paced the room, his thoughts in chaos, his memory flashing back to every word spoken by Aileen on the morning after Joseph Blenkiron's death. She had tried to tell him something, which he had brushed aside as a childishly futile invention: "Quentin Blenkiron killed his father . . . I tell you, he came here. . . . Do you believe that he was here last night?"

The desperate little break in her voice, which had not moved him then by a hair's breath, made him wince now, and groan her name. He had not believed her. Only when she had changed her story, and accused herself, had he believed.

And now she had gone—and her flight had doubled her danger! Where was she?

Had she realized that there might be a hue and cry after her? Oh, to be with her again, sheltering her, planning and daring for her whose love had led her to accuse herself to shield him!

Chapter 25

AILEEN had an early breakfast and was out of the hotel by half-past eight. By a quarter to nine she had purchased from a saddle-maker a canvas jacket with straps. By a quarter past she had inclosed the empty deed-box in the canvas cover, tied the key to the handle, and forwarded the whole thing to an imaginary cousin living in an equally imaginary street in Wellington, New Zealand. At the very earliest, she reflected, no inquiries would be made concerning that particular deed-box for three months.

By half-past nine she was back in her hotel, and faced with the disposal of the Blenkiron papers. After a moment's thought she took off her coat and ripped open the lining at the back of the neck. Then she began to stuff all the Blenkiron papers—except the will, which she kept on her person—into the space between the lining and the cloth. Rapidly the coat lost its shape; before she had finished it looked more like a ragged sack. She pushed the last document out of sight, and then, before the mirror, hung the coat over her arm, arranging it so that the sleeves and the loose fronts disguised its bulk. She set out for Bedford Row.

Her plan was of a daring and almost cruel simplicity. The papers were a danger and an embarrassment to her; but they would be a still greater danger to Quentin Blenkiron, who called himself Brazier.

She hoped to kill two birds with one stone—it was a grim metaphor. She shuddered.

Brazier was not at the office when she arrived. Aileen removed her hat and hung the coat over a chair in a dark corner. Then she sat down at the typewriter and began to practise on it.

Five minutes later the telephone bell rang. It was Brazier.

"Good morning, Mrs. Westall. I have to attend a conference in Chambers at ten-thirty, so shall not be coming in till about twelve. If any one wants to see me this morning, please tell them so."

"Very good," said Aileen. "What do you wish me to do in the meantime?"

"There is a draft on my desk—I put it out last night—which is to be copied."

"I will do it at once," said Aileen.

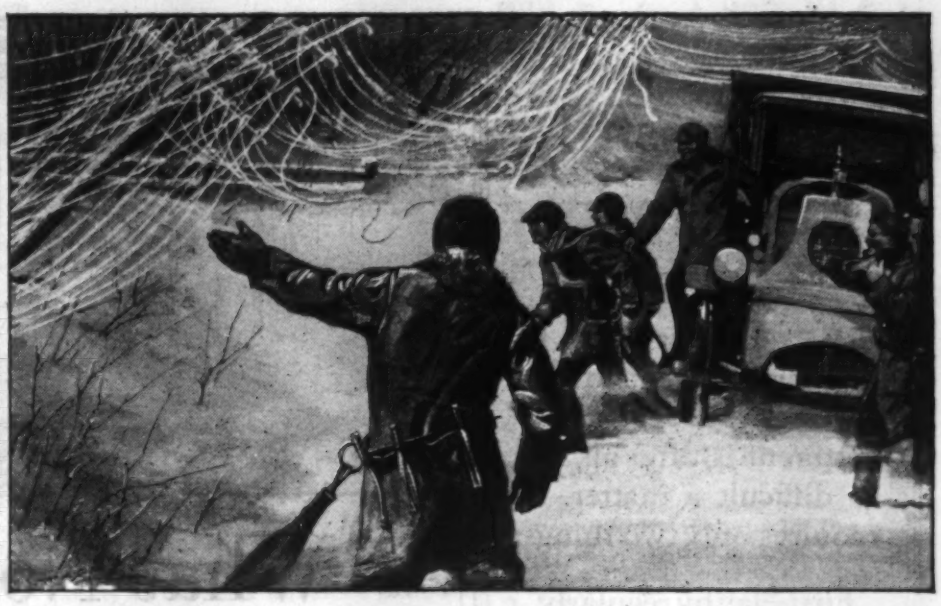
"Oh—er—in case anything should prevent me from getting back to the office and I might want you—will you tell me your private address?"

Clumsy, thought Aileen — infinitely clumsy; but it suited her purpose to walk into the badly baited trap.

"The Gulverbury Hotel," she answered, heard him repeat, and then rang off.

A conference in Chambers, indeed! Of course he was going to the Gulverbury Hotel! Doubtless he would describe himself as her husband. Aileen toyed with the idea of telephoning the hotel; then she decided that it would be better to let him ransack her room. Even at

[*Continued on page 120*]



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When Nature rages to that point where few things can stand against her, when property is destroyed and towns cut off, the telephone is needed more than ever. No cost is too much, no sacrifice too great, to keep the wires open. If telephone poles come down with the storm, no matter how distant they may be, no matter how difficult to reach, somehow a way is found, somehow—in blizzard, hurricane, or flood—the service is restored.

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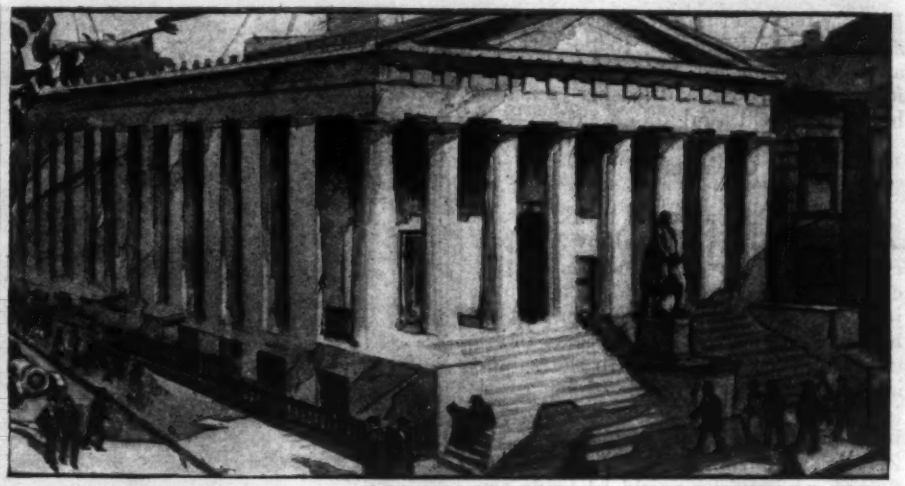

What Not to Buy

By Paul Tomlinson

MUCH is written, and said, about how to go about the selection of a good investment. Definite requirements are specified, and investors urged to be certain they are met before they put their money into the securities under consideration. We have no quarrel with this practice, and from our experience we believe that there are certain fundamentals of investing which can not be stressed too strongly or too often.

There is another side to the question, however, or perhaps it would be more exact to describe it as another part of the same question. In any event, we believe that, while it is an extremely important element in the business of investing to know what to buy,—it is really the crux of the whole matter,—yet if a man knows what not to buy he can eliminate many of his problems right at the start and render his final decision so much the easier.

We shall therefore briefly consider what may be described as the negative side of investing, and try to point out certain danger signals that the investor will do well to heed.

First of all, any salesman who promises enormous dividends on the stock he offers is to be viewed with suspicion. Promoters and sellers of doubtful securities are wont to capitalize the cupidity that is inherent in human beings and use it to further their own ends. Stop and think a minute. To begin with, dividends are entirely dependent upon earnings, and no man alive can tell what future earnings are going to be. Conditions in the world of business have been known to reverse themselves almost overnight, and if favorable conditions suddenly change to unfavorable it follows that earnings will be affected adversely. If earnings drop, so do dividends. In other words, no one can make any worthwhile promises as to what future dividends are going to be.

Suppose, however, for the sake of argument, that such promises could be made and relied upon: is it reasonable to suppose that any man would sell such a valuable security when he might by keeping it enjoy the profits himself? Perhaps he needs cash capital, you say; but that is not an argument in his favor, for no stock that is certain to pay unusually large dividends need look to small investors and make use of stock salesmen to supply working capital. It is not human nature to invite strangers to share in a sure money-making scheme.

Promoters and salesmen who laugh at savings banks and make fun of them are to be avoided. Savings banks pay comparatively low rates of interest on deposits, but to offset this fact they provide an unusual degree of safety, and the price of safety is low yield.

PERSONS TO AVOID

WHEN an investment is offered you, and you are told that you must act at once or lose your chance, the thing to do is not to act. We all of us live in fear of missing something, and promoters of fake enterprises know this. They are clever people; and they know that somehow a profit that might have been is regarded with keener regret than a real loss.

"Act at once," they urge. "This is your last chance to get in on the ground floor. If you pass up this unexampled opportunity you will be sorry all your life."

It is probable that in nine cases out of ten you'll be sorry unless you do pass it up. There are always scores of good investments to be had, and failure to buy any particular one does not preclude your buying any of the others. No; the real reason why the promoter wishes you to act quickly is because he knows that if you take time to think it over your better judgment will no doubt caution you to let it alone.

A stock offered at some absurdly low price such as a few cents a share is another thing not to buy. Most commodities in this world sell for just about what they are worth, but shares of stock selling for a few cents apiece often prove to be extremely expensive wall-paper. Promises and prophecies are uncertain things into which to put one's money.

Another danger signal is flashed when the statement is made that only a limited number of shares are going to be offered to

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any one person. Human nature enters here once again, for many people think a thing is desirable if it is exclusive—that if they can have it and some one else can not, this fact in itself makes it valuable. It does happen that when a bond or stock offering is oversubscribed the allotment to each subscriber is often cut down; but using the argument that subscriptions are going to be limited as an inducement to buy is one of the strongest evidences of something wrong. Here again it will prove profitable in practically every instance to pass up the "opportunity."

When Not to Act Quickly

As a corollary of the preceding proposition, the argument is frequently advanced by promoters anxious to sell that the present allotment of stock will soon be exhausted. In other words, the implication is that you had better act quickly or the stock will all be gone, and opportunity with it. Let it go. In the first place, it is highly improbable that the allotment will be exhausted before you have time to make up your mind fully, and, even if it is, there are, as we stated just above, scores of other investments always available. What is more, there are thousands of banks, bankers, and brokers ready to sell them to you.

A promoter or salesman who denounces Wall Street is in almost every instance doing so to throw a blind over his own operations. Wall Street may or may not be a very wicked place, but it is the money center of the country and if the truth were known it would probably be established that the man peddling stock from door to door and from office to office probably tried Wall Street first and was turned down. And if Wall Street turns a thing down the probability is that there is some good reason for it.

Every stock offering should state plainly the par value of each share, or if there is no par value the fact should be given.

One of the plainest evidences of something wrong is stress laid upon the profits that have accrued to the owners of stock in certain well known successful corporations. Salesmen who in order to market their own wares talk glibly about the success of other companies are advancing what is known as a *non sequitur* argument. Certainly it no more follows

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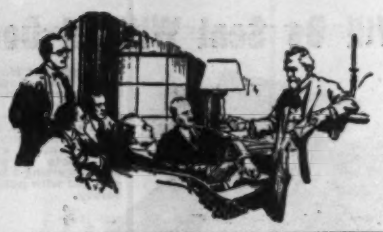

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Q. As the owner of 100 shares of United States Ship Corporation stock, I should like you to tell me whether this stock will ever have any value and whether I can get my money back. The price I paid was $1 a share.

A. We have seen no recent quotation for United States Ship Corporation stock, and trading in it on the New York Curb market has been discontinued. It is, of course, impossible for us to venture any prophecy as to whether it will ever be worth what you paid for it.

Q. Please give me full information about the Consumers Power Company first-lien and unifying mortgage gold bonds, series C, 5 per cent, due November 1, 1947. What is the yield on these bonds?

A. The Consumers Power Company, operating in lower Michigan, supplies with gas and electricity more than eighty communities having an estimated population of over 775,000. The installed generating capacity of the electric stations is 214,000 horse-power, of which 111,200 is in hydro-electric plants. During the past year more than 66 per cent of the electrical energy generated was produced by the company's hydro-electric stations, and more than 84 per cent of the net earnings was derived from the electric business. The transmission lines aggregate 1,314 circuit miles, while the gas-distribution systems contain 621 miles of mains. The First Lien and Unifying Mortgage Bonds are secured by a direct mortgage, subject to the liens of underlying mortgages, on all the physical property of the company, by the pledge with the trustee of $7,839,500 underlying bonds, and by the similar pledge of all the securities of a subsidiary company, which will own and acquire important electric property. The First Lien and Unifying Mortgage provides for strong Sinking and General Reserve Funds.

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Q. What is the bonded debt of the United States Steel Corporation, and how much preferred and common stock is authorized? How much is outstanding? Is the preferred stock callable?

A. As of December 31, 1921, the United States Steel Corporation had a bonded debt of $572 109,120. Four hundred million dollars of preferred is authorized and $360,281,100 outstanding. The preferred can not be retired by the company; $550,000,000 of common is authorized and $508,302,500 outstanding. Par of both classes of stock is $100.

Q. Will you give me your opinion of first-mortgage real-estate bonds as suitable investments for persons of limited means who must consider safety of principal above everything else? Will you recommend a company from which I can buy one of these bonds, provided you think well of them?

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Q. Do you consider Dunn Pen stock a safe investment?

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The Woman Accused

[*Continued from page 115*]

such a moment, she was capable of a little giggle at the thought of his disappointment.

She stepped lightly into the inner office, closing the door behind her.

The room was a typical solicitor's office. The lower part of the walls was lined with shelves containing Cox's "Law Reports," the "Times Reports," and standard legal authorities. Above these were other shelves on which were the deed-boxes. At a guess, she thought there must have been about twenty.

With a woman's quick eye for detail, she saw that four of the boxes on the topmost shelf were not in constant use. A step-ladder would be required to reach them. She looked around. There was no step-ladder.

With the aid of Brazier's chair, she climbed on to a shelf that brought her head to the level of the top shelf.

She tilted the first of the four deed-boxes, and knew that it was full. The other three seemed to be empty. She chose the third, swung it from the shelf, and descended.

The box was empty, as she had thought, though it still bore the name of a one-time client, H. A. L. DOUCESTER.

She knew that she had little time to lose. Back to the other room for her coat! A couple of minutes later the Blenkiron papers were in the deed-box labeled H. A. L. DOUCESTER.

She stood on the chair again, steadying herself with one hand, and climbed to the top of the book-case. She tried to replace the deed-box, but from the awkwardness of her position could not do so. She swung it forward and back, and, as it gained impetus, dropped it into its place. A cloud of dust arose, making her cough.

She pushed the deed-box into position, closing up the intervals between the others.

"I think that's all right," was her unspoken thought. "I wonder if I could spread the dust out a little. I—"

At that moment she heard the door of the office open.

Her back was toward the door. There was nothing for it but to descend. Perilously her foot found the chair, and then she turned.

"Oh!"

The cry of alarm came, not from Aileen, but from the woman who stood in the doorway—a scented, painted, but faded woman in whose eyes Aileen saw recognition.

It was Mrs. Fairclough—the woman who had conspired with the Blenkirons to ruin her fair name.

CHAPTER 26

IT would have been a very embarrassing situation for Aileen but for the fact that Mrs. Fairclough was by far the more discomposed of the two.

"Oh! I'm sorry! I didn't know——I'll go," faltered Mrs. Fairclough.

"I think you had better sit down," said Aileen firmly. "You're obviously out of breath from hurrying."

As Mrs. Fairclough weakly obeyed, Aileen realized that the woman had changed considerably since she had last seen her. Her dress was "rusty" and, in spite of the color she had applied to her cheeks, Aileen could see that she had aged. Only the long fingers, working restlessly on the arms of the leather chair, suggested a certain power and activity. The social presence of the woman had completely vanished.

"When you feel better we can talk," said Aileen.

"Yes—yes, of course," came the nervous response.

Aileen reflected that so far she had nothing to fear from her caller. At most, the woman had seen her apparently adjusting a deed-box—a very natural action in the office of a solicitor.

ON the contrary, Mrs. Fairclough was openly afraid of her. Was it the memory of the wrong she had done three years before—or was it something more subtle? Aileen determined to find out.

"You were very surprised to see me here, Mrs. Fairclough," she said, dropping easily into Brazier's swivel-chair and turning toward the caller. "May I ask why?"

"I didn't know—he didn't tell me—I didn't know that you and he—had come together," she stammered.

Aileen winced at the obvious implication of the woman's words, but she determined not to shirk them.

"Yet it was a very natural thing to happen—after your shameful intrigue, Mrs. Fairclough," said Aileen bluntly. "Or perhaps you have forgotten that you deliberately conspired with Mr. Blenkiron to make me marry his son against my will—that you conspired to obtain false evidence of such a nature as to make any honest man mistrust me?"

"But you married!" gasped Mrs. Fairclough.

"But I did not destroy the evidence you forged; and so I am here."

Mrs. Fairclough glanced nervously over her shoulder at the door that led into the outer office.

"We shall not be interrupted," said Aileen. "Mr. Brazier—as he now calls himself—has telephoned to say he does not expect to be here before midday. You were about to say, Mrs. Fairclough?"

For a moment Mrs. Fairclough was silent. Aileen, watching her closely, could see that she was making a strong effort to control her nerves—could see, too, that her agitation went deeper than the mere embarrassment of meeting the woman she had injured.

"I'll tell you what I have to say," she began, with sudden composure. "I don't think you'll believe it—but I don't very much care. I didn't know anything about that plot until it was all over. I went to the bungalow in good faith, to play hostess for Mr. Blenkiron—I was constantly playing hostess for him. You may remember, we all went to bed pretty early. About five minutes after I had gone into my room, Mr. Blenkiron knocked, said he had an urgent message and must go back to the house at once, and would need my help. That wasn't anything out of the

way, either. I didn't think about your position, being left alone in the bungalow with—with—his son. Perhaps I thought we were going to return the same night, as his car was there and could do it easily. He spun the business out, and we did not return."

"Oh, I see," said Aileen coldly. "You're pretending to me that it was mere inadvertence on your part. A young girl's reputation was intrusted to your keeping, and—you just forgot about it."

"I'm not pretending that," said Mrs. Fairclough, with a directness that gave Aileen the impression that she was speaking the truth. "I'll own up that I knew all about it afterwards. I saw that photograph. I knew just what had been done.

"I never wanted to do you any harm," she whined. "If I'd been a strong woman I would have come to you, but I wasn't strong—I wasn't strong enough for Blenkiron. I'm not trying to get you to believe that I'm a good woman. I'm not, in the way you'd mean. But if I had known that doing nothing would be the means of bringing you here after you'd got a husband, I would have defied Blenkiron, whatever it cost. I expect you want to kill me, don't you?"

AILEEN made a gesture of contempt. Those were strange words to utter in the prosaic surroundings of a solicitor's office. Mrs. Fairclough, she could see, was still in a state of acute nervousness. She looked as if she had long been hunted and were growing very weary.

"You don't seem quite to understand. As the result of your conspiracy, my husband doubted my word and I left him. But I am here merely as this man's secretary."

"*What!*" Mrs. Fairclough seemed to Aileen to express an utterly extravagant surprise.

"You heard what I said," she answered coldly.

"You're here as his secretary!" repeated Mrs. Fairclough excitedly. "Why? Why don't you go while you're safe?"

"Because I'm just as safe whether I go or stay," Aileen answered with studied indifference. "It's not a question of my safety at all, Mrs. Fairclough. I am well able to take care of myself."

"But you know how he feels towards you! You know what he's determined to get!"

"His feelings toward me are not of the slightest interes ," said Aileen. "I'm not afraid of him, Mrs. Fairclough, as you are."

Mrs. Fairclough caught her breath.

"That's silly!" she said, with a pitiful attempt at indifference. "Why should I be afraid of him?"

"I don't know," answered Aileen, paused for a moment, and added: "but I'm going to find out."

In the last minute or so Aileen had conceived a daring plan. Beneath her clothing lay the will of Gregory Blenkiron that would place a fortune in Mrs. Fairclough's hands. Mrs. Fairclough could prove that Quentin Blenkiron and Charles Brazier were one and the same. Whatever strange cross-currents flowed between the man and the woman, she knew at least for certain that Mrs. Fairclough was afraid of the man she had come to see.

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A moment later Mrs. Fairclough rose.

"One moment, Mrs. Fairclough!" The woman stopped. The action, trifling though it was, showed Aileen how completely she herself dominated the situation. "You hinted that you had done a number of rather shady things for Mr. Blenkiron. That, presumbly, was why he left you his fortune?"

Mrs. Fairclough swayed. For a moment Aileen thought that she was going to faint; but she did not.

"He has told you that!" she said half to herself. "You must be more to him than his secretary."

"He did not tell me," said Aileen. "You're rather out of touch with things, Mrs. Fairclough. There are a number of simple ways in which I could find that out—for example, through the solicitor who actually drew up the will and who is now very anxious, on your behalf, to find it."

"Well, what about it?" demanded Mrs. Fairclough breathlessly.

"Suppose your solicitor should never succeed in finding that will, Mrs. Fairclough?"

FOR a moment Aileen was alarmed by the effect of her own words. Mrs. Fairclough was staring at her with eyes that grew bloodshot. Suddenly the long, restless hands shot out and seized her.

"You have that will! Give it to me! You have it—I can see it in your face. Give it to me, d'you hear?"

Aileen met the bloodshot gaze unflinchingly.

"Certainly, Mrs. Fairclough; I will give you that will—upon my terms. Please don't hang on to my arm like that."

"Give it to me!" shrilled Mrs. Fairclough. "Give it to me at once or I will fetch the police!"

"Try to calm yourself, Mrs. Fairclough," said Aileen, in the tone in which one addresses an unruly child. "You're behaving a little wildly and you're only wasting time. You can see now that women like you and men like Quentin Blenkiron can no longer frighten me. I—I've lost too much for that. Now, listen to me. I, and I alone, know where that will is. I am going to give it to you—on my terms."

"What are they?" came in a hoarse whisper from Mrs. Fairclough. She was leaning forward, her chin in her hands, her long, thin fingers pressing on her temples.

"First, you will write out a confession of the plot against me at the bungalow—"

"Yes, yes, I agree," cried Mrs. Fairclough; "I'll do that at once."

"Wait," said Aileen. "You will also write out a full statement of all that you know of the movements of Quentin Blenkiron, together with a statement that you know that Quentin Blenkiron is now calling himself Charles Brazier."

The bony fingers slid from the temple to the forehead, so that for a moment they concealed her face. The eyes were no longer bloodshot, and the pupils had contracted to pin-points.

"Huh! You're playing detective! That's why you're his secretary." The voice was lower now, and had taken on the quality of cunning.

"Yes," said Aileen simply; "I am offer-

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ing you Blenkirón's fortune—for his son Quentin."

Again came the harsh cackle that was the woman's laugh. Then silence.

"Is there any reason why you and I should not make terms, Mrs. Fairclough?" asked Aileen. "They are not honorable terms, but it is too late in the day for you—or me—to object to them on that account."

"You're right," said Mrs. Fairclough. "But we can't do it here. We must meet outside. Come to my rooms this evening. I always stay in the same place in London. We'll go into it then—and you will bring me the will?"

"If you fulfil your part of the bargain I shall fulfil mine," said Aileen stiffly. "I will come to your rooms at six. Give me the address."

"Here it is," said Mrs. Fairclough, and handed her a card on which an address was written in pencil. Aileen noticed that the hand was trembling.

"I must go," said Mrs. Fairclough; "I don't want him to know we've been talking together. I'll go, and I'll leave a message."

"You can write it here," said Aileen indifferently.

Mrs. Fairclough went to the desk and picked up a pen.

"No, my hand is shaking. Let me use your typewriter."

"Very well," said Aileen. They went to the outer office.

With a dexterity that surprised Aileen, Mrs. Fairclough slipped a sheet of paper into the typewriter and began to work the keys with a practised rapidity.

Mrs. Fairclough had not typed more than a few lines before the outer door opened and Brazier walked in.

[*To be continued*]

THE March number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE will contain a notable list of stories and articles.

The fiction will be of the high standard that McCLURE'S readers have learned to look for, and, besides the fourth instalment of the serial, will include several short stories, one by Marjorie Pickthall.

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Is Whisky Whisky?

Wood Alcohol and Verdigris Are in the 40,000 Quarts Brought from Canada Every Week by Rum-Runners

By William J. McNulty

"PIGS is pigs" and "dogs is dogs" and whisky is whisky. And yet, as there are mongrel pigs and thoroughbred pigs, mongrel dogs and thoroughbred dogs, so there is "mongrel" whisky and "thoroughbred" whisky.

Since Representative Volstead pushed through his famed measure, the United States has looked largely to Canada for "the stuff that cheers and jeers." Canada abounds in stills. They are located in the cities, towns, and villages, and in the wilderness. The big stills are in the woods, small settlements, or lonely farm-houses. These stills are driven by motor power, and as the motor power is not powerful enough to keep the worm of the still free, verdigris forms on the inside of the worm and falls into the whisky. This verdigris is outright poison. Then the fusel oil, created by friction in the motor-driven apparatus, also develops and drops into the stewing liquid.

So two deadly poisons are infused into the whisky—verdigris and fusel oil.

The whisky is distilled in a crude way from bran mash and alcohol. Not infrequently the bootleggers substitute wood alcohol for the alcohol because wood alcohol can be bought at a third the price of alcohol. Although the mixers of the whisky concoctions intend to add just enough of the wood alcohol to produce a "kick," they often err in judgment and add too much wood alcohol. Then it is that the consumer perhaps loses his eyesight, dies in a paroxysm of pain, or suffers a stroke of paralysis.

If just enough wood alcohol is added to produce the necessary punch, the injurious effects on the consumer will not be noticeable perhaps for months or years. But all the while his internal organs will be gradually poisoned by the wood alcohol.

After the mixture has been allowed to cool for some hours, it is bottled, sealed, and labeled. All of the big Canadian stills have sealing apparatus and do their own labeling. Labels resembling those of some of the best known brands of whisky are counterfeited for the bootleggers. One manufacturing bootlegger in eastern Canada recently had printed twenty thousand labels of standard brands to be pasted on the moonshine whisky bottles.

Ether is being used instead of alcohol or wood alcohol, in the manufacture of whisky, by some bootleggers when alcohol and wood alcohol is not procurable. This produces a sleepy feeling or "dopey drunks." Ether does not arouse the spirit of battle or of boisterousness.

Then again, there is dispensed in Canada, for the United States trade as well as for home consumption, a mixture of alcohol or wood alcohol and water with a dash of brown coloring. No still is necessary to manufacture this mixture.

After the whisky is manufactured, the question is one of shipment. At the start of the whisky-running traffic from Canada into the United States the whisky was shipped in single automobiles. Now it is not infrequent for caravans of ten or twelve automobiles, touring cars, roadsters, and trucks to transport whisky across the international line.

Steam-yachts, gasoline-launches, and fishing-schooners are being utilized as carriers of whisky from Canadian to American ports. Recently two seaplanes appeared on the New Brunswick coast, loaded on bottles and kegs and tins of whisky deposited there by automobiles, and returned to a point only about ten miles north of Boston. One of the planes carried a thousand bottles in addition to twenty tins and kegs.

The bootleggers have little or nothing to fear from the prohibition authorities on the Canadian side. And their fear of the American agents on the border is really negligible. The border guards are so few that not one shipment in twenty is held up. On that section of the border extending from the Atlantic coast at the mouth of the St. Croix River and at Passamaquoddy Bay to Rouse's Point, New York, there are not more than thirty United States officials detailed to curb the whisky-running traffic, and none acting in behalf of the Canadian government, or of the different provincial governments, each province in the dominion having a prohibitory law of its own instead of a federal law such as the United States has.

Transportation is Easy

IT is a simple matter for automobiles loaded with whisky to cross the border in daylight, especially along the **Maine** and New Brunswick frontier. But for safety most of the whisky-loaded cars are driven over the line under the cover of darkness. Two sets of license tags are carried, one for the State of Maine and the other for the province of New Brunswick.

The greatest fear of the Canadian manufacturing bootlegger is that, owing to feuds in the ranks of the bootleggers, the United States agents at the border will be "tipped off" when shipments are made.

In the city of eastern Canada that is recognized as the headquarters of bootlegging and whisky-running into Maine—St. John, New Brunswick—the violators of the law are divided into groups. Recently there have been vivid illustrations of the enmities existing between these groups.

An automobile loaded with whisky of one bootlegger faction and destined to be transferred to another automobile at Bangor, Maine, and shipped from there to Boston, was followed by an automobile

representing a rival faction. In the pursuing car were three men, while in the pursued car there were two. When the first automobile was within a few miles of the Maine border at the St. Croix River, near the New Brunswick town of St. Stephen and the Maine town of Calais across the river, the pursuing car headed off the whisky-laden car, seized the whisky, and three hundred bottles and several tins filled with whisky were transferred to the pursuing car. This car was then driven into Maine, and the shipment delivered at Boston. The two men on the first car were seriously beaten.

A Maine bootlegger living in Bangor came to St. John to negotiate for a shipment of whisky. He purchased a quantity for which he gave one thousand dollars in cash. There had been some bad feeling between this Maine man and the "king bootlegger" of New Brunswick, the man from whom he bought this shipment. The "king bootlegger" announced that the feud was at an end, but he had not forgotten that the Maine man had refused to pay for a shipment of whisky that had been delivered to Bangor the previous spring.

The Canadian bootlegger sent the shipment in two automobiles. When the cars were proceeding slowly out of St. John toward the Maine border at Calais and St. Stephen, a torpedo-shaped roadster appeared from the west and approached the two liquor-laden cars. The drivers of the two cars said, "Here are two inspectors," and fled into the woods, leaving the cars on the road. The purchaser followed his drivers into the bushes. The roadster stopped by the two cars, and two men alighted. Another man appeared from the woods, and soon the whisky-loaded cars were being driven back to St. John by two of the men, the third driving the roadster. All were employees of the man who sold the whisky to the Maine bootlegger.

The "King Bootlegger"

THERE is another instance of feudism between northern bootleggers. A St. John bootlegger manufactured a huge quantity of still whisky near St. John. He transported the whisky to the border in cars, and then sent the stuff via motor-boat from the mouth of the St. Croix River to Campobello Island in Passamaquoddy Bay, an island three miles off the coast of Maine at Eastport, the sardine-packing center. The whisky was câched on the island.

The "king bootlegger" of the New Brunswick group learned of the use of Campobello Island by his rival. He sent an employee to investigate the operations, and found that the whisky was shipped to the Maine coast during the day by motor-boats. The "king bootlegger" was informed by his employee by code message over the wires, that the rival bootlegger intended to land five hundred bottles on the afternoon of the morrow at a deserted cove four miles south of Eastport. The "king bootlegger" immediately wired customs officials of the plan. The officials went to the cove and surprised four men engaged in removing the bottles from a motor-boat. The officers opened fire, wounding one man and capturing another.

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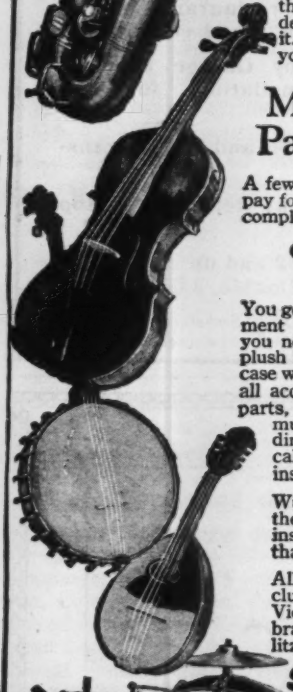

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Five hundred bottles of whisky were seized, and an automobile, somewhat obscured by bushes, was found and confiscated.

An agent of the "king bootlegger" was worried, one day, when an expected shipment of whisky did not arrive at the time scheduled. This agent, located in a Maine town not far from the border, notified his employer that the whisky had not arrived from St. John. Later the agent learned that the driver of the truck had sold the liquor to another bootlegger. The driver had a grievance against the "king bootlegger" and used his opportunity to strike at the monarch of the New Brunswick bootleggers.

The "king" was notified of what his agent had learned, and forthwith three automobiles were dispatched from his St. John headquarters. In the cars were, all told, twenty men, four of them professional pugilists and the balance ruffians engaged for the occasion. After a four-hour run the three cars arrived in the Maine town, and the excitement started.

The twenty men were sent into combat with supporters of the bootlegger who had bought the whisky, knowing it to be stolen from the "king." As the Maine men were outnumbered three to one, the battle was short, and the stolen whisky was recaptured and taken back to St. John. In the conflict, short as it was, three of the Maine men received broken bones. One had a broken jaw. The "king," who was in the midst of the fray and who weighs no less than two hundred and seventy pounds, did wonderful execution with both fists and feet. It was he who broke the jaw—and it was the jaw of the man who bought the whisky from the disgruntled driver.

Whisky Runners' Enormous Profits

TO keep whisky-running down to a minimum, at least two hundred officers should be stationed along the Maine and New Brunswick frontier alone. And, unless an efficient force of officers is assigned to this sparsely settled territory, it must be expected that the United States will be flooded with poisonous liquor. At a conservative estimate, forty thousand quarts of whisky, deadly poison all, is shipped across the border along the Maine and New Brunswick frontier every week.

To manufacture a quart bottle of the Canadian still-made whisky in bulk would cost between ten and twenty-five cents. With wood alcohol or ether, a quart bottle could be filled with bulk whisky for from ten to fifteen cents. If alcohol is used the cost would be twenty and twenty-five cents a bottle.

The manufacturing bootlegger sells his whisky at from four to ten dollars a quart bottle. From his United States associates he secures the highest prices. The middlemen sell the whisky at from six to fifteen dollars a bottle, and the whisky peddler, who operates on the pavements, in poolrooms, beer shops, kitchen dives, and restaurants, demands from seven to twenty dollars a bottle. It will be readily seen that bootlegging is enormously profitable. In four years the king bootlegger of New Brunswick has accumulated more than a hundred thousand dollars. He has six cars, owns five farms, including

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It makes no difference whatever. Nor does it matter whether your hair was black, brown, blond or auburn—Tru-Tone works equally well, making your hair appear the same as it was before it had even a trace of gray in it. It makes no difference how gray your hair is—Tru-Tone will restore it, and no one need know you are banishing your gray hair if you don't want them to.

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Tru-Tone is going to be sent to you absolutely without one penny in advance. You have the privilege of using it—every drop if you wish—testing it, seeing it bring back the natural color. Within 10 days you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the empty bottle and paying not one penny for the test, or sending only $1.45 (the special reduced introductory price) in full payment, for the $3 bottle.

You see, Tru-Tone must make good or it costs you nothing. What we say doesn't matter—Tru-Tone must *prove* that it will restore the natural color to your hair or you don't pay for it. Could we make this extraordinary offer if we were not positive of Tru-Tone—were not sure that it always works?

And Here's the Big Free-Proof Offer—Backed By a $10,000 Guarantee

Tru-Tone is sent to you absolutely without cost. You use it, according to directions, for 10 days. If you are delighted with results, you send only $1.45 in full payment for the $3.00 bottle. If you are not delighted, you return what is left of Tru-Tone, or the empty bottle, and the test will not have cost you one penny. This offer is backed by a $10,000 deposit in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia. Tru-Tone must make good or it costs nothing whatever.

Absolutely No Money—Just Send Coupon

Tru-Tone is being prepared in huge quantities to supply the tremendous demand that will result from this unusual announcement. Tru-Tone is the only natural-color restorer that you can test before you pay for—the only product of its kind sent all over the country on free proof.

Of course, an offer like this must be limited to a certain time, and every one is urged to take advantage of it at once. Remember, no money is necessary—just the coupon.

You're going to mail this coupon NOW, aren't you? Domino House, Dept. T-1152, 269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE PROOF COUPON

Domino House, Dept. T-1152
269 So. 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a regular $3.00 bottle of Tru-Tone. I understand that this is a free-proof offer, and that I am to have the privilege of using Tru-Tone and testing it free for 10 days. I may, within that free-proof period, either return the empty bottle or whatever is left of Tru-Tone without paying one cent, or send you only $1.45 in full payment. It is guaranteed that I need not pay for Tru-Tone unless I am wholly delighted with results. I am to be the sole judge.

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Send for this amazing FREE TRIAL OFFER. Note the *lowest price and easiest terms.* Test it in your own office or home. Note how easy it is to operate, how quiet, how speedy. Then if you are delighted pay for it a little each month. If not, return it at our expense. You are under *no obligation* to buy it. Write NOW.

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Please send me, without obligation, your catalog, FREE TRIAL OFFER and easy payment plan and cash discount on the new Oliver Speedster.

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the one on which his still is located, controls five pieces of real estate in St. John, and has the largest cash account in one of the banks of his home city. He was a clerk in a grocery store four years ago, and was worth less than four hundred dollars. One of his chief rivals, who has been catering to the American trade for two years, was a teamster owning an old gray horse and a dilapidated wagon two years ago. Now he has two automobiles, a fast pacer, and is worth about sixty thousand dollars.

The "king bootlegger" and the former teamster have not been in the toils even once.

The most daring whisky-runner of the entire international line from the Pacific to the Atlantic, who has been running whisky over the border into Maine and thence into Massachusetts and New York, makes his home in St. John.

The Chances They Take

He has had many harrowing experiences, but has always escaped arrest. He is employed by the king bootlegger and has the fastest car that money can buy. Not long ago he was transporting four hundred bottles of whisky from St. John to Houlton, Maine, and thence to Boston. A rival of the "king" "tipped off" the officers, who placed large logs on a curve in the road. The driver did not hesitate but drove his car over the logs; and the logs were three feet high for a radius of twenty yards.

This same whisky-runner drove his car through the air in crossing an open draw in a Maine bridge, and the car landed safely on the bridge and not in the water fifty feet below.

Members of prohibition organizations at Washington who have said that "the only good bootlegger is a dead bootlegger," and suggested that officers be instructed to shoot bootleggers to kill, would find much along the Maine and New Brunswick border to justify such a course. Bootleggers have often fired at officers of the United States, and very often they have fired at persons who were not officers but whom they suspected of being officers.

Wendell Slipp, owner of a drug store in the border town of Woodstock, New Brunswick, only a few miles from the Maine line, was recently driving an automobile near the dividing line. He was slightly on the Canadian side of the frontier and was showing a young lady how to operate a car. Suddenly a car approached, bound for the United States side. Slipp saw that there were three men in the car. When both cars were abreast, one of the men in the car started firing a revolver. Stopping their car, the trio alighted, spoke insultingly to the druggist and to the girl, and then returned to the car and sped out of view.

Slipp, though severely wounded, was able to drive the car into Woodstock. He will never fully recover. One of the bullets tore away part of his lower jaw. Another hit penetrated the shoulder.

The men who shot Slipp are bootleggers who are now in jail for operating a still near Woodstock, and one of them has also been found guilty of shooting Slipp with the revolver. The druggist had been mistaken for a United States officer.

"Contains a Fortune"

Elizabeth Towne
Editor of Nautilus

Elizabeth Towne wrote a unique little New Thought booklet called "JUST HOW TO WAKE THE SOLAR PLEXUS." It met with immediate favor and over 250,000 have been sold. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX was among those attracted by it. Mrs. Wilcox gave the book a flattering review notice in which she said:

"It contains a fortune in value if you practice the exercises given."

This odd little book contains deep breathing exercises of special value. It teaches that the Solar Plexus is a center or storehouse of power and energy. This center is aroused to activity by deep breathing and other exercises and then radiates nerve energy to the whole body.

This book will help to outgrow worry, fear, anger, etc.; and to develop concentration.

Mr. R. J. Hughes, Lynchburg, Va., writes: "I have received from the practice of its teachings more peace and joy and happiness and health than from all other sources combined. I regard it as the greatest inspirational booklet written."

Yours for 10 cents.

If you act now you can get not only a copy of "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus" but a month's trial of NAUTILUS MAGAZINE. NAUTILUS is the leading magazine of New Thought. Elizabeth Towne and William E. Towne, Editors. Edwin Markham, Dr. Orison Swett Marden, Dr. Frank Crane and Brown Landone, contributors. Send now and we will include Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "What I Know About New Thought."

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Letters From Readers

HERE is a letter from Mrs. Frederick J. Champney of Perrysburg, Ohio, who sends in a two-year renewal subscription:

It certainly seems good to have the magazine back to something like its old status. We have had it since the first number and hail with joy its reorganization. With very best wishes for your success and growth and we will help all we can.

* * *

Dr. E. P. Malone of Miami, Oklahoma, writes:

I can not help writing you of my deep interest in what is probably the most important article that has appeared in an American magazine in a decade, the finely written Ford Series by Mr. Samuel Crowther.

* * *

Mr. George F. Milton, Jr., of the Chattanooga *News* writes:

It is a pleasure to read McCLURE'S. I like Henry Ford's story immensely. I am much interested in the Secret Service Stories by Major Russell. But the thing that makes McCLURE'S interesting to me is that you carry articles and are not exclusively devoted to fiction.

* * *

Robert Burns Vale, Sunday Editor of the *North American* of Philadelphia, sends some material to McCLURE'S and writes as follows:

I am sending it to McCLURE'S because I have been struck by the wonderful diversity of its contents in recent months. You folks have gotten away from the stereotyped make-up of a magazine and the material you are using swings to many subjects. I like it.

* * *

Mr. L. G. Hightower of Terral, Oklahoma, writes:

I have been reading Major Russell's stories of the American Secret Service in France with a great deal of interest, and was especially pleased with the story, "The Woman in Room 27."

* * *

The president of one of the leading advertising agencies in the South writes:

The original McCLURE'S more nearly approached my ideal of a magazine than any publication that preceded or has followed it. I have been reading the new McCLURE'S closely, perhaps critically, and I can no longer refrain from a letter complimenting and congratulating you upon the excellence of the magazine. In many respects I consider the present McCLURE'S superior to the periodical in the best of the old days, and that's saying a whole lot.

* * *

Alex Steinbach of Jamestown, North Dakota, writes:

I wish to compliment you on your stories of the A. E. F. I am an ex-officer and it is a welcome relief to read articles that show that possibly some of us worked to make the A. E. F. function.

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Arrangements made with the publishers of other leading magazines for your benefit enable us to offer you all standard magazines in combinations at bargain prices. A few of these money-saving clubs are listed below. If the club of magazines you want is not listed, a postal card request will bring a special, low-priced quotation on it, which will be the lowest price authorized by the publisher.

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FREE — Drafting Outfit

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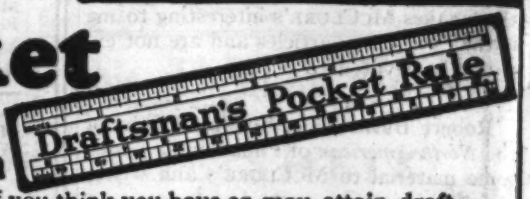

To every man sending a sketch I am going to mail free and prepaid the Draftsman's Ivorine Pocket Rule shown here. This will come to you entirely with my compliments. With it I will send a 6x9 book on "Successful Draftsmanship." If you are interested in becoming a draftsman, if you think you have or may attain drafting ability, sit down and copy this drawing, mailing it to me today, writing your name, and your address and your age plainly on the sheet of paper containing the drawing.

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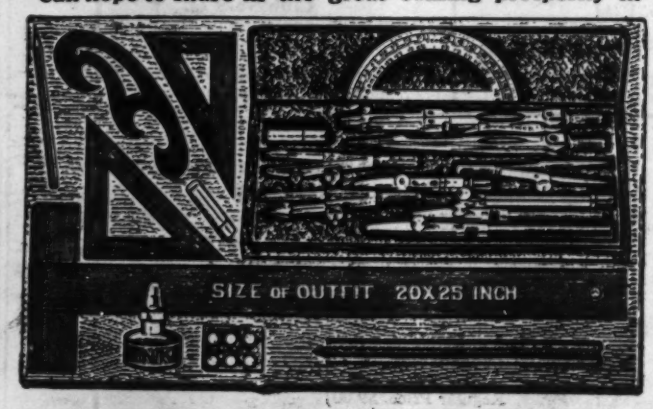

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